Historic Mackinac

Edwin Orin Wood

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HISTORIC MACKINAC

VOLUME II

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HISTORIC MACKINAC

THE HISTORICAL, PICTURESQUE AND LEGENDARY FEATURES OF THE MACKINAC COUNTRY

ILLUSTRATED FROM SKETCHES, DRAWINGS, MAPS AND PHOTOGRAPHS, WITH AN ORIGINAL MAP OF MACKINAC ISLAND, MADE ESPECIALLY FOR THIS WORK

BY

EDWIN O. WOOD, LL.D.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1918

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FOREWORD

Volume I of *Historic Mackinac* is made up largely of data pertaining to the early history of the Mackinac country. The charms of Mackinac Island, with its old Fort, its beautiful scenery, pure and healthful air, the delights of its Indian trails, and the romantic legends interwoven with fascinating stories of the fairies, have attracted to its shores many of the most noted authors of their day. They have written of Mackinac, and have brought both fiction and fact into their productions, adding much to America's best literature through the inspiration given them by the richness of Mackinac's store of historical, legendary and picturesque resources. Meredith Nicholson, Charles Major, Edward Everett Hale, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and many other well-known writers, have found here a perfect environment and setting in which to weave their stories of life and of love. The aim has been to bring together and preserve for the reader of today and in years to come, some of the graphic descriptions given by celebrated travellers who visited the Island many years ago. To this end, Volume II is largely a collection of extracts from books long since out of print, all of which will ever hold an important place in the story of the "Fairy Isle."

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"Beauteous Isle! I sing to thee,
Mackinac, my Mackinac;
Thy lake-bound shores I love to see,
Mackinac, my Mackinac.
From Arch Rock's height and shelving steep
To western cliffs and Lover's Leap,
Where memories of the lost one sleep,
Mackinac, my Mackinac.

"Thy northern shore trod British foe,
Mackinac, my Mackinac,
That day saw gallant Holmes laid low,
Mackinac, my Mackinac.
Now Freedom's flag above thee waves,
And guards the rest of fallen braves,
Their requiem sung by Huron's waves,
Mackinac, my Mackinac."

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HISTORIC MACKINAC

CHAPTER I

THE INDIANS OF THE MACKINAC COUNTRY

> **Now they are gone—gone as thy setting blaze**
> **Goes down the west, while night is pressing on,**
> **And with them the old tale of better days,**
> **And trophies of remembered power are gone.**
>
> **BRYANT.**

"INDIAN tradition," says Schoolcraft,[1] "makes the Chippewas one of the chief, certainly by far the most *numerous and widely spread*, of the Algonquin stock proper. It represents them to have migrated from the East to the West. On reaching the vicinity of Michilimackinac, they separated at a comparatively modern era into three tribes, calling themselves, respectively, Odjibwas, Odawas, and Podawadumees. What their name was before this era, is not known. It is manifest that the term Odjibwa is not a very ancient one, for it does not occur in the earliest authors. They were probably of the Nipercinean or true Algonquin stock, and had taken the route of the Utawas river, from the St. Lawrence Valley into Lake Huron. The term itself is clearly from Bwa, a voice; and its prefix, Odji, was probably designed to mark a peculiar intonation which the muscles are, as it were, *gathered up* to denote."

[1] *The Indian in His Wigwam*, p. 136.

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Mr. William W. Warren, author of the *History of the Ojibway Nation*,[2] commenting on Schoolcraft's derivation of the name, says:

"From this, the writer, through his knowledge of the language, is constrained to differ, though acknowledging that so far as the mere word may be regarded, Mr. Schoolcraft has given what, in a measure may be considered a natural definition; it is, however, improbable, for the reason that there is not the slightest perceivable pucker or 'drawing up,' in their manner of utterance, as the word O-jib would indicate. The word ojib or Ojibwa, means literally 'puckered, or drawn up.' The answer of their old men when questioned respecting the derivation of their tribal name, is generally evasive; when hard pressed, and surmises given them to go by, they assent in the conclusion that the name is derived from a peculiarity in the make or fashion of their moccasin, which has a puckered seam lengthways over the foot, and which is termed amongst themselves, and in other tribes, the O-jib-wa moccasin.

"There is, however, another definition which the writer is disposed to consider the true one, and which has been corroborated to him by several of their most reliable old men.

"The word is composed of O-jib, 'pucker up,' and ub-way, 'to roast,' and it means, 'To roast till puckered up.'

"It is well authenticated by their traditions, and by the writings of their early white discoverers, that before they became acquainted with, and made use of the fire arm and other European deadly weapons of war, instead of their primitive bow and arrow and war-club, their wars with other tribes were less deadly, and they were more accustomed to secure captives, whom under the uncontrolled

[2] *Minn. Hist. Colls.*, pp. 35–37.

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feeling incited by aggravated wrong, and revenge for similar injuries, they tortured by fire in various ways.

"The name Ab-boin-ug (roasters), which the Ojibways have given to the Dahcotas or Sioux, originated in their roasting their captives, and it is as likely that the word Ojibwa (to roast till puckered up), originated in the same manner.

"They have a tradition which will be given under the head of their wars with the Foxes, which is told by their old men as giving the origin of the practice of torturing by fire, and which will fully illustrate the meaning of their tribal name. The writer is even of the opinion that the name is derived from a circumstance which forms part of the tradition.[3]

"The name does not date far back. As a race or distinct people they denominate themselves A-wish-in-aub-ay.

"The name of the tribe has been most commonly spelt, Chippeway, and is thus laid down in our different treaties with them, and officially used by our Government.

"Mr. Schoolcraft presents it as Od-jib-wa, which is nearer the name as pronounced by themselves. The writer, however, makes use of O-jib-way as being simpler spelled, and embodying the truest pronunciation; where it is ended with *wa,* as in Schoolcraft's spelling, the reader would naturally mispronounce it in the plural, which by adding the *s* would spell *was,* whereas by ending the word with *y* preserves its true pronunciation both in singular and plural."

The same author gives the following interesting suggestion as to the probable migrations of this people:[4]

[3] For other views as to the meaning of Ojibway, see *Ibid.*, pp. 82, 107.

[4] Schoolcraft, *Archives of Aboriginal Knowledge,* II, 135.

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"Through a close acquaintance with their religious rites and beliefs, I have formed an opinion which I will offer at this time, leaving it to those who have studied the Red race, their rites and traditions, much more closely than myself, either to reject or more fully carry out the idea. The Ojibwa believes that his soul or shadow, after the death of the body, follows a wide beaten path which leads towards the West, and that it goes to a country abounding in everything that the Indian covets on earth—game in abundance, dancing, and rejoicing. The soul enters a long lodge, in which all his relatives, for generations past, are congregated, and they welcome him with gladness. To reach this land of joy and bliss, he crosses a deep and rapid water, &c. From this universal belief I am led to think, that formerly, ages past, these Indians lived in a land of plenty—'a land flowing with milk and honey'—towards the West; that they have, by coercion or otherwise, emigrated east, till the broad Atlantic arrested their further progress, and the white man has turned the faces of tribes and remnants of tribes again in the direction whence they originally came. It is natural that this event in their ancient history should, in the course of ages, have merged into the present belief of a western home of spirits."

In the charming volume, *Twenty Years Among our Hostile Indians,* Mr. J. Lee Humfreville, late Captain United States Cavalry, writes of the "Chippewas": [5]

"The hunting ground of the Chippewas extended from the Great Lakes as far west as the Blackfoot country. At one time they were estimated to number from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand, and were divided into many small tribes, which were scattered over the large territory

[5] PP. 275–278. Hunter & Co., N. Y.

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they claimed as their hunting ground. They lived principally by hunting and fishing, and were expert in both. They also gathered wild rice, which grew in abundance in the lakes and marshes; it was threshed by digging holes in the ground into which the dried heads of the plant, inclosed in a skin, were placed. The men then treaded on the bags until the grain separated from the stalk.

"The Chippewas resolutely resisted encroachments on their hunting grounds; often proving their courage and ability as warriors. They were the first of the Indians to come into contact with the white man; securing muskets, knives, and steel tomahawks long before the tribes farther west. They made the best snow shoes of any Indians, and could travel with them as rapidly over the deep, soft, snow, as over bare ground in summer when lightly shod. They also made the best birch canoes of any of the tribes of all this region; not even the white man could make an improvement on them. . . .

"They were exceedingly superstitious. In the treatment of the sick the medicine men were at all times ready to go through mysterious performances for the recovery of the patient, by placating the spirit that had inflicted disease. When a Chippewa was ill it was the custom to erect in front of his lodge a pole stripped of its bark, with various ornaments and trinkets attached to the top. This pole was painted in various colors, and made as gaudy as possible, in order to please the Great Spirit, believing that in so doing it would induce him to withdraw his displeasure. These poles were regarded with great reverence, and no Chippewa disturbed them until the patient either recovered or died.

"A peculiar custom prevailed among them in relation

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to the burial of the dead. Fires were built on the grave in the early evening, and kept burning far into the night. This was continued invariably for four successive nights, and often longer when the deceased was a favorite relative, or a noted warrior. On the death of an infant, the mother carried about with her for months a rude wooden image in the same cradle or frame in which she had carried her child. When a husband died it was the custom for the widow to select her best wearing apparel, wrap it in a skin or blanket, attach to it the ornaments her husband had worn during life, and then lay the bundle away until after the period of mourning; she appearing for a time, generally two or three months, clad in her poorest garb. When a sufficient period had elapsed, the nearest relative of the deceased presented her with articles of apparel as a mark of regard for her fidelity to the memory of her husband. This was an intimation to the widow that she was at liberty to dress as she chose, and free to become the wife of another member of the tribe.

"They believed in a multitude of minor deities or spirits, some of which exercised good, others evil influences. Superstitious rites were performed in the worship of both. They believed that spirits lived in the vicinity of water and watercourses, that they could hear every word spoken, and were cognizant of the doings of every individual of the tribe; but in winter when the streams were frozen the spirits lapsed into a torpid state like the frogs and snakes, and were unconscious of existence. During this period the Indians would sit around the fires in camp or lodge at night, relating the tales and legends of the tribe, as they could then speak with the fullest freedom with no spirit near to overhear them. But at the earliest return of

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spring, which in this particular relation was supposed to be indicated by the croak of a frog, all story telling of this nature abruptly ceased until the spirits had again gone to sleep with the coming of winter.

"A widow was sometimes regarded as a seer or prophetess, exercising greater influence with the tribe than the medicine men. When answering questions propounded to her the prophetess occupied a peculiarly constructed lodge, where she was supposed to be under the direct influence of the spirits.

"The Chippewas enjoyed the distinction of being able to compute numbers, something which the average Indian was generally incapable of doing. They counted as many as a thousand, doing so by the decimal process; taking ten, the number of fingers, as the basis or unit, then counting ten for each finger, which made a hundred, repeating the process until they had counted a thousand. The value of a dollar was at first a puzzle to them when trading, but by taking the exchange standard of a dollar in skins they could by their method of computation deal with the white man without giving him much opportunity to swindle them. Thus, if a dollar was worth so many racoon skins, they computed from that basis how much they should receive for so many beaver, otter, wolf or other skins.

"The Chippewas did not practice polygamy to any great extent. They rarely had more than two wives, and frequently only one. This may be accounted for partly by the fact that they were not constantly at war like many other Indians, consequently the women did not greatly outnumber the men. The men had some regard for their wives; in this respect, they frequently excelled the white man with whom they were brought in contact. When traders arrived

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among them, the Chippewas often secreted their women until the white men had departed—a proceeding that was not very complimentary to the white men in that country at the time.

"Every year, at the approach of winter, when the first heavy snow fell, they celebrated the event with a snow shoe dance, a practice peculiar to the Chippewas alone. Its object was to manifest their gratitude to the Great Creator for sending the snow, which enabled them to chase and secure game with greater facility. The ceremony did not differ from the ordinary Indian dance, save that it lacked the savagery and ferocity that characterized Indian dances in general. The men jumped around in a circle, dancing, uttering whoops and yells, and waving their weapons of the chase to the rattle of their tom-toms.

"A custom commonly practiced by them was that known as striking the post. On these occasions a large number of the tribe, both men and women, assembled. The warriors circled around the pole, uttering fierce cries, dancing to the unceasing beat of the tom-toms, and wildly brandishing their war weapons. Then all suddenly stopped, when one, usually a chief or noted warrior, rushed madly at the post, striking it with his tomahawk. Amid the silence that followed, the brave recounted one or more of his exploits to the multitude. His story generally described some desperate encounter in battle, how he met his foe in single combat and scalped him; or perhaps a successful contest with an infuriated bear, wolf, or other fierce animal. These stories were very graphically told, and invariably highly exaggerated in the Indian's usual manner; although it was not uncommon to see a brave bearing on his body unmistakable scars of encounters with both man and beast. Most of the

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warriors present took their turn at story-telling; at times some of the old men, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, would suddenly rise from the circle, where they sat apart, and rushing to the pole narrated wonderful exploits they had performed in their youth, quite outdoing in boastfulness all who had preceded them."

A favourite game of the Ojibways, in common with many tribes, was a species of ball playing, which was made use of as a stratagem to gain entrance to the fort at the time of the massacre at Old Mackinaw. It has been often described, but nowhere better than by George Copway, a Christianized chief of the Ojibways: [6]

"One of the most popular games," he says, "is that of ball-playing, which oftentimes engages an entire village. Parties are formed of from ten to several hundred. Before they commence, those who are to take part in the play must provide each his share of staking, or things which are set apart, and one leader for each party. Each leader then appoints one of each company to be stake-holder.

"Each man and each woman (women sometimes engage in the sport) is armed with a stick, one end of which bends somewhat like a small hoop, about four inches in circumference, to which is attached a net-work of rawhide, two inches deep, just large enough to admit the ball which is to be used on the occasion. Two poles are driven in the ground at a distance of four hundred paces from each other, which serve as goals for the two parties. It is the endeavor of each to take the ball to his pole. The party which carries the ball and strikes its pole wins the game.

"The warriors, very scantily attired, young and brave, fantastically painted—and women, decorated with feathers,

[6] *The Republic*, Nov., 1851, p. 221.

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assemble around their commanders, who are generally men swift on the race. They are to take the ball either by running with it or throwing it in the air. As the ball falls in the crowd the excitement begins. The clubs swing and roll from side to side, the players run and shout, fall upon and tread upon each other, and in the struggle some get rather rough treatment.

"When the ball is thrown to some distance on each side, the party standing near, instantly picks it up, and runs at full speed with three or four after him at full speed. The others send their shouts of encouragement to their own party. 'Ha! ha! yah!' 'A-ne-gook!' and these shouts are heard, even from the distant lodges, for children and all are interested in the exciting scene. The spoils are not all on which their interest is fixed, but it is directed to the falling and rolling of the crowds over and under each other. The loud and merry shouts of the spectators, who crowd the doors of the wigwams, go forth in one continued peal, and testify to their happy state of feeling.

"The players are clothed in fur. They receive blows whose marks are plainly visible after the scuffle. The hands and feet are unincumbered, and they exercise them to the extent of their power; and with such dexterity do they strike the ball, that it is sent out of sight. Another strikes it on its descent, and for ten minutes at a time the play is so adroitly managed that the ball does not touch the ground.

"No one is heard to complain, though he be bruised severely, or his nose come in close communion with a club. If the last mentioned catastrophe befall him, he is up in a trice, and sends his laugh forth as loud as the rest though it be floated at first on a tide of blood.

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"It is very seldom, if ever, that one is seen to be angry because he has been hurt. If he should get so, they would call him a 'coward' which proves a sufficient check to many evils which might result from many seemingly intended injuries."

Mr. Copway gives an account of a game played in 1836, at the ancient seat of the tribe of La Pointe on Lake Superior:[7]

"While I was in La-point, Lake Superior, in the summer of 1836, when the interior band of Chippeways, with those of Sandy Lake, Lac Counterville, Lac De Frambou, encamped on the island, the interior bands proposed to play against the Lake Indians. As it would be thought a cowardly act to refuse, the Lake Indians were ready at an early hour the next day, when about two hundred and fifty of the best and swiftest feet assembled on a level green, opposite the mansion-house of the Rev. Mr. Hall.

"On our side was a thicket of thorns; on the other, the lake shore, with a sandy beach of half a mile. Every kind of business was suspended, not only by the Indians, but by the whites of all classes.

"There were but two rivals in this group of players. One of these was a small man from Cedar Lake, on the Chippeway River, whose name was '*Nai-nah-aun-gaib,*' (adjusted feathers) who admitted no rival in bravery, daring, or adventure, making the contest more interesting.

"The name of the other competitor was '*Mah-koonce*' (young bear) of the shore-bands.

"The first, as I said before, was a small man. His body was a model for sculpture; well proportioned. His hands and feet tapered with all the grace and delicacy of a lady's.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 221.

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His long black hair flowed carelessly upon his shoulders. On the top of his raven locks, waved in profusion, seventeen signals (with their pointed fingers) of the feathers of that rare bird, the western Eagle, being the number of the enemy he had taken with his own hand. He had a Roman nose with a classic lip, which wore at all times a pleasing smile. Such was *Nai-nah-aun-gaib*. That day he had not the appearance of having used paint of any kind. Before and after the play I counted five bullet marks around his breast. Three had passed through; two were yet in his body. Besides these, there were innumerable marks of small shot upon his shoulders, and the graze of a bullet on his temple.

"His rival on the occasion was a tall muscular man. His person was formed with perfect symmetry. He walked with ease and grace. On his arms were bracelets composed of the claws of grizzly bears. He had been in the field of battle but five times; yet on his head were three signals of trophies.

"The parties passed to the field; a beautiful green, as even as a floor. Here they exhibited all the agility and graceful motions. The one was as stately as the proud Elk of the plains; while the other possessed all the gracefulness of the Antelope of the western mountains.

"Shout after shout arose from each party, and from the crowd of spectators. 'Yah-hah—yah-hah,' were all the words that could be distinguished. After a short contest the Antelope struck the post, and at that moment the applause was absolutely deafening. Thus ending the first day of the play, which was continued for some length of time."

Whether this game is indigenous to the Indians or was

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brought here by the French, has been much discussed. Dr. Thwaites, in a note to the *Jesuit Relations*, says:[8]

"Lafitau (*Moeurs des Sauvages*, part 2, p. 356) quotes Pollux to show that crosse is precisely the same as the Greek game of *episkyros;* Tailhan thinks it resembles the *palican* of the Chilean aborigines; and Chapin (Dict. Canad.-Fran.) says that it is almost the same as the *soule* of the Ardennes mountaineers in France, and in the opinion of many, is but a modification of the latter game as brought hither by the first French colonists of America.

"Crosse (in modern phrase, 'lacrosse') has been the national game of Canada since 1859—adopted from the Indian game, with modifications and improvements which have rendered it less dangerous and more scientific."

According to Parkman, of all the Indians of the Mackinac country, the Ojibways have yielded the least readily to civilization. "In their mode of life," he says,[9] "they were far more crude than the Iroquois, or even the southern Algonquin tribes. The totemic system is found among them in its most imperfect state. The original clans have become broken into fragments, and indefinitely multiplied; and many of the ancient customs of the institution are but loosely regarded. Agriculture is little known, and, through summer and winter, they range the wilderness with restless wandering, now gorged to repletion, and now perishing with want. In the calm days of summer, the Ojibwa fisherman pushes out his birch canoe upon the great inland ocean of the north; and, as he gazes down into the pellucid depths, he seems like one balanced between earth and sky. The watchful fish-hawk circles above his head;

[8] X, 327. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, O.
[9] Parkman, *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, I, 38–40. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

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and below, farther than his line will reach, he sees the trout glide shadowy and silent over the glimmering pebbles. The little islands on the verge of the horizon seem now starting into spires, now melting from the sight, now shaping themselves into a thousand fantastic forms, with the strange mirage of the waters; and he fancies that the evil spirits of the lake lie basking their serpent forms in those unhallowed shores. Again, he explores the watery labyrinths where the stream sweeps among pine-tufted islands, or runs, black and deep, beneath the shadows of moss-bearded firs; or he drags his canoe upon the sandy beach, and, while his camp-fire crackles on the grass-plat, reclines beneath the trees, and smokes and laughs away the sultry hours in a lazy luxury of enjoyment.

"But when winter descends upon the north, sealing up the fountains, fettering the streams, and turning the green-robed forests to shivering nakedness, then, bearing their frail dwellings on their backs, the Ojibway family wander forth into the wilderness, cheered only on their dreary track by the whistling of the north wind and the hungry howl of wolves. By the banks of some frozen stream, women and children, men and dogs, lie crouched together around the fire. They spread their benumbed fingers over the embers, while the wind shrieks through the fir-trees like the gale through the rigging of a frigate, and the narrow concave of the wigwam sparkles with the frostwork of their congealed breath. In vain they beat the magic drum, and call upon their guardian manitoes; the wary moose keeps aloof, the bear lies close in his hollow tree, and famine stares them in the face. And now the hunter can fight no more against the nipping cold and blinding sleet. Stiff and stark, with haggard cheek and

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shrivelled lip, he lies among the snow-drifts; till, with tooth and claw, the famished wild-cat strives in vain to pierce the frigid marble of his limbs. Such harsh schooling is thrown away on the incorrigible mind of the northern Algonquin. He lives in misery, as his fathers lived before him. Still, in the brief hour of plenty he forgets the season of want; and still the sleet and the snow descend upon his houseless head." [10]

Typical of the chiefs of the Ojibways was Wabojeeg, who lived in the early days of the French fur trade in the Mackinac country, and whose daughter became the wife of the well-known English trader, Mr. Johnston, of Sault Ste. Marie. From his early years, Wabojeeg was marked out by his tribe as destined to be a great warrior. A typical incident of Indian life connecting Wabojeeg with the chief Ma Mongazida is thus related by Mr. Schoolcraft: [11]

"Ma Mongazida generally went to make his fall hunts on the middle grounds towards the Sioux territory, taking with him all his near relatives, amounting usually to twenty persons, exclusive of children. Early one morning while the young men were preparing for the chase, they were startled by the report of several shots, directed towards the lodge. As they had thought themselves in security, the first emotion was surprise, and they had scarcely time to fly to their arms, when another volley was fired, which wounded one man in the thigh, and killed a dog. Ma Mongazida immediately sallied out with his young men, and pronouncing his name aloud in the Sioux language, demanded

[10] "See Tanner, Long, and Henry. A comparison of Tanner with the accounts of the Jesuit Le Jeune will show that Algonquin life in Lower Canada, two hundred years ago, was essentially the same with Algonquin life on the Upper Lakes within the last half-century."—*Parkman.*

[11] *The Indian in His Wigwam*, p. 138.

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if Wabasha or his brother, were among the assailants. The firing instantly ceased—a pause ensued, when a tall figure, in a war dress, with a profusion of feathers upon his head, stepped forward and presented his hand. It was the elder Wabasha, his half brother. The Sioux peaceably followed their leader into the lodge, upon which they had, the moment before, directed their shots. At the instant the Sioux chief entered, it was necessary to stoop a little, in passing the door. In the act of stooping, he received a blow from a war-club wielded by a small boy, who had posted himself there for the purpose. It was the young Wabojeeg. Wabasha, pleased with this early indication of courage, took the little lad in his arms, caressed him, and pronounced that he would become a brave man, and prove an inveterate enemy of the Sioux."

It was not long before Wabojeeg had a chance to prove his prowess: "The border warfare in which the father of the infant warrior was constantly engaged, early initiated him in the arts and ceremonies pertaining to war. With the eager interest and love of novelty of the young, he listened to their war songs and war stories, and longed for the time when he would be old enough to join these parties, and also make himself a name among warriors. While quite a youth he volunteered to go out with a party, and soon gave convincing proofs of his courage. He also early learned the arts of hunting the deer, the bear, the moose, and all the smaller animals common to the country; and in these pursuits, he took the ordinary lessons of Indian young men, in abstinence, suffering, danger and endurance of fatigue. In this manner his nerves were knit and formed for activity, and his mind stored with those lessons of caution which are the result of local experience in the forest.

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He possessed a tall and commanding person, with a full black piercing eye, and the usual features of his country-men. He had a clear and full toned voice, and spoke his native language with grace and fluency. To these attractions he united an early reputation for bravery and skill in the chase, and at the age of twenty-two, he was already a war leader."

Seven times he led his people against the Sioux and the Outagamies. The incident of the last of these is thus given by Schoolcraft:[12] "The place of rendezvous was *La Pointe* Chagoimegon, or as it is called in modern days, La Pointe of Lake Superior. The scene of the conflict, which was a long and bloody one, was the falls of the St. Croix. The two places are distant about two hundred and fifty miles, by the most direct route. This area embraces the summit land between Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi. The streams flowing each way interlock, which enables the natives to ascend them in their light canoes, and after carrying the latter over the portages, to descend on the opposite side.

"On this occasion, Wabojeeg and his partizan army ascended the muskigo, or Mauvais River, to its connecting portage with the Namakagon branch of the St. Croix. On crossing the summit, they embarked in their small and light war canoes on their descent westward. This portion of the route was passed with the utmost caution. They were now rapidly approaching the enemy's borders, and every sign was regarded with deep attention. They were seven days from the time they first reached the waters of the St. Croix, until they found the enemy. They went but a short distance each day, and encamped. On the even-

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 140.

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ing of the seventh day, the scouts discovered a large body of Sioux and Outagamies encamped on the lower side of the portage of the great falls of the St. Croix. The discovery was a surprise on both sides. The advance of the Chippewas had landed at the upper end of the portage, intending to encamp there. The Sioux and their allies had just preceded them, from the lower part of the stream with the same object. The Foxes or Outagamies immediately fired, and a battle ensued. It is a spot indeed, from which a retreat either way is impracticable, in the face of an enemy. It is a mere neck of rugged rock. The river forces a passage through this dark and solid barrier. It is equally rapid and dangerous for canoes above and below. It cannot be crossed direct.

"After the firing began Wabojeeg landed and brought up his men. He directed a part of them to extend themselves in the wood around the small neck, or peninsula, of the portage, whence alone escape was possible. Both parties fought with bravery; the Foxes with desperation. But they were outnumbered, overpowered, and defeated. Some attempted to descend the rapids, and were lost. A few only escaped. But the Chippewas paid dearly for their victory. Wabojeeg was slightly wounded in the breast: his brother was killed. Many brave warriors fell. It was a most sanguinary scene. The tradition of this battle is one of the most prominent and wide spread of the events of their modern history. I have conversed with more than one chief, who dated his first military honours in youth, to this scene. It put an end to their feud with the Foxes, who retired from the intermediate rice lakes, and fled down the Wisconsin. It raised the name of the Chippewa leader, to the acme of his renown

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among his people: but Wabojeeg, as humane as he was brave, grieved over the loss of his people who had fallen in action. This feeling was expressed touchingly and characteristically in a war song, which he uttered after his victory, which has been preserved by the late Mr. Johnston of St. Mary's, in the following stanzas:

"On that day when our heroes lay low—lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low,
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe,
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

"On that day, when our chieftains lay dead—lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here, on my breast, have I bled,
And here, on my breast, have I bled.

"Our chiefs shall return no more—no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more,
Nor their brothers of war, who can show scar for scar,
Like women their fates shall deplore—deplore,
Like women their fate shall deplore.

"Five winters in hunting we'll spend—we'll spend,
Five winters in hunting we'll spend,
Till our youth, grown to men, we'll to war lead again,
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end,
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end."

Wabojeeg was an expert hunter. "On one occasion," says Schoolcraft,[13] "he had a singular contest with a moose.

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 143.

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He had gone out, one morning early, to set martin traps. He had set about forty, and was returning to his lodge, when he unexpectedly encountered a large moose, in his path, which manifested a disposition to attack him. Being unarmed, and having nothing but a knife and small hatchet, which he had carried to make his traps, he tried to avoid it. But the animal came towards him in a furious manner. He took shelter behind a tree, shifting his position from tree to tree, retreating. At length, as he fled, he picked up a pole, and quickly untying his moccasin strings, he bound his knife to the end of the pole. He then placed himself in a favourable position, and when the moose came up, stabbed him several times in the throat and breast. At last, the animal, exhausted with the loss of blood, fell. He then dispatched him, and cut out his tongue to carry home to his lodge as a trophy of victory. When they went back to the spot, for the carcass, they found the snow trampled down in a wide circle, and copiously sprinkled with blood, which gave it the appearance of a battle-field. It proved to be a male of uncommon size."

"The skill of Waub-Ojeeg as a hunter and trapper," writes Mrs. Jameson in her *Sketches in Canada,*[14] brought him into friendly communication with a fur-trader named Johnston, who had succeeded the enterprising Henry in exploring Lake Superior. This young man, of good Irish family, came out to Canada with such strong letters of recommendation to Lord Dorchester, that he was invited to reside in the government house till a vacancy occurred in his favour in one of the official departments; meantime, being of an active and adventurous turn, he joined a party

[14] P. 246.

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of traders going up the lakes, merely as an excursion, but became so enamoured of that wild life, as to adopt it in earnest. On one of his expeditions, when encamped at *Che,goi,me,gon,* and trafficking with Waub-Ojeeg, he saw the eldest daughter of the chief, and 'no sooner looked than he sighed, no sooner sighed than he asked himself the reason,' and ended by asking his friend to give him his beautiful daughter. 'White man!' said the chief with dignity, 'your customs are not our customs! you white men desire our women, you marry them, and when they cease to please your eye, you say they are *not* your wives, and you forsake them. Return, young friend, with your load of skins, to Montreal; and if there the women of the pale faces do not put my child out of your mind, return hither in the spring and we will talk farther; she is young, and can wait.' The young Irishman, ardently in love, and impatient and impetuous, after the manner of his countrymen, tried arguments, entreaties, presents, in vain—he was obliged to submit. He went down to Montreal, and the following spring returned and claimed his bride. The chief, after making him swear that he would take her as his *wife* according to the law of the white man, *till death,* gave him his daughter, with a long speech of advice to both.

"Mrs. Johnston relates, that previous to her marriage, she *fasted,* according to the universal Indian custom, *for a guardian spirit;* to perform this ceremony, she went away to the summit of an eminence, and built herself a little lodge of cedar boughs, painted herself black, and began her fast in solitude. She dreamed continually of a white man, who approached her with a cup in his hand, saying, 'Poor thing! why are you punishing yourself: why do you fast? here is food for you!' He was always accompanied by a dog,

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which looked up in her face as though he knew her. Also she dreamed of being on a high hill, which was surrounded by water, and from which she beheld many canoes full of Indians, coming to her and paying her homage; after this, she felt as if she were carried up into the heavens, and as she looked down upon the earth, she perceived it was on fire, and said to herself, 'All my relations will be burned!' but a voice answered and said, 'No, they will not be destroyed, they will be saved;' and she *knew it was a spirit,* because the voice was not human. She fasted for ten days, during which time her grandmother brought her at intervals some water. When satisfied that she had obtained a guardian spirit in the white stranger who haunted her dreams, she returned to her father's lodge, carrying green cedar boughs, which she threw on the ground, stepping on them as she went. When she entered the lodge, she threw some more down upon her usual place (next her mother), and took her seat. During the ten succeeding days she was not permitted to eat any meat, nor anything but a little corn boiled with a bitter herb. For ten days more she ate meat smoked in a particular manner, and she then partook of the usual food of her family.

"Notwithstanding that her future husband and future greatness were so clearly prefigured in this dream, the pretty *O,shah,gush,ko,da,na,qua,* having always regarded a white man with awe, and as a being of quite another species (perhaps the more so in consequence of her dream), seems to have felt nothing throughout the whole negotiation for her hand but reluctance, terror, and aversion. On being carried with the usual ceremonies to her husband's lodge, she fled into a dark corner, rolled herself up in her blanket, and would not be comforted nor even looked upon.

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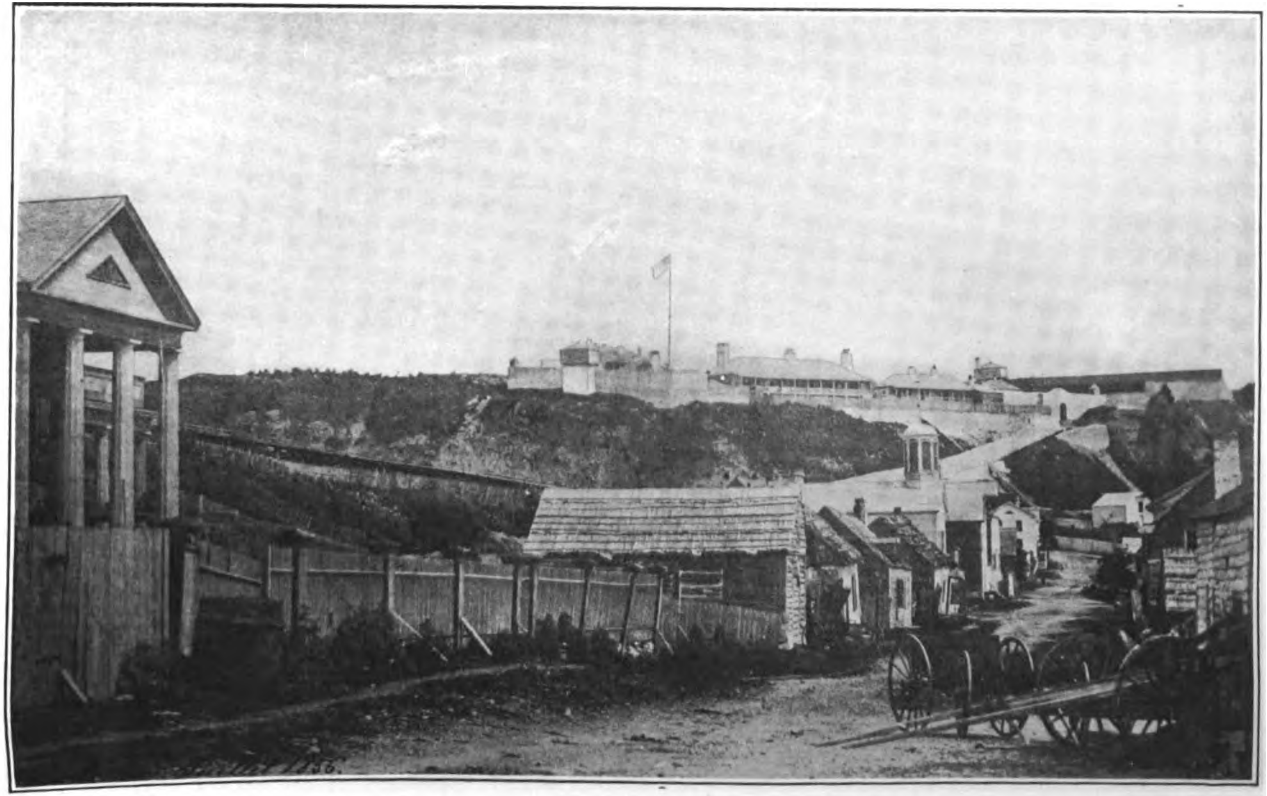

FORT MACKINAC, 1856

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A GROUP OF LAKE SUPERIOR INDIANS

Left to right: Rev. J. H. Pitezel; Mon-go-sid (Loon's foot); Mon-gose (Little Loon); Matchi-gizig (Bad Day); Ko-ba-gam (said to be the last Chief of the Chippewas, succeeding Ma-dosh upon the latter's death); As-sin-nins (Little Stones—Pebbles); Mo-kwa-da (the man who creeps,—who does not walk); Ma-dosh (the first Chief of the Chippewas upon whom the United States bestowed a medal); Kish-kit-a-wa-ge (the man with an ear cut off); Matchi-kwi-wis-ens (Bad Boy)

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It is to the honour of Johnston, that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position, and that she remained in his lodge ten days, during which he treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect, and sought by every gentle means to overcome her fear and gain her affection;—and it was touching to see how tenderly and gratefully this was remembered by his wife after a lapse of thirty-six years. On the tenth day, however, she ran away from him in a paroxysm of terror, and after fasting in the woods for four days, reached her grandfather's wigwam. Meantime, her father, Waub-Ojeeg, who was far off in his hunting camp, *dreamed* that his daughter had not conducted herself according to his advice, with proper wife-like docility, and he returned in haste two days' journey to see after her; and finding all things *according to his dream,* he gave her a good beating with a stick, and threatened to cut off both her ears. He then took her back to her husband, with a propitiatory present of furs and Indian corn, and many apologies and exculpations of his own honour. Johnston succeeded at length in taming this shy wild fawn, and took her to his house at the Sault-Sainte-Marie. When she had been there some time, she was seized with a longing once more to behold her mother's face, and revisit her people. Her husband had lately purchased a small schooner to trade upon the lake; this he fitted out, and sent her, with a retinue of his clerks and retainers, and in such state as became the wife of the 'great Englishman,' to her home at La Pointe, loaded with magnificent presents for all her family. He did not go with her himself, apparently from motives of delicacy, and that he might be no constraint upon her feelings or movements. A few months' residence amid comparative splendour and luxury, with a man who treated her with respect

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and tenderness, enabled the fair *O,shah,gush,ko,da,na,qua* to contrast her former with her present home. She soon returned to her husband and we do not hear of any more languishing after her father's wigwam. She lived most happily with Johnston for thirty-six years, till his death, which occurred in 1828, and is the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls.

"She showed me her husband's picture, which he brought to her from Montreal; the features are very gentlemanlike. He has been described to me by some of my Canadian friends, who knew him well, as a very clever, lively, and eccentric man, and a little of the *bon vivant*. Owing to his independent fortune, his talents, his long acquaintance with the country, and his connexion by marriage with the native blood, he had much influence in the country."

In his introduction to the collection of nursery and cradle songs of the forest, Schoolcraft gives us a glimpse into the life of the Indian mother and child: [15]

"The tickenagun, or Indian cradle, is an object of great pride with an Indian mother. She gets the finest kind of broadcloth she possibly can to make an outer swathing band for it, and spares no pains in ornamenting it with beads and ribbons, worked in various figures. In the lodges of those who can afford it, there is no article more showy and pretty than the full bound cradle. The frame of the cradle itself is a curiosity. It consists of three pieces. The vertebral board, which supports the back, the hoop or footboard, which extends tapering up each side, and the arch or bow, which springs from each side, and protects the face and head. These are tied together with

[15] *The Indian in His Wigwam*, p. 390 ff.

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deer's sinews or pegged. The whole structure is very light, and is carved with a knife by the men, out of the linden or maple tree.

"Moss constitutes the bed of the infant, and is also put up between the child's feet to keep them apart and adjust the shape of them, according to custom. A one-point blanket of the trade, is the general and immediate wrapper of the infant, within the hoop, and the ornamented swathing band is wound around the whole, and gives it no little resemblance to the case of a small mummy. As the bow passes directly above the face and eyes, trinkets are often hung upon this, to amuse it, and the child gets its first ideas of ornament from these. The hands are generally bound down with the body, and only let out occasionally, the head and neck being the only part which is actually free. So bound and laced, hooped and bowed, the little fabric, with its inmate, is capable of being swung on its mother's back. and carried through the thickest forest without injury. Should it even fall, no injury can happen. The bow protects the only exposed part of the frame. And when she stops to rest, or enters the lodge, it can be set aside like any other household article, or hung up by the cradle strap on a peg. Nothing, indeed, could be better adapted to the exigencies of the forest life. And in such tiny fabrics, so cramped and bound, and bedecked and trinketed, their famous Pontiacs and King Philips, and other prime warriors, were once carried, notwithstanding the skill they afterwards acquired in wielding the lance and war club.

"The Indian child, in truth, takes its first lesson, in the *art of endurance*, in the cradle. When it cries it need not be unbound to nurse it. If the mother be young, she must put it to sleep herself. If she have younger sisters or

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daughters they share this care with her. If the lodge be roomy and high, as lodges sometimes are, the cradle is suspended to the top poles to be swung. If not, or the weather be fine, it is tied to the limb of a tree, with small cords made from the inner bark of the linden, and a vibratory motion given to it from head to foot by the mother or some attendant. The motion thus communicated, is that of the pendulum or common swing, and may be supposed to be the easiest and most agreeable possible to the child. It is from this motion that the leading idea of the cradle song is taken."

The following song, full of a mother's love and contentment, is sung in a slow monotone: [16]

"Swinging, swinging, lul la by,
  Sleep, little daughter, sleep,
'Tis your mother watching by,
  Swinging, swinging she will keep,
Little daughter, lul la by.

"'Tis your mother loves you, dearest,
  Sleep, sleep, daughter, sleep,
Swinging, swinging, ever nearest,
  Baby, baby, do not weep;
Little daughter, lul la by.

"Swinging, swinging, lul la by,
  Sleep, sleep, little one,
And thy mother will be nigh,—
  Swing, swing, not alone—
Little daughter, lul la by."

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 392.

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Here is the story of the Hare and the Lynx, very like Red Riding Hood. The mother partly speaks and partly sings, imitating alternately the tones of the Hare and of its enemy, the Lynx: [17]

"There was once," she says, "a little Hare living in the lodge with its grandmother, who was about to send it back to its native land. When it had gone but a little way, a Lynx appeared in the path, and began to sing,

" 'Where pretty white one?
Where little white one,
Where do you go?'

" 'Tshwee! tshwee! tshwee! tshwee!' cried the Hare, and ran back to its grandmother. 'See, grandmother,' said the timid little creature, 'what the Lynx is saying to me,' and she repeated the song. 'Ho! Nosis,' that is to say, 'courage, my grandchild; run along, and tell you are going home to your native land'; so the Hare went back and began to sing,

" 'To the point of land I roam,
For there is the white one's home,—
Whither I go.'

"Then the Lynx looked at the trembling Hare, and began to sing,

" 'Little white one, tell me why
Like to leather, thin and dry,
Are your pretty ears?'

" 'Tshwee! tshwee! tshwee! tshwee!' cried the Hare, and

[17] *Ibid.*, pp. 393–394.

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she ran back to her grandmother, and repeated the words. 'Go, Nosis, and tell him your uncles fixed them so, when they came from the south.' So the Hare ran back and sang,

"'From the south my uncles came,
And they fixed my ears the same,—
Fixed my slender ears.'

and then the Hare laid her pink ears upon her shoulders, and was about to go on, but the Lynx began to sing again,—

"'Why, why do you go away?
Pretty white one, can't you stay?
Tell me why your little feet
Are made so dry and very fleet?'

"'Tshwee! tshwee! tshwee! tshwee!' said the poor little Hare and she ran back again to the lodge to ask again. 'Ho! Nosis!' said the grandmother, who was old and tired, 'do not mind him, nor listen to him, nor answer him, but run on.'

"The Hare obeyed, and ran as fast as she could. When she came to the spot where the Lynx had been, she looked round, but there was no one there, and she ran on. But the Lynx had found out all about the little Hare, and knew she was going across to the neck of land; and he had nothing to do but reach it first, and waylay her; which he did; and when the innocent creature came to the place, and had got almost home, the Lynx sprang out of the thicket and ate her up."

A mother sings to her sick child: [18]

[18] Schoolcraft, *The Myth of Hiawatha*, p. 341.

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"Abbinochi, baby dear,
Leave me not—ah, leave me not;
I have nursed with love sincere,
Nursed thee in my forest cot—
Tied thee in thy cradle trim
Kind adjusting every limb;
With the fairest beads and bands
Deck'd thy cradle with my hands,
And with sweetest corn panäd
From my little kettle fed,
Oft with miscodeed roots shred,
Fed thee in thy baby bed.

"Abbinochi, droop not so,
Leave me not—away to go
To strange lands—thy little feet
Are not grown the path to greet
Or find out, with none to show
Where the flowers of grave-land grow.
Stay, my dear one, stay till grown,
I will lead thee to that zone
Where the stars like silver shine,
And the scenes are all divine,
And the happy, happy stray,
And, like Abbinochi, play."

"In the hot summer evenings," writes Schoolcraft,[19] "the children of the Chippewa Algonquins, along the shores of the upper lakes, and in the northern latitudes, frequently assemble before their parents' lodges, and amuse themselves by little chants of various kinds, with shouts and wild

[19] *The Indian in His Wigwam*, p. 230.

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dancing. Attracted by such shouts of merriment and gambols, I walked out one evening, to a green lawn skirting the edge of the St. Mary's river, with the fall in full view, to get hold of the meaning of some of these chants. The air and the plain were literally sparkling with the phosphorescent light of the fire-fly."

By carefully attending the words he made out the chant which the children were addressing to the fire-fly, which, translated, would read:

"Fire-fly, fire-fly! bright little thing,
Light me to bed, and my song I will sing.
Give me your light, as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed.
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.
Come, little fire-fly—come, little beast—
Come! and I'll make you to-morrow a feast.
Come, little candle that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy-bug—night's little king;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along,
Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song."

Not without a certain wild beauty is the literal translation:

"Flitting-white-fire-insect! waving-white-fire-bug! give me light before I go to bed! Give me light before I go to sleep! Come, little dancing-white-fire-bug. Come, little flitting-white-fire-beast! Light me with your bright white-flame-instrument—your little candle."

"If you look at some half thousand of our most fashionable and admired Italian songs," says Mrs. Jameson,[20]

[20] *Op. cit.*, p. 253.

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"the Notturni of Blangini, for instance,—you will find them very like this Chippewa canzonetta, in the no-meaning and perpetual repetition of certain words and phrases; at the same time, I doubt if it be *always* necessary for a song to have a meaning—it is enough if it have a sentiment." Note the iteration in the following love song:

" 'Tis now two days, two long days,
Since last I tasted food;
'Tis for you, for you, my love,
That I grieve, that I grieve,
'Tis for you, for you that I grieve!

"The waters flow deep and wide,
On which, love, you have sailed;
Dividing you far from me.
'Tis for you, for you, my love,
'Tis for you, for you that I grieve!"

The following Ojibway love song reflects an appealing sentiment: [21]

"They tell me, the men with a white-white face
Belong to a purer, nobler race;
But why, if they do, and it may be so,
Do their tongues cry, 'Yes'—and their actions, 'No'?

"They tell me, that white is a heavenly hue,
And it may be so, but the sky is blue;
And the first of men—as our old men say,
Had earth-brown skins, and were made of clay.

[21] Schoolcraft, *Myth of Hiawatha*, p. 307.

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"But throughout my life, I've heard it said,
There's nothing surpasses a tint of red;
Oh, the white man's cheeks look pale and sad,
Compared to my beautiful Indian lad.

"Then let them talk of their race divine,
Their glittering domes, and sparkling wine;
Give me a lodge, like my fathers had,
And my tall, straight, beautiful Indian lad."

Quite another aspect of the Ojibway muse is presented by Schoolcraft in his introduction to the traditionary war songs of the Ojibways:[22]

"Whoever has heard an Odjibwa war song," he says, "and witnessed an Indian war dance, must be satisfied that the occasion wakes up all the fire and energy of the Indian's soul. His flashing eye—his muscular energy, as he begins the dance—his violent gesticulation as he raises his war-cry—the whole frame and expression of the man, demonstrate this. And long before it comes to his turn to utter his stave, or portion of the chant, his mind has been worked up to the most intense point of excitement: his imagination has pictured the enemy—the ambush and the onset—the victory and the bleeding victim, writhing under his prowess: in imagination he has already stamped him under foot, and torn off his reeking scalp: he has seen the eagles hovering in the air, ready to pounce on the dead carcass, as soon as the combatants quit the field.

"It would require strong and graphic language to give descriptive utterance, in the shape of song, to all he has fancied, and seen and feels on the subject. He himself,

[22] *The Indian in His Wigwam*, p. 410.

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makes no such effort. Physical excitement has absorbed his energies. He is in no mood for calm and connected descriptions of battle scenes. He has no stores of measured rhymes to fall back on. All he can do is to utter brief, and often highly symbolic expressions of courage—of defiance—of indomitable rage. His feet stamp the ground, as if he would shake it to its centre. The inspiring drum and mystic rattle communicate new energy to every step, while they serve, by the observance of the most exact time, to concentrate his energy. His very looks depict the spirit of rage, and his yells, uttered quick, sharp, and cut off by the application of the hand to the mouth, are startling and horrific."

The following war-song is translated by C. F. Hoffman, from the Algonquin of Schoolcraft: [23]

"Hear ye not their shrill-piping
screams on the air?
Up! Braves for the conflict
prepare ye—prepare!
Aroused from the canebrake,
far south by your drum,
With beaks whet from carnage,
the Battle Birds come.

"Oh, God of my Fathers,
as swiftly as they,
I ask but to swoop
from the hills on my prey:
Give this frame to the winds,
on the Prairie below,

[23] *Ibid.*, p. 412.

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But my soul—like thy bolt—
  I would hurl on the foe!

"On the forehead of Earth
  strikes the Sun in his might,
Oh, gift me with glances
  as searching as light.
In the front of the onslaught,
  to single each crest,
Till my hatchet grows red
  on their bravest and best.

"Why stand ye back idly,
  ye Sons of the Lakes?
Who boast of the scalp-locks,
  ye tremble to take.
Fear-dreamers may linger,
  my skies are all bright—
Charge—charge—on the War-Path,
  For God and the Right."

From the same source is this translation of the war-song of Wabojeeg, chanted on the eve of battle: [24]

"Where are my foes? say, warriors, where? No forest
  is so black,
That it can hide from my quick eye, the vestige of their
  track:
There is no lake so boundless, no path where man can go,
Can shield them from my sharp pursuit, or save them from
  my blow.

[24] *Ibid.*, p. 416.

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The winds that whisper in the trees, the clouds that spot the sky,
Impart a soft intelligence, to show me where they lie,
The very birds that sail the air, and scream as on they go,
Give me a clue my course to tread, and lead me to the foe.

"The sun, at dawn, lifts up his head, to guide me on my way,
The moon, at night, looks softly down, and cheers me with her ray.
The war-crowned stars, those beaming lights, my spirit casts at night,
Direct me as I thread the maze, and lead me to the fight.
In sacred dreams within my lodge, while resting on the land,
Bright omens of success arise, and nerve my warlike hand.
Where'er I turn, where'er I go, there is a whispering sound,
That tells me I shall crush the foe, and drive him from my ground.

"The beaming West invites me on, with smiles of vermil hue,
And clouds of promise fill the sky, and deck its heavenly blue,
There is no breeze—there is no sign, in ocean, earth or sky,
That does not swell my breast with hope, or animate my eye.
If to the stormy beach I go, where heavy tempests play,
They tell me but, how warriors brave, should conquer in the fray.
All nature fills my heart with fires, that prompt me on to go,
To rush with rage, and lifted spear, upon my country's foe."

Schoolcraft gives the following excellent résumé of the

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traditions, mythology, superstitions and religion of these people:[25]

"Their traditions and belief, on the origin of the globe, and the existence of a Supreme Being, are quite accordant with some things in our own history and theory. They believe that the Great Spirit created material matter, and that he made the earth and heavens, by the power of his will. He afterwards made animals and men, out of the earth, and he filled space with subordinate spirits, having something of his own nature, to whom he gave a part of his own power. He made one great and master spirit of evil, to whom he also gave assimilated and subordinate evil spirits, to execute his will. Two antagonist powers, they believe, were thus placed in the world who are continually striving for the mastery, and who have power to affect the fortunes and lives of men. This constitutes the groundwork of their religion, sacrifices and worship.

"They believe that animals were created before men, and that they originally had rule on the earth. By the power of necromancy, some of these animals were transformed to men, who, as soon as they assumed this new form, began to hunt the animals, and make war against them. It is expected that these animals will resume their human shapes, in a future state, and hence their hunters feign some clumsy excuses, for their present policy of killing them. They believe that all animals, and birds and reptiles, and even insects, possess reasoning faculties, and have souls. It is in these opinions, that we detect the ancient doctrine of transmigration.

[25] *Ibid.*, pp. 203–206, 212–217.

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"Their most intelligent priests tell us, that their forefathers worshipped the sun; this luminary was regarded by them, as one of their Medas told me, as the symbol of divine intelligence, and the figure of it is drawn in their system of picture writing, to denote the Great Spirit. This symbol very often occurs in their pictures of the medicine dance, and the wabeno dance, and other sacred forms of their rude inscriptions.

"They believe, at least to some extent, in a duality of souls, one of which is fleshly, or corporeal; the other is incorporeal or mental. The fleshly soul goes immediately, at death, to the land of spirits, or future bliss. The mental soul abides with the body, and hovers round the place of sepulture. A future state is regarded by them, as a state of rewards, and not of punishments. They expect to inhabit a paradise, filled with pleasures for the eye, and the ear, and the taste. A strong and universal belief in divine mercies absorbs every other attribute of the Great Spirit, except his power and ubiquity; and they believe, so far as we can gather it, that this mercy will be shown to all. There is not, in general, a very discriminating sense of moral distinctions and responsibilities, and the faint outshadowings, which we sometimes hear among them, of a deep and sombre stream to be crossed by the adventurous soul, in its way to the land of bliss, does not exercise such a practical influence over their lives, as to interfere with the belief of universal acceptance after death. So firm is this belief, that their proper and most reverent term for the Great Spirit, is Gézha Monedo, that is to say, Merciful Spirit. Gitchy Monedo, which is also employed, is often an equivocal phrase. The term Wäzheáud, or Maker, is

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used to designate the Creator, when speaking of his animated works. The compound phrase Wäsosemigóyan, or universal Father, is also heard.

"The great spirit of evil, called Mudje Monedo, and Matche Monito, is regarded as a *created*, and not a pre-existing being. Subordinate spirits of evil are denoted by using the derogative form of the word, in *sh* by which Moneto is rendered Monetosh. The exceeding flexibility of the language is well calculated to enable them to express distinction of this nature.

"The tribe has a general tradition of a deluge, in which the earth was covered with water, reaching above the highest hills, or mountains, but not above a tree which grew on the latter, by climbing which a man was saved. This man was the demi-god of their fictions, who is called Manabozho, by whose means the waters were stayed and the earth recreated. He employed for this purpose various animals who were sent to dive down for some of the primordial earth, of which a little was, at length, brought up by the beaver, and this formed the germ or nucleus of the new, or rather rescued planet. What particular allegories are hid under this story, is not certain; but it is known that this, and other tribes, are much in the habit of employing allegories, and symbols, under which we may suspect, they have concealed parts of their historical traditions and beliefs. This deluge of the Algonquin tribes was produced, as their legends tell, by the agency of the chief of the evil spirits, symbolized by a great serpent, who is placed, throughout the tale, in an antagonistical position to the demi-god Manabozho, is the same, it is thought, with the Abou, and the Michabou, or the Great Hare of elder writers. . . .

"One of the most curious opinions of this people is their

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belief in the mysterious and sacred character of fire. They obtain sacred fire, for all national and ecclesiastical purposes, from the flint. Their national pipes are lighted with this fire. It is symbolical of purity. Their notions of the boundary between life and death, which is also symbolically the limit of the material verge between this and a future state, are revealed in connection with the exhibition of flames of fire. They also make sacrifices by fire of some part of the first fruits of the chase. These traits are to be viewed, perhaps, in relation to their ancient worship of the sun, above noticed, of which the traditions and belief, are still generally preserved. The existence among them of the numerous classes of Jossakeeds, or mutterers—(the word is from the utterance of sounds low on the earth), is a trait that will remind the reader of a similar class of men, in early ages, in the eastern hemisphere. These persons constitute, indeed, the Magi of our western forests. In the exhibition of their art, and of the peculiar notions they promulgate on the subject of a sacred fire, and the doctrine of transmigration, they would seem to have their affiliation of descent rather with the disciples of Zoroaster and the fruitful Persian stock, than with the less mentally refined Mongolian hordes. . . .

"To give some idea of the Indian mythology as above denoted, it is necessary to conceive every department of the universe to be filled with invisible spirits. These spirits hold in their belief nearly the same relation to matter that the soul does to the body; they pervade it. They believe not only that every man, but also *that every animal has a soul;* and as might be expected under this belief, they make no distinction between *instinct* and *reason.* Every animal is supposed to be endowed with a reasoning faculty. The

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movements of birds and other animals are deemed to be the result, not of mere instinctive animal powers implanted and limited by the creation, without inherent power to *exceed or enlarge* them, but of a process of ratiocination. They go a step farther, and believe that animals, particularly birds, can look into, and are familiar with the vast operations of the world above. Hence the great respect they pay to birds as agents of omen, and also to some animals, whose souls they expect to encounter in another life. Nay, it is the settled belief among the northern Algonquins, that animals will fare better in another world, in the precise ratio that their lives and enjoyments have been curtailed in this life.

"Dreams are considered by them as a means of direct communication with the spiritual world; and hence the great influence which dreams exert over the Indian mind and conduct. They are generally regarded as friendly warnings of their personal manitos. No labor or enterprise is undertaken against their indications. A whole army is turned back if the dreams of an officiating priest are unfavorable. A family lodge has been known to be deserted by all its inmates at midnight, leaving the fixtures behind, because one of the family had dreamt of an attack, and been frightened with the impression of blood and tomahawks. To give more solemnity to his office the priest or leading *meta* exhibits a sack containing the carved or stuffed images of animals, with medicines and bones constituting the sacred charms. These are never exhibited to the common gaze, but, on a march, the sack is hung up in plain view. To profane the medicine sack would be equivalent to violating the altar. Dreams are carefully sought by every Indian, whatever be their rank, at certain

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periods of youth, with fasting. These fasts are sometimes continued a great number of days, until the devotee becomes pale and emaciated. The animals that appear propitiously to the mind during these dreams, are fixed on and selected as personal manitos, and are ever after viewed as guardians. This period of fasting and dreaming is deemed as essential by them as any religious rite whatever employed by Christians. The initial fast of a young man or girl holds the relative importance of baptism, with this peculiarity, that it is a free-will, or self-dedicatory rite.

"The naming of children has an intimate connection with the system of mythological agency. Names are usually bestowed by some aged person, most commonly under the supposed guidance of a particular spirit. They are often derived from the mystic scenes presented in a dream, and refer to aerial phenomena. Yellow Thunder, Bright Sky, Big Cloud, Spirit Sky, Spot in the Sky, are common names for males. Females are more commonly named from the vernal or autumnal landscape, as Woman of the Valley, Woman of the Rock, &c. Females are not excluded from participation in the prophetical office or jugglership. Instances of their having assumed this function are known to have occurred, although it is commonly confined to males. In every other department of life they are apparently regarded as inferior or *inclusive* beings. Names bestowed with ceremony in childhood are deemed sacred, and are seldom pronounced, out of respect, it would seem, to the spirit under whose favor they are supposed to have been selected. Children are usually called in the family by some name which can be familiarly used. A male child is frequently called by the mother, a bird, or young one, or old man, as terms of endearment, or bad boy,

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evil-doer, &c., in the way of light reproach; and these names often adhere to the individual through life. Parents avoid the true name often by saying, my son, my younger, or my elder son, or my younger or my elder daughter, for which the language has separate words. This subject of a reluctance to tell their names is very curious and deserving of investigation.

"The Indian 'art and mystery' of hunting is a tissue of necromantic or mythological reliances. The personal spirits of the hunter are invoked to give success in the chase. Images of the animals sought for are sometimes carved in wood, or drawn by the metas on tabular pieces of wood. By applying their mystic medicines to these, the animals are supposed to be drawn into the hunter's path; and when animals have been killed, the Indian feels, that although they are an authorized and lawful prey, yet there is something like accountability to the animal's *suppositional soul.* An Indian has been known to ask the pardon of an animal, which he had just killed. Drumming, shaking the rattle, and dancing and singing, are the common accompaniments of all these superstitious observances, and are not peculiar to one class alone. In the wabeno dance, which is esteemed by the Indians as the most latitudinarian co-fraternity, love songs are introduced. They are never heard in the medicine dances. They would subject one to utter contempt in the war dance.

"The system of *Manito worship* has another peculiarity, which is illustrative of Indian character. During the fasts and ceremonial dances by which a warrior prepares himself to come up to the duties of war, everything that savors of effeminacy is put aside. The spirits which preside over bravery and war are alone relied on, and these are supposed

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to be offended by the votary's paying attention to objects less stern and manly than themselves. Venus and Mars cannot be worshipped at the same time. It would be considered a complete desecration for a warrior, while engaged in war, to entangle himself by another, or more tender sentiment. We think this opinion should be duly estimated in the general award which history gives to the chastity of warriors. We would record the fact to their praise, as fully as it has been done; but we would subtract something from the *motive*, in view of his paramount obligations of a sacred character, and also the fear of the ridicule of his co-warriors.

"In these leading doctrines of an oral and mystic school of wild philosophy may be perceived the ground-work of their mythology, and the general motive for selecting familiar spirits. Manito, or as the Chippewas pronounce it, monédo, signifies simply a spirit, and there is neither a good nor a bad meaning attached to it, when not under the government of some adjective or qualifying particle. We think, however, that so far as there is a meaning distinct from an invisible existence, the tendency is to a bad meaning. A bad meaning is, however, distinctly conveyed by the inflection, *osh* or *ish*. The particle *wee*, added in the same relation, indicates a witch. Like numerous other nouns, it has its diminutive in *os*, its plural in *wug*, and its local form in *ing*. To add 'great,' as the Jesuit writers did, is far from deciding the moral character of the spirit, and hence modern translators prefix *gezha*, signifying merciful. Yet we doubt whether the word God should not be carried boldly into translations of the scriptures. In the conference and prayer-room, the native teachers use the inclusive pronominal form of Father,

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altogether. Truth breaks slowly on the mind, sunk in so profound a darkness as the Indians are, and there is danger in retaining the use of words like those which they have so long employed in a problematical, if not a derogative sense.

"The love for mystery and magic which pervades the native ceremonies, has affected the forms of their language. They have given it a power to impart life to dead masses. Vitality in their forms of utterance is deeply implanted in all these dialects, which have been examined; they provide, by the process of inflection, for keeping a perpetual distinction between the animate and inanimate kingdoms. But when vitality and spirituality are so blended as we see them in their doctrine of animal souls, the inevitable result must be, either to exalt the principle of life, in all the classes of nature, into immortality, or to sink the latter to the level of mere organic life. Indian word-workers have taken the former dilemma, and peopled their paradise not only with the souls of men, but with the souls of every imaginable kind of beasts. Spirituality is thus clogged with sensual accidents. The human soul *hungers,* and it must have food deposited upon the grave. *It suffers from cold,* and the body must be wrapped about with cloths. It is in *darkness,* and a light must be kindled at the head of the grave. It wanders through plains and across streams, subject to the providences of this life, in quest of its place of enjoyment, and when it reaches it, it finds every species of sensual trial, which renders the place not indeed a *heaven of rest,* but *another experimental world*—very much like this. Of punishments, we hear nothing; rewards are looked for abundantly, and the idea that the Master of life, or the merciful Spirit,

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will be alike merciful to all, *irrespective of the acts of this life*, or the degree of moral *turpitude*, appears to leave for their theology a belief in restorations or universalism. There is nothing to refer them to a Saviour; that idea was beyond their conception, and of course there was no occasion for the offices of the Holy Ghost. Darker and more chilling views to a theologian, it would be impossible to present. Yet it may be asked, what more benign result could have been, or can now be, anticipated in the hearts of an ignorant, uninstructed and wandering people, exposed to sore vicissitudes in their lives and fortunes, and without the guidance of the light of Revelation?

"Of their mythology proper, we have space only to make a few remarks. Some of the mythologic existences of the Indians admit of poetic uses. Manabozho may be considered as a sort of terrene Jove, who could perform all things whatever, but lived some time on earth, and excelled particularly in feats of strength and manual dexterity. All the animals were subject to him. He also survived a deluge, which the traditions mention, having climbed a tree on an extreme elevation during the prevalence of the waters, and sent down various animals for some earth, out of which he re-created the globe. The four cardinal points are so many demi-gods, of whom the West, called KABEUN, has priority of age. The East, North and South are deemed to be his sons, by a maid who incautiously exposed herself to the west wind. IAGOO (Iagoo) is the god of the marvellous, and many most extravagant tales of forest and domestic adventure are heaped upon him. KWASIND is a sort of Samson, who threw a huge mass of rock such as the Cyclops cast at Mentor. WEENG is the god of sleep, who is represented to have numerous

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small emissaries at his service, reminding us of Pope's creation of gnomes. These minute emissaries climb up the forehead, and wielding a tiny club, knock individuals to sleep. PAUGUK is death, in his symbolic attitude. He is armed with a bow and arrows. It would be easy to extend this enumeration.

"The mental powers of the Indian constitutes a topic which we do not design to discuss. But it must be manifest that some of their peculiarities are brought out by their system of mythology and spirit-craft. War, public policy, hunting, abstinence, endurance, and courageous adventure, form the leading topics of their mental efforts. These are deemed the appropriate themes of men, sages and warriors. But their intellectual essays have also a domestic theatre of exhibition. It is here that the Indian mind unbends itself and reveals some of its less obvious traits. Their public speakers cultivate a particular branch of oratory. They are careful in the use of words, and are regarded as standards of purity in the language. They appear to have an accurate ear for sounds, and delight in rounding off a period, for which the languages afford great facilities, by their long and stately words, and multiform inflexions. A drift of thought—an elevation of style, is observable in their public speaking which is dropt in private conversation. Voice, attitude and motion, are deemed of the highest consequence. Much of the meaning of their expressions is varied by the vehement, subdued, or prolonged tone in which they are uttered. In private conversation, on the contrary, all is altered. There is an equanimity of tone, an easy vein of narration or dialogue, in which the power of mimicry is most strikingly brought out. The very voice and words of the supposed

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speakers, in their fictitious legends, are assumed. Fear, supplication, timidity or boasting, are exactly depicted, and the deepest interest excited. All is ease and freedom from restraint. There is nothing of the coldness or severe formality of the council. The pipe is put to its ordinary use, and all its symbolic sanctity is laid aside with the wampum belt and the often reiterated state epithets, 'Nosa' and 'Kosinan,' i.e., *my father* and *our father*.

"Another striking trait of the race is found in their legends and tales. Those of the aboriginal race who excel in private conversation, become to their tribes oral chroniclers, and are relied on for historical traditions as well as tales. It is necessary, in listening to them, to distinguish between the gossip and the historian, the narrator of real events, and of nursery tales. For they gather together everything from the fabulous feats of Manabozho and Mishosha, to the hair-breadth escapes of a Pontiac, or a Black Hawk. These narrators are generally men of a good memory and a certain degree of humor, who have experienced vicissitudes, and are cast into the vale of tears. In the rehearsal of their tales, transformations and transmigrations are a part of the machinery relied on; and some of them are as accurately adapted to the purposes of amusement or instruction, as if Zoroaster or Ovid himself had been consulted in their production. Many objects in the inanimate creation, according to these tales, were originally men and women. And numerous animals had other forms in their first stages of existence, which they, as well as human beings, forfeited, by the power of necromancy and transmigration. The evening star, it is fabled, was formerly a woman. An ambitious boy became one of the planets. Three brothers, traveling in a canoe, were trans-

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lated into a group of stars. The fox, the lynx, hare, robin, eagle and numerous other species, retain places in the Indian system of astronomy. The mouse obtained celestial elevation by creeping up the rainbow, which Indian story makes a flossy mass of bright threads, and by the power of gnawing them, he relieved a captive in the sky. It is a coincidence, which we note, that *ursa major* is called by them the bear.

"These legends are not confined to the sky alone. The earth also is a fruitful theatre of transformations. The wolf was formerly a boy, who, being neglected by his parents, was transformed into this animal. A shell, lying on the shore, was transformed to the racoon. The brains of an adultress were converted into the *addikumaig*, or white fish.

"The power of transformation was variously exercised. It most commonly existed in magicians, of whom Abo, Manabosh or Manabozho, and Mishosha, retain much celebrity. The latter possessed a magic canoe which would rush forward through the water on the utterance of a charm, with a speed that would outstrip the wind. Hundreds of miles were performed in as many minutes. The charm which he uttered, consisted of a monosyllable, containing one consonant, which does not belong to the language; and this word has no definable meaning. So that the language of magic and demonology has one feature in common in all ages and with every nation.

"Man, in his common shape, is not alone the subject of their legends. The intellectual creations of the Indians admit of the agency of giants and fairies. Anak and his progeny could not have created more alarm in the minds of the ten faithless spies, than do the race of fabulous Ween-

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digos to the Indian tribes. These giants are represented as cannibals, who ate up men, women and children. Indian fairies are of two classes, distinguished as the place of their revels is either the land or water. Land-fairies are imagined to choose their residences about promontories, water-falls and solemn groves. The water, besides its appropriate class of aquatic fairies, is supposed to be the residence of a race of beings called Nibanaba which have their analogy, except as to sex, in the mermaid. The Indian word indicates a male. Ghosts are the ordinary machinery in their tales of terror and mystery. There is, perhaps, a glimmering of the idea of retributive justice in the belief that ghosts and spirits are capable of existing in fire."

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CHAPTER II

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MACKINAC

"ON Huron's wave there stands an isle,[1]
Which lifts on high its tower-like pile,
Guarding the strait, whose promont sides
Press into union various tides,
From broad Superior rushing down,
Chilled with the arctic winter's frown,
Or coming up from milder skies,
Where Michigania's sources rise.
This isle—by wild tradition long
Made theme of forest tale and song—
In ev'ry age has caught the eye
Of Indian, as he wanders by,
Who sees it rise, like giant mound,
O'erlooking all the region round,
The clust'ring islands, sever'd main,
And straits drawn out, like liquid chain;
And as his light canoe draws near,
He stays awhile its fleet career,
That, off'ring up a simple prayer,
And leaving simple tribute there,
The Manitou, whom fancy sees
Enshrouded 'mong the rocks and trees,
May send him on his course with fav'ring breeze."

[1] Henry Whiting, *Sannillac*, p. 3.

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"Sugar Loaf, on Mackinac," writes Mr. Stanley Newton,[2] "is easily the best example of Manito worship in the North country. This rock has been the object of superstitious reverence by thousands of Chippewas, Hurons, Ottawas, Potawatomies and Sioux for hundreds of years; and even the hot-blooded Mohawks and Senecas are said to have laid down their arms and knelt in fear before its peculiar formation. It was considered the abode of the one Great Spirit. Here he dwelt in impenetrable dignity and majesty; and received at the foot of his dwelling the offerings of his red children. So sacred was the ground that it is only in comparatively modern times that we read of its being inhabited; tradition tells us that formerly it was left to Manito alone. His devotees brought their sacrifices from the mainland; stepped ashore with awe and trembling, and carried their votive offerings to the Rock; and after a short supplication to the deity lost no time in leaving a place of such dread solemnity. The bones of the greatest of the chiefs, their wives and children, were deposited on the Island, to rest forever under the immediate protection of the Keeper of Souls."

"Indeed," he continues,[3] "for aught poor mortals can tell, it was he who called the Island into being for his special purpose. Do we not know that the Chippewas once fished over its very site? And that once upon a time a blinding fog hung upon the Straits for the space of three suns, and that when it arose, there loomed the Island, full-panoplied and beautiful, with all its trees and flowers in bloom? Surely it was then the Great Spirit came. For a long time the Indians durst not venture near,

[2] *Mackinac Island and Sault Ste. Marie,* by Stanley Newton, p. 26.
[3] P. 66.

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but at last they came timidly, with canoes filled with wampum and offerings to propitiate the god, and honor his new home. And he was gracious unto them, and filled their waters with fish, and their hunting grounds with game; he tipped the tongues of their chiefs with silver, and made their warriors unconquerable in battle. Truly it was a golden age, until the white man came.

"Be it known to all pale-faces that Gitchi Manito cannot abide the white men. Their scoffings and scornings, their contempt for his ancient rites, their ways of living, their fire-water, these things are not acceptable in his sight. So, with the coming of the Europeans, he left his sacred shrine in sorrow and anger, and flew to the distant regions of the North, where he dwells for a space in the flaming tongues of the Aurora Borealis.

"But think not that the whites will finally prevail. As the god took flight from his Island temple, he stamped his foot on the high plateau, and caused a great seam to open in the limestone, extending down to an unmeasured depth, and known to the Islanders and tourists of our day as 'The Crack.' When the Great Spirit has completed his mighty spells the crack will widen and deepen as the days go by, and finally, at his command, a great storm will come, and the Island will split and fall apart, sinking once more, and forever, beneath the waters of the Straits."

Says Mr. Charles Ellis:[4] "Mackinac Island, a rock-walled piece of land in Lake Huron, is the most interesting spot in all our Great Lakes, having been the home of the first man and the first woman who ever trod upon the globe. Here it was, according to the ancient Indian legend of creation, that Michi Manitou, the Great Spirit, dwelt when

[4] *The American Magazine*, March, 1888, pp. 515–517.

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on earth; and here he placed the red Adam and Eve to have the care of his island home.

"Schoolcraft says the modern meaning of the name Missilimackinac among the Indians is 'the place of dancing spirits.' Sheldon thought the name meant 'great turtle,' and that its origin was the resemblance of the Island to that animal. Charlevoix, who was among the Indians of the lake country about 1720–1, found a tradition that Michibou was Manitou, or God of Waters—that is, of the lakes; that he was born on this Island; that he created the lakes and the beaver for the red people; and that they made sacrifices to him for his providence. Such offerings were also made at that time to Lake Superior, as having been especially created for the purpose of raising beaver. If the Indians made proper sacrifices, they would catch many beaver, and at death would be admitted to the celestial regions away to the West, beyond the mountains. If they failed to make the right offerings, they would lose beaver, and at death be compelled to wander up and down about the lakes and woods, with no wigwams, under the watchfulness of sleepless giants or monsters, sixty feet high.

"These giants or monsters were tall, conical rocks, which still exist, and they explain the long name. The word Michi is 'great.' The French spelled it Missi. It is the first part of the name of the great river of the West. In another form, it was the first name of Lake Superior, the greatest of lakes. It is in the name of Michigan—the Land of Great Waters.

"One of these monsters stands on Mackinac Island, another in the village of St. Ignace, and still others are to be found in the lower parts of the upper peninsula of Michigan. That on the Island is about ninety feet high, and

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it is as much of a curiosity to the average white man as it was centuries ago to the ordinary red. From the legend of the creation to which I have referred, and whose existence it was my good fortune to discover, we learn that this rocky cone was made by Manitou to be his home. A cave in the rock is pointed out as proof of this. The Indians probably reasoned about these objects in some such way as this: If Manitou made this stone wigwam for himself, he made all the Michi Mackinack, that is, all the great monsters, for some special purpose of his own. If Manitou himself lived in one of these on the Island, other spirits live in those about the shores and forests. In time they concluded that these spirits were there to see that the red people paid Manitou for his beaver. In time, also, the name of these objects became the name of the land, and hence all this region was Michilimackinack.

"The conception of 'dancing spirits' as the meaning of the name, sprang from the old legendary belief that when the original father and mother of the race died, they became spirits, and continued thus to watch over the Island home of Manitou. The other conception that it meant 'great turtle,' grew out of the same legend of creation, which says that Manitou made a turtle out of a drop of his own sweat and sent it to the bottom of the lake; that it brought up a mouthful of mud, from which Manitou created the Island, and then as a reward to the turtle for his part in the act, placed him upon the Island to sleep and dream forever in the summer sun of paradise. It is not surprising that in the course of ages the ancient legend has become somewhat frayed, or even that torn bits of it have served to start new ones. All of them however, come to-

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gether beautifully in the grand legend of the red Adam and Eve."

This legend, curiously like that of the Hebraic Adam and Eve, is the story of Atoacan and Atahensic:[5]

"Michabou, or the Great Hare, sat upon the face of the waters—he, and his creatures, which were all four-legged. The form of this being was unlike that of anything ever seen on the earth, before or since. He had four legs, or rather two legs and two arms, but he used them as if they were legs, and he used the two arms for purposes for which legs could not be used to advantage. So he had four legs and two arms, and yet there were but four in all. Each of his creatures was unlike the others; all were known and distinguished by something which did not belong to another. Some had but one leg, some had twenty; some had no legs, but many arms; and some had neither legs nor arms. The same diversity prevailed with regard to the eyes, and mouth, and nose, and ears. Indeed, they were a strange crowd of creatures, and not the least strange of all was Michabou himself, the head chief, or rather great father of all the creatures which moved over the face of the mighty waters.

"Michabou was married to a woman quite as odd and deformed as himself, who bore him many children of strange and various shapes. When the time had come for her to bring forth her one-thousandth child, she had a strange dream. She dreamed that the child within her refused to see the light, till he had something firm and stable to stand upon—something which would permit him to enjoy rest undisturbed by motion. She told this dream

[5] Jones, *Traditions of the North American Indians*, II, 43–48.

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to her husband, whom it puzzled very much. At length he made out that he was to create a world. He knew before, that the bottom of the ocean was covered with sand. So he dived down, and brought up from thence a glittering grain to serve as the germ of the world.

"Having taken this grain of glittering sand into the hollow of his hand, Michabou blew upon it until it so expanded, that it became a little earth. He then set it afloat upon the waters, where it continued increasing in magnitude, until it was large enough to sustain, without sinking, the child which the wife of the great chief, after bearing about her for forty seasons, brought forth to the light of day. This child, upon being born, had the form of a man, and was placed upon the earth thus created. He was the first being which had ever borne the form of a man, and the first occupier of the earth. They gave him the name of Atoacan, which signifies the 'great father, or beginner of a race.' When he was born, he was larger in stature than any man that has been born since, and he increased in size, until his head towered above the tallest woods.

"But Atoacan was alone, and life soon became a burthen to him. He was solitary and sad, and found no pleasure in the beautiful things which were daily, hourly, springing up on the earth. He saw the flowers bloom, and scent the air, but they afforded no pleasure to his eyes, no refreshment to his soul. Sweet fruits were bending the bushes to the earth, or clustering on the boughs, but they were tasteless; for it was in his nature to enjoy nothing, prize nothing, unless participated in by another—the counterpart of himself. So he put clay upon his head, and cried loud to his father, the Great Hare, for a companion. Michabou,

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perceiving that he and his strange-shaped creatures would be supplanted in power by the son whom he had begotten, the new creature *man*, had ascended to the heavens: he heard the prayer of his son, and listened to it.

"There was among the people of the skies a beautiful maiden, whose name was Atahensic. She was fairest of all the daughters of the air, beautiful as the sun, mild as the moon, and sportive as the stars. Michabou asked her if she would descend to earth, and become the companion and wife of his son; and she, delighted as women always are, at the prospect of a journey, no matter whither, consented. So Michabou made a long string of the sinews and tendons of the various land animals, and by this string he lowered Atahensic into the arms of his delighted son.

"The man, no longer solitary, but furnished with the being, intended by the constitution of nature and the Great Master of all for the companion and comfort of his life, set about appropriating to his use the various things he saw. He was no longer solitary, but met the difficulties which spring up in the path of human life, and the labours which he is compelled to bestow upon the procuring of food, with cheerfulness and alacrity. He now went in the morning to the forest glade to hunt the red deer, and his toils were not thought of, because, when they were ended, when the woods, made dark by the coming shades of night, rang shrill with the lay of the fire-bird, and his shafts were all spent, he could bear home the spoils they had won, and be rejoiced by the smiles of his companion and wife.

"Atahensic bore her husband two children, a son and a daughter. These two married and built themselves a lodge far from their parents. They had many children, but

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Michabou, who came down now and then, to see how things were going on, observing the slow rate at which the world was peopling, determined to adopt another plan. So he told Atoacan that, upon the death of every animal, he must skin it. He must burn the skin, drop a drop of his own blood upon the carcass, and cover it up carefully with dry leaves from the forest trees. Upon the fourth day after he had covered it with leaves, if he would remove the leaves, he would find beneath them a sleeping infant, which, upon waking, would utter a cry of surprise, at finding itself no longer a beast but a human being. Each of these beings would possess the power to assist in the like multiplication of the species, but be denied other power of procreation. Having thus left directions for the speedy peopling of the world, Michabou again ascended to the heavens, which he has not left since.

"Atoacan and his son carefully obeyed the commands which had been laid upon them, and of every beast or four-footed creature that died he formed a human being. These human beings were gifted with the qualities and passions which belonged to them in life; these they have retained, and thence it is that, at this day, the dispositions of men are so various. We see one crafty and subtle—he has the blood of the fox; another cruel, malicious, blood-thirsty—he is descended from the wolf. The red skin is courageous—the horse was his father; the white man is a coward—his mother was a sheep. One is full of sprightliness and agility—he is of the blood of the mountain-cat; another is clumsy—the musk-ox was his father. Strange and various are the dispositions which the men have—cunning, subtle, sly, wise, brave, prudent, careless, cowardly, peaceable, blood-thirsty. These are qualities derived from the

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beasts which died as beasts, and became men and the ancestors of the tribes living on the earth."

According to Schoolcraft, the name of the Island was called "Mish-i-nim-auk-in-ong" by the Indians.[6] "The term *mishi*," he says, "as heard in *mishipishiu*, panther, and *mishigenabik*, a gigantic serpent of fabled notoriety, signifies *great; nim*, appears to be derived from *nimi*, to dance, and *auk* from *autig*, tree or standing object; *ong* is the common termination for locality, the vowels *i* (second and fifth syllable) being brought into the compound word as connectives. In a language which separates all matter, the whole creation, in fact, into two classes of nouns—deemed animates and inanimates—the distinctions of gender are lost, so far as the laws of syntax are involved. It is necessary only to speak of objects as possessing and wanting vitality, to communicate to them the property named, whether it in reality possesses it in nature or not. For this purpose words which lack it in their penultimate syllables, take the consonant *n* to make their plurals for inanimates, and *g* for animates. By this simple method, the whole inanimate creation—woods, trees, rocks, clouds, waters, &c.—is clothed at will with life, or the opposite class of objects are shorn of it, which enables the speaker, whose mind is imbued with his peculiar mythology and necromancy, to create a spiritual world around him. In this creation it is well known to all who have investigated the subject, that the Indian mind has exercised its ingenuity, by creating classes and species of spirits, of all imaginable kinds, which, to his fancied eye, fill all surrounding space. If he be skilled in the magic rites of the sacred meda, or jesukewin, it is but to call on these spirits,

[6] *Personal Memoirs*, p. 443–444.

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and his necromantic behest is at its highest point of energy.

"In reference to this spiritual creation, the word *mish* signifies great, or rather big, but as adjectives are, like substantives, transitive, the term requires a transitive objective sign, to mark the thing or person that is big, hence the term *Michi* signifies big spirit, or 'fairy'—for it is a kind of *pükwudjininne*, and not of *monetoes* that are described. The terms *nim* and *auk*, dance and tree, and the local *ong*, are introduced to describe the particular locality and circumstances of the mythologic dances. The true meaning of the phrase, therefore, appears to be, Place of the Dancing Spirits. The popular etymology that derives the word from Big Turtle is still farther back in the chain of etymology, and is founded on the fact that the *michi* are turtle spirits. This is the result of my inquiries with the best interpreters of the language. The French, to whom we owe the original orthography, used *ch* for *sh*, interchanged *n* for *l* in the third syllable, and modified the syllables *auk* and *ong* into the sounds of *ack*—which are, I believe, general rules founded on the organs of utterance, in their adoption by that nation of Indian words. Hence Michilimackinack. The word has, in Indian, a plural inflective in *oag*, which the French threw away. The Iroquois, who extended their incursions here, called it Ti-e-don-de-ro-ga."

A still different origin is given by Andrew J. Blackbird, son of an Ottawa chief, who finds a historical definition:[7]

"Again, most every historian, or annalist so-called, who writes about the Island of Mackinac and the Straits and vicinity, tells us that the definition or the meaning of the word 'Michilimackinac' in the Ottawa and Chippewa lan-

[7] *History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians*, pp. 19–20.

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guage, is 'large turtle,' derived from the word Mi-she-mi-ki-nock in the Chippewa language. That is, 'Mi-she' as one of the adnominals or adjectives in the Ottawa and Chippewa languages, which would signify tremendous in size; and 'Mikinock' is the name of mud turtle—meaning, therefore, 'monstrous large turtle,' as the historians would have it. But we consider this to be a clear error. Wherever those annalists, or those who write about the Island of Mackinac, obtain their information as to the definition of the word Michilimackinac, I don't know, when our tradition is so direct and so clear with regard to the historical definition of that word, and is far from being derived from the word 'Michimikinock,' as the historians have told us. Our tradition says that when the Island was first discovered by the Ottawas, which was some time before America was known as an existing country by the white man, there was a small independent tribe, a remnant race of Indians who occupied this Island, who became confederated with the Ottawas when the Ottawas were living at Manitoulin, formerly called Ottawa Island, which is situated north of Lake Huron. The Ottawas thought a good deal of this unfortunate race of people, as they were a kind of interesting sort of people; but, unfortunately, they had most powerful enemies, who every now and then would come among them to make war with them. Their enemies were of the Iroquois of New York. Therefore, once in the dead of the winter while the Ottawas were having a great jubilee and war dances at their island, now Manitoulin, on account of the great conquest over the We-ne-be-goes of Wisconsin, of which I will speak more fully in subsequent chapters, during which time the Senecas of New York, of the Iroquois family of Indians, came upon the remnant race and

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fought them, and almost entirely annihilated them. But two escaped to tell the story, who affected their escape by flight and by hiding in one of the natural caves at the Island, and therefore that was the end of this race. And according to our understanding and traditions the tribal name of those disastrous people was 'Mi-shi-ne-macki-naw-go,' which is still existing to this day as a monument of their former existence; for the Ottawas and Chippewas named this little Island 'Mi-shi-ne-macki-nong' for memorial sake of those their former confederates, which word is the locative case of the Indian noun 'Michinemackinawgo.' Therefore, we contend, this is properly where the name Michilimackinac is originated."

The legend of Osseo, or Son of the Evening Star, is in accord with the generally accepted derivation of the Island's name as advanced by Schoolcraft. It is as follows: [8]

"There once lived an Indian in the north, who had ten daughters, all of whom grew up to womanhood. They were noted for their beauty, but especially Oweenee, the youngest, who was very independent in her way of thinking. She was a great admirer of romantic places, and paid very little attention to the numerous young men who came to her father's lodge for the purpose of seeing her. Her elder sisters were all solicited in marriage from their parents, and one after another, went off to dwell in the lodges of their husbands, or mothers-in-law, but she would listen to no proposals of the kind. At last she married an old man called Osseo, who was scarcely able to walk, and was too poor to have things like others. They jeered and laughed at her, on all sides, but she seemed to be quite happy, and said to them, 'It is my choice, and you will see in the end,

[8] Schoolcraft, *Algic Researches*, pp. 152–159.

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who has acted the wisest.' Soon after, the sisters and their husbands and their parents were all invited to a feast, and as they walked along the path, they could not help pitying their young and handsome sister, who had such an unsuitable mate. Osseo often stopped and gazed upwards, but they could perceive nothing in the direction he looked, unless it was the faint glimmering of the evening star. They heard him muttering to himself as they went along, and one of the elder sisters caught the words, 'Sho-wain-ne-me-shin-nosa.'[9] 'Poor old man,' said she, 'he is talking to his father, what a pity it is, that he would not fall and break his neck, that our sister might have a handsome young husband.' Presently they passed a large hollow log, lying with one end toward the path. The moment Osseo, who was of the turtle totem, came to it, he stopped short, uttered a loud and peculiar yell, and then dashing into one end of the log, he came out at the other, a most beautiful young man, and springing back to the road, he led off the party with steps as light as the reindeer. But on turning round to look for his wife, behold, she had been changed into an old, decrepit woman, who was bent almost double, and walked with a cane. The husband, however, treated her very kindly, as she had treated him during the time of his enchantment, and constantly addressed her by the term of *ne-ne-moosh-a*, or 'my sweetheart.'

"When they came to the hunter's lodge with whom they were to feast, they found the feast ready prepared, and as soon as their entertainer had finished his harangue, (in which he told them his feasting was in honour of the Evening, or Woman's Star), they began to partake of the

[Notes 9–10 are Schoolcraft's.]
[9] "Pity me, my father."

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portion dealt out, according to age and character, to each one. The food was very delicious, and they were all happy but Osseo, who looked at his wife and then gazed upward, as if he were looking into the substance of the sky. Sounds were soon heard, as if from far-off voices in the air, and they became plainer and plainer, till he could clearly distinguish some of the words.

" 'My son—my son,' said the voice, 'I have seen your afflictions and pity your wants. I come to call you away from a scene that is stained with blood and tears. The earth is full of sorrows. Giants and sorcerers, the enemies of mankind, walk abroad in it, and are scattered throughout its length. Every night they are lifting their voices to the Power of Evil, and every day they make themselves busy in casting evil in the hunter's path. You have long been their victim, but shall be their victim no more. The spell you were under is broken. Your evil genius is overcome. I have cast him down by my superior strength, and it is this strength I now exert for your happiness. Ascend, my son—ascend into the skies, and partake of the feast I have prepared for you in the stars, and bring with you those you love.

" 'The food set before you is enchanted and blessed. Fear not to partake of it. It is endowed with magic power to give immortality to mortals, and to change men to spirits. Your bowls and kettles shall be no longer wood and earth. The one shall become silver, and the other wampum. They shall shine like fire, and glisten like the most beautiful scarlet. Every female shall also change her state and looks, and no longer be doomed to laborious tasks. She shall put on the beauty of the starlight, and become a shining bird of the air, clothed with shining

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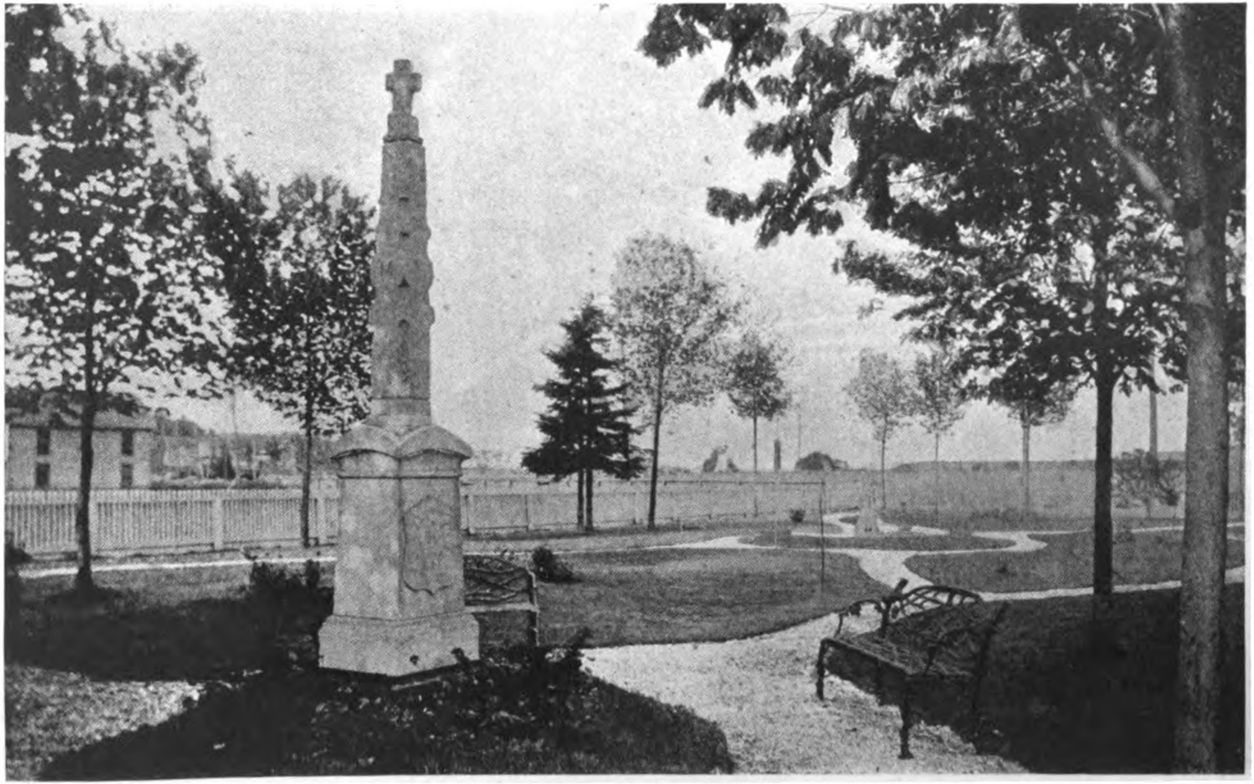

MARQUETTE MONUMENT, ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN

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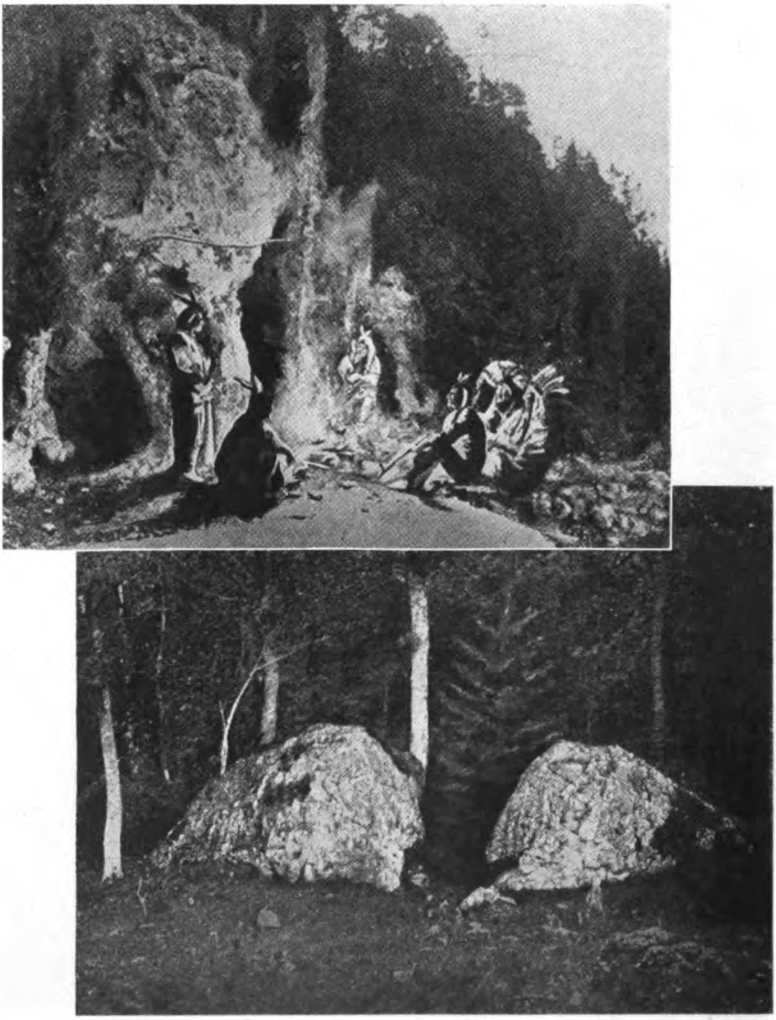

INDIANS AT THE KITCHEN, AND SISTER ROCKS,
MACKINAC ISLAND

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feathers. She shall dance and not work—she shall sing and not cry.'

"'My beams,' continued the voice, 'shine faintly on your lodge, but they have a power to transform it into the lightness of the skies, and decorate it with the colours of the clouds. Come, Osseo, my son, and dwell no longer on earth. Think strongly on my words, and look steadfastly at my beams. My power is now at its height. Doubt not—delay not. It is the voice of the Spirit of the stars that calls you away to happiness and celestial rest.'

"The words were intelligible to Osseo, but his companions thought them some far-off sounds of music, or birds singing in the woods. Very soon the lodge began to shake and tremble, and they felt it rising into the air. It was too late to run out, for they were already as high as the tops of the trees. Osseo looked around him as the lodge passed through the topmost boughs, and behold! their wooden dishes were changed into shells of a scarlet colour, the poles of the lodge to glittering wires of silver, and the bark that covered them into the gorgeous wings of insects. A moment more, and his brothers and sisters, and their parents and friends, were transformed into birds of various plumage. Some were jays, some partridges and pigeons, and others gay singing birds, who hopped about displaying their glittering feathers, and singing their songs. But Oweenee still kept her earthly garb, and exhibited all the indications of extreme age. He again cast his eyes in the direction of the clouds and uttered that peculiar yell, which had given him the victory of the hollow log. In a moment the youth and beauty of his wife returned; her dingy garments assumed the shining appearance of green silk, and her cane was changed into a silver feather. The lodge again shook

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and trembled, for they were now passing through the uppermost clouds, and they immediately after found themselves in the Evening Star, the residence of Osseo's father.

" 'My son,' said the old man, 'hang that cage of birds, which you have brought along in your hands, at the door, and I will inform you why you and your wife have been sent for.' Osseo obeyed the directions, and then took his seat in the lodge. 'Pity was shown to you,' resumed the king of the star, 'on account of the contempt of your wife's sister, who laughed at her ill fortune, and ridiculed you while you were under the power of that wicked spirit, whom you overcame at the log. That spirit lives in the next lodge, being a small star you see on the left of mine, and he has always felt envious of my family, because we had greater power than he had, and especially on account of our having had the care committed to us of the female world. He failed in several attempts to destroy your brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, but succeeded at last in transforming yourself and your wife into decrepit old persons. You must be careful and not let the light of his beams fall on you, while you are here, for therein is the power of his enchantment; a ray of light is the bow and arrow he uses.'

"Osseo lived happy and contented in the parental lodge, and in due time his wife presented him with a son, who grew up rapidly, and was the image of his father. He was very quick and ready in learning everything that was done in his grandfather's dominions, but he wished also to learn the art of hunting, for he had heard that this was a favorite pursuit below. To gratify him his father made him a bow and arrows, and he then let the birds out of the cage that he might practice in shooting. He soon became

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expert, and the very first day brought down a bird, but when he went to pick it up, to his amazement, it was a beautiful young woman with the arrow sticking in her breast. It was one of his younger *aunts*. The moment her blood fell upon the surface of that pure and spotless planet, the charm was dissolved. The boy immediately found himself sinking, but was partly upheld, by something like wings, till he passed through the lower clouds, and he then suddenly dropped upon a high, romantic island in a large lake. He was pleased on looking up, to see all his aunts and uncles following him in the form of birds, and he soon discovered the silver lodge, with his father and mother, descending with its waving barks looking like so many insects' gilded wings. It rested on the highest cliffs of the Island, and here they fixed their residence. They all resumed their natural *shapes*, but were diminished to the *size* of fairies, and as a mark of homage to the King of the Evening Star, they never failed, on every pleasant evening, during the summer season, to join hands, and dance upon the top of the rocks. These rocks were quickly observed by the Indians to be covered, in moonlight evenings, with a larger sort of Puk Wudj Ininees, or little men, and were called Mish-in-e-mok-in-ok-ong, or turtle spirits, and the Island is named from them to this day.[10] Their shining lodge can be seen in the summer evenings when the moon shines strongly on the pinnacles of the rocks, and the fishermen, who go near those high cliffs at night, have even heard the voices of the happy little dancers."

There are legends connected with most of the natural cu-

[10] "Michilimackinac, the term alluded to, is the original French orthography of MISH EN I MOK IN ONG, the *local* form (sing. and plu.) of Turtle Spirits."

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riosities of the Island. A few of these may be of interest to the reader.

LEGEND OF ARCH ROCK[11]

"After the Gitchi Manitou had called into existence the beautiful Island of Mackinac and given it into the care of the kindred spirits of the earth, air, and water, and had told them it was only to be the abode of peace and quiet, it was so pleasant in his own eyes that he thought, 'Here will I also come to dwell, this shall be my abode and my children may come and worship me here. Here in the depths of the beautiful forest they shall come.'

"Then calling his messengers, he bade them fly to all lands of heat and noise and troublous insects, and tell the suffering ones of every race and clime that in these northern waters was a place prepared where they could come and rest, leaving all care behind.

"In the straits of Mackinac
In the clear, pellucid wave,
Sitting like an emerald gem,
Is the rock-girt Fairy Isle.

"Round its bold and craggy shore
Sweep the billows far and wide,
With a gentle sinuous swell,
And the moan of distant seas.

"Blue its waters, blue the sky,
Soft the west wind from afar
Moving o'er the scented grass,
And the many myriad flowers.

[11] Kelton, *Annals of Fort Mackinac*, p. 67.

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" 'The cool invigorating breezes shall bring health and elasticity to the weak and weary. Here diseases shall not dare invade the pleasant glens or beautiful hilltops. Here let them come and receive my blessing.

" 'Ye shall also tell the stranger friends, who may come to seek me, that my royal landing is on the eastern shore; there shall they draw up the canoes upon the pebbly beach under the shadow of the Arched Gateway. Under the Arch which they can see from afar, let them come with songs of rejoicing—neither night nor day shall it be closed to any one who may seek me. Let them land before it and pass through it and ascend to my dwelling, and worship before me.'

"When the Great Spirit made known his wish to dwell with men, all nature seemed to rejoice and to make preparations for his abode.

"The tallest trees claimed the privilege of being the poles of his wigwam, and sweet balsam firs laid themselves at his feet for use.

"The birch trees unsheathed themselves and sent their bark in all its soft creamy whiteness to form the outside of the covering.

"The trees of the forest vied with each other in seeking a place in the future home of the Gitchi Manitou.

"Scarcely had the poles fitted themselves into their places and the birch bark unrolled itself and arranged its clinging sheets in orderly rows upon the outside, when the noise of distant paddles was heard from the lake—swiftly and gaily they drew near, guided by the spirits of earth, air and water. Never had such a sight been witnessed on this earth.

"The Gitchi Manitou went to meet them, and stood upon the Arch and upheld his hands in blessing.

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"As his children unloaded their offerings of beaver, white bear and other skins, they marched in procession up to the gateway and fell upon their knees and offered their thanks to the Great Spirit for the happy privilege of contributing to the comforts of his earthly home.

" 'Yes, my children dear, my loved ones,
I am here in joy and gladness.
Here to live in peace among you.
I have come to teach you wisdom
In the arts of love and living.
I accept your native offerings,
These white bear, and fox skins silvery,
Shall a couch of warmth and comfort
Make for me when around my fire,
I am resting from my labors.
Of the beaver skins and otters
They shall line the wigwam smoothly,
So Ka-bi-bo-nok-ka, the north wind,
Ne'er shall peep or whistle through them.
Enter in my gateway proudly,
And ascend my staircase slowly,
And see the home of the Great Spirit,
Where he dwells among his children.'

"They did as he commanded, and when they were about to return he thus addressed them:

"Now, my children, as you leave me,
Forth to go upon your journeyings,
Tell to all who know and love me,
That whenever a chieftain
Woos and weds a dark-eyed maiden,

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He shall bring her here before me,
Gay with garlands, sweet with roses.
With the sound of music fleeting
Far and near from every islet
That lies sleeping in these waters.
Sweetest strains of music blending
Shall salute them, as the billows
Of the mighty lake of wonders
Bears them onward to the portals,
Where my blessing will await them,
And as long as they thus serve me
I will dwell upon this island,
Henceforth blessing youth and maiden
Joined in closest bonds of wedlock.
But if in the coming seasons,
Some foul spirit roams among you,
And destroys my loving children,
This fair home that I have built
Shall become a rocky fastness,
Where they all may fly for shelter
And be safe in my protection."

"Many, many years have passed. The wigwam of the Great Spirit has been transmuted into stone, and is now known as the Pyramid. (Sugar Loaf.)

"The Arched Gateway can still be seen as in ancient times, with its portals guarded by tall green sentinels."

Referring to the mythological significance of the Arch as the "bridge," by which Gitchi Manitou was enabled to ascend to his wigwam, the following reminiscent lines were written in 1874 by a resident of Ann Arbor: [12]

[12] Disturnell, *Island of Mackinac*, p. 27.

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"After long years, again the Rock I view,
  Far seen, far famed, and wonder of the Isle.
  The sunlit clouds look down with quiet smile,
And roar of winds and waters coming through
  The mighty Arch, too suddenly renew
The days of Long Ago! O vanished years!
  That were, but are not now! How can I mourn,
As mourn I should, the hopes that changed to fears,
  The friends, 'departed, never to return!'
The purposes of life that missed their aim!
  The faithless vows that were not made to last!
The *Arch* for triumph is and loud acclaim;
I like the Indian as the better name,[13]
  'The Bridge!' between the present and the Past."

DEVIL'S KITCHEN

"Aikie-wai-sie was blind and very old;[14] and when his people took down their wigwams and fire poles, unearthed their sacred things, and removed with all their possessions to the distant hunting grounds, leaving him behind to die of starvation, he thought it very hard. By accident, his grand-daughter, Willow-Wand, had been left also; and the fact that he had a young and delicate girl dependent on him but added to his unhappiness.

"Willow-Wand was angry when she was told that they were prisoners, unable to escape from the Island, because the boats had been taken away; but she was not afraid, and thought that, if signalled to, the fishermen, who often came to set their nets in the deep and sheltered waters of the

[13] "The real Indian name is 'Po-quah-nah Siper,' i.e., the *perforated rocks*, referring to the two arches."

[14] Kane, *Myths and Legends of the Mackinacs*, pp. 38–49.

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bay, would take them off. With the old man's help, she hung a red blanket against the side of the white cliff, in a way that the fishermen would be sure to be attracted when they came again.

"Willow-Wand was loved by a young man by the name of Kewe-naw; he had thrown a white doe at the door of her lodge, in token that he desired her for his wife; it had been accepted, and he soon after left the Island. Aikie-wai-sie hoped that, when Kewe-naw heard of their desertion, he would come to rescue them; for well the young man knew the dangers to which they were exposed; but Kewe-naw was at the fishing grounds, and might not hear of their plight for months.

"This thought caused the old man much anxiety. He was anxious to see his grand-daughter wedded to the young man, for he had seen 'the glance of love' exchanged between them, and believed that the union would be a happy one.

"After satisfying herself that the red signal had been properly placed, by her grand-father's direction Willow-Wand led the way to a hidden ledge in the side of the cliff, where they might watch for the fishermen without being seen themselves. Aikie-wai-sie's fear was that some of the hungry men of his tribe might return to make a feast off him, and drag Willow-Wand away to a more cruel fate. The ledge they sought was near the cave of the Red Geebis, who fed on nothing but human flesh; and on this account the old man believed they would be secure from any human devils who might look for them. Old and blind as he was, Aikie-wai-sie was ready to fight the whole demon population in defense of his child; but as he feared flesh and blood, he hid from it. A great she-bear slept on the ledge

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behind them; and Willow-Wand, thinking this a fine opportunity to provide themselves with food, offered to kill it, but the old man forbade.

" 'There is room for all,' he said. 'Mockway (bear) offers us no harm. We are not yet in need of food. Let her sleep.'

"The girl obeyed, and threw herself upon a heap of leaves, which had lately been the bed of the bear, and endeavored to forget her hunger. Their early meal had been but a handful of dried maize and some pounded pemmican; and though the old man had not felt the need of anything more, the girl was suffering for food. The provision in the old man's pouch was scanty, and he hated to draw upon it unnecessarily, so he told her to go to sleep, and, to quiet her, repeated wonderful tales of the turtle-shaped god, whose robes of state were of brightest green, and whose medicine was always good; of the caves where the souls of giant fairies dwelt until the time when they should be called to perform the last dance; of toadstools which once grew to such great size that the giants used them for lodges; and of how he had once been under the spell of witchcraft himself, and compelled to assume the shape of a reindeer; of how he had shed his horns many times with others of his kind; and how it was only by consenting to entire blindness that he has been permitted to resume his natural shape. He spoke of the beauty of her mother, Whispering Birch; of her wedding with The Willow, a man brave as he was wise, and who early followed his young bride down the misty paths of the dead. Under the soothing influence of his voice the hungry girl fell into a deep sleep.

"The sun went down, and though Aikie-wai-sie's sightless

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eyes beheld it not, he knew that night was falling by the chilliness of the air. In the darkest night he could tell the direction of the prevailing winds, and the names of the forest trees by passing his hands over their leaves, or by feeling of their bark. Impossible to deceive him. He feared not death, having faced it daily in his life among wild beasts and wilder men; but he feared the evil ones of the cave, not because he was old, but because of his blindness, which prevented his seeing and warning his child when danger assailed them.

"There was no moon and no stars in the sky, but a flaming red light from the Devil's Cave streamed over the snowy head of the blind man, and upon the flushed face of the sleeping girl, whose parched lips, even in her dreams, demanded 'Water! Water!' to relieve her thirst. The anguish of Aikie-wai-sie was almost as great as that of Willow-Wand; for with the 'Big Water' lying so near them, it seemed cruel that he could not provide her with drink.

"At the girl's feverish mutterings his memory went back to the last hours of her mother, who with her latest breath had confided to him the secret of a magical gift possessed by her child—a gift inherited from her father, The Willow—which, if carefully used, would add great power and many honors to her womanhood. At her command springs of pure water would show themselves, and flow in whatever place or quantity she desired. 'This power,' said the dying woman, 'will bring her great fame as a prophetess and healer, but the knowledge of it must not be revealed to her until she becomes a woman.'

"The old man wondered if this was not the moment to divulge the secret. All things had turned out as Whispering Birch had wished. Her daughter was good and pure and

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wise beyond her years; she had cared for and provided for all *his* needs, so that the loss of his old wife had not been unendurable. But no; he dared not risk it until she had undergone the fast which should prepare her for a woman's privileges, though he hated to think of the suffering she must endure in the performance of it.

"For seven days and nights Willow-Wand endured the pangs of hunger and of thirst; and Aikie-wai-sie, fearing that she would die, and in spite of the danger of being caught by the red devils which infested the place, made his way to the lake to procure the water she so constantly called for. He moistened the poor girl's parched lips and cooled her burning cheeks, but not a drop could he force her to swallow, though 'Water! Water!' was ever her delirious cry.

" 'Nature is working in the child to confirm her mother's words,' was the old one's thought; when suddenly in Willow-Wand's breast the 'power' rose like a wave, and, leaping to her feet, she struck the outward curving rock, and demanded once more, 'Water!'

"The old man invoked the aid of the Spirit, and soon heard the musical sound of the tiny stream which ran through the fingers of the surprised girl with a wonderful healing power. Instantly her pains fled, her health returned, and she felt stronger and braver than ever. Remembering her grand-father's need, she quickly gave him of the water, and drank herself until she could drink no more.

"When Willow-Wand had broken her fast, she was told the story of her wonderful gift. A long line of wise women had owned the same power, her grand-father said; but, as she valued her life, she must use it discreetly and reverently and never abuse it. He enumerated the many blessings she

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would be able to bestow and enjoy; and as he spoke she thought she heard another voice warning her of approaching danger. 'Watch!' it said; and as Aikie-wai-sie, worn out with his long vigils, fell into a deep slumber, she concluded to give heed to the warning, and seated herself beside him to 'watch' while he slept.

"Night came, and she could see the flaming fires of the Devil's Cave, hear the shrieks of the men whom the Geebis were torturing, and the sounds of suffering which she was powerless to alleviate filled her tender heart with pain. The bear crowded near to her side, and seemed so sensible of their dangerous situation, and showed such real sorrow for the poor creatures in the cave, that Willow-Wand felt sure that the shaggy-haired animal was one of those unfortunates who had been bewitched by the Evil One, and was glad to have so *human* a thing to keep her company.

"The storm increased as the night advanced; black and ragged clouds whirled across the sky; birds of evil omen circled overhead; and creeping things scurried into the crevices of the rocks to escape its fury. 'Yen-ad-diz-zee, the crazy gambler, is playing for high stakes to-night,' was the girl's thought as she watched the winds striving against each other in the game whose score was marked by lightning strokes or washed away by the rain.

"Her heart ached for the unhappy ones who awaited their doom in the fiery pit, and she was wondering if she could not use her magical power in their behalf, when to her horror and dismay she saw Kewe-naw led into the cave and placed near the central fire.

"Willow-Wand's shrieks awakened her grand-father, and his grief was great when she told him what had happened. His fears for his own safety and that of his child were in-

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creased tenfold, until the bear whispered in his ear, 'Watch, but fear not.'

" 'The spirit of thy mother lives in this she-bear,' he whispered. 'Have no fear. Where the spirits of the good abide, no harm can come. Let us obey her commands. *Watch!*'

"The girl controlled her grief as well as she could, and threw herself upon the bear's neck to gather comfort from the mother spirit which dwelt within the creature's shaggy breast, while her eyes remained fixed upon the horrors which demons were perpetrating in obedience to the orders of their chief. Young men, whom her people had long given up as dead, were brought in and offered, one after another, in sacrifice to the wicked Manitous, who were ever ready to assist in evil doings, and nightly fed on human flesh as reward for their services.

"Terrified lest the next to be cast into the pit should be Kewe-naw, Willow-Wand leapt to her feet with the determination to attempt his rescue. Her movements were noticed by the devils, who recognized her as the 'Wand of Power' which their chief desired to possess, and who ordered the infernal ceremonies stopped until he should capture and return with the prize.

"In the confusion which followed, it happened that Kewe-naw was left standing near the entrance of the cave, from which place he could see Willow-Wand and her grandfather, in company with the bear, standing on the ledge, while near by, the chief devil of the pit made his preparations to capture the girl, to whom Kewe-naw was betrothed. Behind him, in the cave, he could distinctly hear the jabberings and demoniac laughter of the loathsome demons,

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who were finishing up the feast of smoking human flesh which had been interrupted.

"The bear, pleased at the unselfishness which had prompted Willow-Wand's act, told Aikie-wai-sie to leave her alone, as all would be well if she were left to follow the promptings of her nature; and when the girl's light and scornful laughter, at the sight of the hideous Geebi endeavoring to make up as a *man* for her conquest, pealed with a thousand musical echoes among the rocks and hills around them, the bear quietly slipped down the steep side of the cliff and disappeared from sight, confident that all would go well with the child and those whom she desired to protect and defend.

"The aged man was troubled by the bear's disappearance, but Willow-Wand had no misgivings. 'Fear not, my grand-father,' she said; 'my mother's spirit mingles with my own! Kewe-naw shall be rescued, and to-morrow's sun will look upon our happiness.'

"The devil had disguised as a warrior whom Aikie-wai-sie and his people feared as one particularly treacherous and bloodthirsty. He thought to terrify the old man into accepting him for his son-in-law, and thought not that Willow-Wand's magical power would be used against him. Well contrived as was his disguise, the girl recognized the devil under it, and scornfully bade him 'Begone!' She defied him; and the infuriated monster, forgetting his rôle, leapt from the projecting rocks to seize the girl, whose power, could he but secure it, would be of inestimable value to him. But Willow-Wand saw him leaping over the crags above her; and as he sprang from the wall, a single blow of her small hand upon its blistered side brought forth such

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a gush of water as flung him shrieking into the whirling eddies of the Dead Hole. The fires of the cave were drenched with it, and Kewe-naw began to hope that his life would be saved, even though the Okies and Red Spirits declared that they would rekindle the flames when they had stopped up the holes through which the water poured, and make the roasting pit hotter than ever. Kewe-naw did not believe that they would accomplish this, for he felt that the Spirit of Good was answering his prayers. He looked around for some means of escape; and Willow-Wand, seeing his need, waved a bridge of rainbow mists toward him, by which he safely reached the ledge, to find the girl whom he loved reclining upon the shoulder of her sleeping grand-father, apparently as if nothing unusual had happened.

"The eastern sky showed streaks of red as Kewe-naw seated himself beside the old man to await his awakening. With a knife taken from her grand-father's belt, Willow-Wand cut the thongs which bound his arms, prepared a pipe for his smoking, and left him.

"No word of welcome or joyful greeting was uttered by these grave lovers; no trembling of *his* hand, no glance of *her* eye, spoke the happiness they felt.

"All day the grand-father slept, all day the lover smoked, and all day the maiden *worked* to clear the cave of its remaining horrors. She flung the howling demons into the lake; and quenched the smouldering fires of the pit, that they might do no further harm; and it was late when she returned to the ledge to share her lover's vigil.

"Evening came. Aikie-wai-sie woke to find the desire of his heart fulfilled. The lovers embraced; he gave them his blessing, and joined their hands in marriage.

"Kewe-naw told the story of his adventures. He had

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been under an evil spell. The fishing season being over, he set sail for the Island to join his people before they left for the winter; his boat, capsized by a sudden squall, went to the bottom as if made of iron, and he was thinking that he must soon have to follow it, because impossible to swim long in such a storm, when he saw a pair of moccasins floating before him on the crests of the waves. He put his feet into them, only to find them shod with lightning, which bore him in a flash to the cave from which he had just escaped.

"Willow-Wand then related to him something of the gift of which she had become possessed; and of how she had driven the devils from the cave and made the bridge by which he had escaped. Then she told him of the day spent in making the cave habitable, and that with his help she hoped to make a comfortable home there.

"The red blanket had not brought the fishermen as soon as expected, but when they did come Kewe-naw purchased one of their boats, and with their assistance soon conveyed to his cave the store of provisions which he had prepared for winter use. Pemmican, dried venison and bears' meat, and fruits which he had found time to collect and dry between the 'setting' and 'taking' of the nets, were among the good things of their larder; and with rush mats for the floors, sacks of leaves and pine needles for couches, and warm furs for clothing and coverings, they looked forward to the winter without fear.

"The Devil's fuel, *for once,* was put to good use, enough being found in the recesses of the cave to last them a lifetime; with it the new home was made warm and comfortable; and here the young couple passed the first happy months of their married life.

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The Indians returned in the spring to find Aikie-wai-sie living contentedly amid the comforts which his children provided; and when they were told that Willow-Wand had worked all the changes by a powerful magic which she possessed, they easily believed it, and said that 'nothing but magic could banish evil spirits and make a happy home out of what was once a place of torment'; but when the young couple showed them the whirling pool which lay between the 'Island of the Round Game' and their own, and they saw the bodies of the demons rise to the surface of the water in proof of what Willow-Wand had done, they were at once accepted as prophets whose 'medicine was good.'

"The Cave of the Red Geebis is marked in the guide books as Devil's Kitchen, from the fact that Indians were known to have roasted and feasted upon human flesh there."

THE CRACK IN THE ISLAND

Story of the Giant's Fingers

"Mackinac Island was once the home of a band of red-skinned giants, of whom Hiawatha was the chief.[15] When these giants passed from the earth, they became 'waiting spirits' or 'wandering demons,' according to the judgment of the Master of Souls; if the former, they took the shape of conical rocks, pinnacles or boulders; and if the latter, they were given the forms of men of the most heartless and unfeeling disposition and nature. Many stories are told concerning them.

"Near Wacheo'—a part of Hubbard's Annex— is a field

[15] *Ibid.*, p. 67.

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of several acres belonging to the Government; and splitting its level ground from end to end is a deep and mysterious chasm, put down in the guide books as the 'Crack.' A frightful place, full of dark shadows and mournful echoings, which no man ever penetrated successfully, its steep sides offering no foothold; and of the unwary ones who have stumbled headlong into the 'Crack,' none have returned to tell its mysteries.

"Indians, or half-breed hunters or trappers, are superstitious in regard to taking game from this locality; they avoid the place, and would refuse to eat of food procured there, if starving.

"The tradition is that this crack is haunted by a giant demon, who was so foolish as to wish to penetrate the Under Land where the Spirits of the Dead held sway. This, of course, was not permitted, and the Giant's Fingers were never released from the fissure in the rock where he clung, and from which those who have *good eyes* declare he may still be seen hanging above the abyss.

"Five immense fingers, the knuckles, back of the hand, and wrist are still distinctly visible beneath the scales of limestone with which the ages have covered them. It is believed that the curse of the Giant falls upon those who by accident or design tread upon his clinging digits. Sickness, blindness, loss of wealth, misfortune in love affairs being among the dire calamities brought by contact with the demon, who, though a prisoner undergoing punishment, has still a malignant power which he does not hesitate to use."

[Note: This story of the Crack in the Island is of course extravagant and fiction of the most exaggerated type. The facts are that the vicinity of the crack is one of the most delightful places on the entire Island.]

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GIANT FAIRIES

"Long years before the white man came into these regions, many fairies lived here, rollicking fairies, who laughed and danced and sung their lives away.[16]

"Every flower and bush and tree, every rock and hill and glen, was thickly peopled with these canny folk, and on moonlight nights all the Indians in their wigwams sat in breathless attention—

"Then they hear, now sweet and low,
Sounds as of a distant lyre,
Touched by fairy hands so light
That the trembling tones scarce are heard.

"What the music none can tell,
So unearthly and so pure,—
But it seems as if the notes
Loosened all the magic sounds
Held within the tinkling grass,—
In the mosses and the ferns,
In the vines which climb and creep,
In the flowers of every hue,—
In the heavy-folded rose,
In the violets at its feet,
In the lily's gentle swing.

"Sweeping o'er the lonely streams,
Through the sands on deserts low,
Through the snows on mountains high,
Through the flowers on the plains,
Through the sylvan shady bowers,
Through the forests dark and hoar,

[16] Kelton, op. cit., p. 77.

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Through the lofty oaks and elms,
Through the leaves of tulip trees,
Through catalpas, white with bloom,
Through magnolias kingly crowned,
Through the poplars, amber sweet,
Through the towering cypresses,
Pendant with the gray old mosses,
Patriarchs of the lowlier tribes.
With the sound of laughing brooks,
And the notes of singing birds;
Softened by the cooing dove,
By the plover's gentle dip,
By the lonely, limpid rills,
By the silence, deep, profound,
Resting o'er the wilderness.

"With the thunder's distant roar,
Rolling, rumbling through the sky,
Over mountains, hills, and plains,
Over rivers, lakes and seas;
Chiming with the overture
In its massive undertones,
Mellowing, melting all its chords
Into dulcet harmonies;
Into dirge-like requiems;
Into rhythmic symphonies;
Gathering all the breath of song
In its weird and wayward moods;
In its plaintive, touching strains;
In its playful, laughing trills;
In its wild and fearful tones;
Trancing all the insect tribes,

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Hid in thicket, bush, and grove;—
Butterflies of every hue,
Bees, of wondrous skill and lore;
Beetles, puzzled, lost, and wild;
Mites and emmets, flies and gnats,
Maddened, ravished, filled with joy,—
Frenzied with the flush of song.
Birds, in forest, tree, and copse,
In the jungle, in the grass,
Near the lonely stream and lake,
On the wing in winding flocks,
Wildered with the rapturous sounds,
Pause to listen, still and mute,
Till the tempest rushes past,—

"O, the music! O, the sweet!
Breathing fragrance, breathing song,
Mingling all of earth and air,
That can charm the wakened sense.
Thus with odors rich and rare,
Music lent its magic power,
Dirge and requiem, ditty, lay,
Fugue and march, and waltz and hymn
Silver-toned, euphonious, grave;
Chimes of measured step and grace,
Dulcet strains of sweetest rhythm,
Overtures of matchless sweep,—
All that fills the hungry air,
All that wakes the sleeping sense,
Blending with the virgin soil;
With the creeping juniper,
With the cedar and the pine,

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With the rich magnolia's bloom,
With the jasmine and the grape,
With the scent of early fruits;—
Such the music, such the air,
Sweeping westward o'er the lakes,
Such,—the Isle of Mackinac."

ROBINSON'S FOLLY

The Fate of Wintemoyeh

"It is well known, that, although the French, on their first landing in Canada, waged many and bloody wars with the Indians, yet it was not long ere a feeling of kindness took the place of hostility.[17] There is something in the character of Frenchmen, which peculiarly fits them for friendly intercourse with foreign nations. This feature has been of especial advantage to them in their communications with the Indians. The French traders penetrate every part of the Indian country, they live with the Aborigines, adopt many of their customs, quarrel with none of their prejudices; in fact, they are willing to become, for the time of their sojourn in the woods, Indians in everything.

"From the universal prevalence of friendly feeling towards the French, it resulted, of course, that when Canada was invaded by the English, the Red Men took an active part in the war, as the zealous, and very often efficient, allies of France.

"When the war was ended, and Canada yielded to the English, the feeling of enmity against them was not soon extinguished in the breasts of the Indian tribes. The new comers were everywhere received, if not with open

[17] *Life on the Lakes*, I, 119–157.

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hostility, with lowering discontent or hollow professions of friendship.

"These feelings were, no doubt, fomented by the French traders who resided in the Indian country. Having enjoyed for a long time a monopoly of the very lucrative fur trade, they were naturally unwilling to resign even a share of it to their hereditary enemies, now presenting themselves in the still more invidious character of conquerors.

"That they did absolutely intend to bring about open war has never been fully proved; but that they were anxious the display of hostile feeling, on the part of the Indians, should be sufficient to deter any English traders from penetrating their country, is past all doubt.

"Hostilities did, however, result; and under Pontiac, the war was prosecuted for years with the avowed intent of driving the Sagaunash out of the country. Mackina fell into his hands, and Detroit was only saved by the friendship of one of the Ottawa women, who informed Major Gladwin, the commandant, of the plot by which Pontiac meditated to gain possession of the fort.

"Of the war of Pontiac, how boldly he prosecuted it, how he was at every step hindered by the stupidity or betrayed by the treachery of his associates, till he finally fell a victim to the jealous fury of a nameless wanderer, we do not now need to speak. Our business is with one of the subordinate characters in the great drama.

"Peezhicki, or Le Boeuf, as the Canadians called him, was the chief of the St. Mary's band of the Chippewas, the children of Tarhe, the Crane, which was their totem. He joined heart and hand in the schemes of Pontiac, was foremost in the assault of Mackina, and assisted at the siege of Detroit. When, however, Pontiac was compelled to retire,

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the Buffalo was returned, with the few warriors that remained of his band, to his home by the falls of St. Marie.

"Peace soon prevailed throughout the Indian country, and many of the chiefs became attached to the English. Peezhicki was not of the number. He had loved Pontiac, he had hated the Sagaunash; and as he had been, so he was, the deadly foe of these white men.

"Years rolled on. The war with the Americans broke out, but Peezhicki took no part in it; he hated all white men but the French, the friends of Pontiac; and he rejoiced in the hope that the English, and their children, the Americans, would destroy each other.

"The War of the Revolution had just terminated, when, in the spring of 1783, the Indian country was ravaged by that fell destroyer, the small pox. The band of Peezhicki, which had increased to forty lodges, was nearly cut off; his three sons, his wife, and one daughter, all fell its victims; and, in the lodge of the Buffalo, Wintemoyeh, his youngest daughter only remained.

"On her he centered all his hopes and lavished all his affection; and his sole remaining cares were to prevent the small remnant of his band from associating with the hated Sagaunash, and provide a suitable match for his beloved daughter.

"In the hope of escaping the dreadful malady, he removed his band from St. Marie to a small island fifteen miles distant, at the entrance of the Great Lake, called Isle des Iroquois. He had been there but a short time when his heart was made glad by a message from Waab-ojeeg, the White Fisher, the son of Mongozid, the great Mudjekiwis or head chief of the Chippewas, who ruled the Rein-Deer band at Chegoimegon, now called La Pointe, the place of the an-

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cient council fire of the nation. The messenger of the great Waab-ojeeg came not empty handed; he brought rich presents for the Buffalo and his warriors—furs, moccasins, and skins, a peace pipe superbly ornamented with feathers and porcupine work, a robe of Buffalo skin, and many other valuable gifts. He brought, too, wampum, to speak his friendship, and among the rest, an ancient belt which Mongozid had received many years before from the father of Peezhicki. This was shown, that the friendship of their fathers might not be forgotten.

"When the messenger had presented his gifts, and been requested to make known the thoughts of the White Fisher, he said, that Waab-ojeeg had grieved with his brothers at the loss of so many of his young men; that he now sent his messenger to ask that the daughter of Peezhicki might be given in marriage to Aissibun or the Raccoon, the cousin of Waab-ojeeg, and one of the bravest of his warriors. This proposal could not but be agreeable to Peezhicki, and as soon as propriety would admit, he sent an acceptance of the offer of Waab-ojeeg, and charged the messenger, in delivering it, to make such presents as should convince the chief that his friend was not insensible to his kindness. Blankets of the finest quality—green, scarlet, and white—two rifles, and such other articles as his vicinity to the trading post enabled him to procure, and which would be most acceptable at a point so distant as Chegoimegon.

"It was not till after the departure of this messenger that Peezhicki thought it necessary to communicate to Wintemoyeh the tidings in which she was so deeply concerned. When he did so, all his sense of his own dignity and importance could not conceal, even from the inexperienced eye of his daughter, that the Buffalo was greatly elated at

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the proposed match. The strong conviction that such an alliance must, of course, be as acceptable to his daughter as to himself, prevented Peezhicki from reading, in the eloquent looks of Wintemoyeh, her disgust at the proposal.

"The Indian custom, of which Peezhicki obliged all his tribe to be very strict observers, would not allow that a young girl on such an occasion should express openly any feeling of preference or aversion. Wintemoyeh, of course, said nothing, and her feelings remained unknown to her father. She remembered to have heard Ayahwindib, her aunt, speak of the Raccoon; true, he was a brave, had taken many scalps from the Sioux, the hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, and from the Foxes, the foes of Waab-ojeeg; but Aissibun was a giant in size, hideously ugly, and nearly as old as her father. Above all, the Chippewa maiden remembered that Aissibun had already two wives of his own age; so that, should she be united with him, she must always have a mistress and probably not a very kind one, in her husband's lodge. Such were the objections to an union with the friend of Waab-ojeeg, which Wintemoyeh acknowledged to herself; but in her secret soul there lurked another, which was of more power than all the rest beside.

"She had seen a young white warrior; and his noble form, his fine expressive face, his soft and flattering words, had won for him an interest in her heart, of the strength of which she was herself still unconscious. Had Wintemoyeh been told that she loved the white man, the destroyer of her race, the detested enemies of her father, she would have scorned the word. But it was true. Months had passed since their first accidental meeting; yet that one, that short interview, was scarce ever absent from her thoughts. It was soon after their removal to the island that Wintemoyeh

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one day passed over, in her light canoe, to the Canadian shore; she landed, and rambled about the woods. Suddenly her quick ear caught the sound of martial music, and through a long vista of trees she saw the glitter of arms and of scarlet dresses; and she knew that the Englishmen were there.

"Wintemoyeh had rarely seen an Englishman, and never an English soldier; her father's detestation of the whole race was so strong, that he kept his children perfectly secluded, and no white man but the French trader ever entered his lodge. Was it very extraordinary that she should seek, now that accident had brought her so near their tents, to catch a glance at these warriors of whom she had heard so much? Creeping cautiously and slowly through the woods, she gained at last a small elevation whence she could command a perfect view of the camp in the open valley below.

"Two tents were pitched, and around them lounged several officers and soldiers, chatting over the adventures of the morning's hunt, or laying new plans for the sport of to-morrow.

"Wintemoyeh gazed upon the novel and beautiful sight with girlish pleasure, when suddenly a crackling among the branches behind her gave warning of approaching footsteps, and ere she could do more than rise from her incumbent posture, a white warrior stood before her.

"The Chippewa maid gazed like one entranced on the gallant figure; his whole mien, his glittering arms, his brilliant scarlet dress. The soldier, too, was evidently struck with the beauty of the young savage; perhaps the admiration which beamed in her sparkling eye and flushed her dusky cheek, gave her added charms. He soon approached, and uttered a few broken and imperfect phrases

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in her own language. She was too much confused to reply, or even fully to understand his meaning; but the low music of his voice fell upon her heart like honey to the lip. She could not fly, still less could she utter the words of anger, defiance, and scorn, which she well knew Peezhicki would wish and expect his daughter to return to words of peace coming from the treacherous white man. No—she listened with a charmed ear; and when the sweet melody of that voice was hushed, the daughter of the war chief of St. Marie replied in a few not unfriendly words.

"Robinson, for that was the white man's name, soon discovered to whom he was speaking; and communicated, in return, his own name, and his rank as Governor of Mackina.

"Professions of love, such as man in every clime and in every age has poisoned woman's ear withal and turned her brain, were added; and they parted not till he had placed on the finger of Wintemoyeh a sparkling gem, the pledge of his love, and of the truth of those promises by which he bound himself soon to return, and demand, even from Peezhicki, the Englishman's enemy, his daughter as a bride.

"With such pledges, rashly made on one hand and scarce understood on the other, they parted.

"Months had now passed away; the green leaves of the maple assumed their red autumnal hue, and the appointed time for the return of the white warrior drew near. Wintemoyeh knew not whether she most desired or dreaded his coming; so strongly did old habitual prejudices contend with new and vehement feelings that had sprung up in her heart.

"In the meantime the messenger who had been sent to Waab-ojeeg returned, and informed Peezhicki that the White Fisher, Aissibun, and many more of the warriors

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from Chegoimegon, were on their way to Isle des Iroquois to visit him, and celebrate the nuptial feast of his daughter.

"Wintemoyeh was not present when this message was delivered, but she soon heard though she scarcely heeded its import. Ayahwindib had that very day given her a love token from Robinson, and a message entreating her to meet him at midnight at Gros Cap, the scene of their former interview. The fears which might have prevented a daughter of the white man from keeping such a tryst were unknown to the Chippewa girl. But she thought of her father, his kindness, his care, his love; should she visit his enemy? Then she thought of that enemy, so mild, so gentle, so different from the cruel, the exacting Sagaunash which had been described to her; then the idea of Aissibun crossed her mind, the giant, the hideous, the old—of his wives, and she the third,—the lowest in rank—it was enough; she resolved to go—to see that white man, to hear the music of his voice, to gladden her heart by the sound of his protestations of love and admiration.

"At their midnight interview the Chippewa maiden communicated to her lover the new difficulties which beset her; he urged her to escape from them all, by flying with him to distant Mackinac. But against this the gentle, and yet dutiful heart of Wintemoyeh revolted. She could not leave her father; she could not desert him in his old age to live with his hated enemy. The utmost influence of Robinson could no further prevail than to extort from her a promise to meet her again in a few days. Then they parted. Wintemoyeh returned to her lodge and Robinson to St. Marie.

"Next day her father requested Wintemoyeh to cross to Gros Cap and catch a few trout, which abounded there. She prepared her small canoe, and left the island. In go-

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ing to the fishing ground, she paused for a long time opposite the landing where she had met Robinson; she recalled his every word and look; and drank, from the cup of memory, poisonous draughts of love. At last she was about to tear herself away, when, looking across to the opposite shore, she saw six large canoes emerge from behind Point Iroquois, and bear for the Island. Just as they rounded the point, the canoes ranged in line, and the warriors gave a loud shout; not the cheerful hurra with which the returning white man hails his home, but a rapid succession of screams or yells, which, to a stranger's ear might seem to express either rage or sorrow, joy or despair.

"Wintemoyeh, however, understood every modulation of these sounds. She knew that it was the band of Waabojeeg, who thus expressed their joy at the completion of their voyage, and the near prospect of the union of the bravest of their warriors with the fairest maiden among the children of Tarhe, the daughter of Peezhicki, the great chief, the friend of Pontiac.

"Wintemoyeh watched the canoes till they approached the landing-place near her father's lodge. She saw the chiefs land, and advance in proud array to greet Peezhicki, who stood in front of his lodge, surrounded by the few warriors who yet remained of his once powerful band. She could not hear their greetings, but had no doubt they were cordial and sincere.

"Willingly would Wintemoyeh have delayed her own return, but she feared to excite suspicion in her father's mind by her too long absence at such a time. She hurried back, not to the landing place, but to a distant cave, whence she could return to her lodge as if from a stroll round the island.

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"She was soon summoned to assist in preparing the splendid feast with which her father had resolved to welcome his friend Waab-ojeeg. A white dog, which had for many days been kept in the lodge of Peezhicki for this occasion, was killed, and the aged Ayahwindib made a savory stew of his flesh. This was the principal dish, the dish of ceremony; a beaver's tail, that richest and most succulent of Indian dainties, was also prepared; some pork, a rare and choice luxury, had been supplied by La Grange, the French trader; then there was the flesh of the deer, the bear, and the buffalo; ducks, pigeons, and other birds; fish of every kind, corn, and to crown all, the Ishkodaiwabo, the fire drink of the white man, flowed freely as the water of the lake. When all was prepared, the large dish of stewed dog was given to Wintemoyeh, and she entered the lodge. Indian ideas of decorum would not admit of her being presented to, or in any way noticed by, the warriors; but as she placed the dish on the mat before the White Fisher, she did not fail to cast an eager glance at the features of the warrior who sat by his side, and whom she rightly supposed was the far-famed Raccoon. One look was sufficient to assure her that all, and more than all, she had heard from Ayahwindib of his ugliness was true.

"Aissibun was about six feet six, and, for an Indian, remarkably stout. His low wide forehead was wrinkled with the furrows of age, but age had taken nothing from the savage fierceness of his eye or the terror of his scowling brow. A huge scar occupied the whole of one cheek, the mark of a blow received many years before, from the tomahawk of a warrior among the Foxes. The face was painted of one glowing fiery red, only around the eyes a wide streak of white gave a ten-fold power to their glaring ferocity.

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On either side of his face his hair hung in long lank masses; on his head he wore a sort of coronet of feathers, of all colours and sizes. Around his neck, suspended by a string of wampum, hung a gold medal, which he had received in his early youth from Montcalm, when he accompanied Mongozid, the father of Waab-ojeeg, to Quebec, to assist the French against their enemies. Such was Aissibun, the appointed husband of the young, the gentle Wintemoyeh.

"The hurried glance she took at his face was enough to add disgust to the feelings of dislike with which Wintemoyeh had formerly regarded the Racoon. It was no time to indulge such feelings. The feast was duly prepared, and the two chiefs, and their warriors, to the number of perhaps a score, sat down to provisions which would have furnished an ample meal to a hundred white men. Yet Indian politeness does not allow that any portion of the food which a host prepares for his guests should be left uneaten; and accordingly this enormous quantity of flesh, fish, and fowl was duly devoured by the Buffalo and his friends.

"Then came the Ishkodaiwabo; it was swallowed by the gallons.

"The feast was protracted to a late hour in the night, and when Wintemoyeh next morning entered her father's lodge, she found him still sleeping, a deep but feverish sleep. She roused him, though with some difficulty; but his language was wild and wandering. At first she thought it was only the effect of the yesterday's feast; but she was soon convinced from the appearance and manner of Peezhicki that he was sick.

"Fortunately among the warriors of Waab-ojeeg came Mainotagooz, or the handsome speaker; a noted Miskeke-

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winini or medicine man. He was summoned without delay, and after examining his patient, declared that he was very sick, and that unless the Wabeno was celebrated immediately, and the spirit of the air propitiated by many and great gifts, the chief of the Crane band would pass to the great village, the country of souls. All was now hurry and confusion. Mainotagooz returned to his lodge to prepare his medicine bag, his dress of ceremony, his drum and his rattle; while the warriors erected beside the lodge of Peezhicki a huge pole, and each in his turn suspended a gift to Gitchee Monedo. First, Waab-ojeeg advanced, and attached to the pole a valuable rifle. Aissibun came next; his offering was a huge war club and the scalp of a Sioux warrior, whom he had slain with that redoubtable weapon.

"Pipes, knives, blankets, wampum belts, moccasins, and many other choice articles were brought forward by the other warriors, all of whom were desirous to show, by the magnitude of their gifts, the sincerity of their regard for the Buffalo.

"The last warrior had made his offering, and now Wintemoyeh advanced. She raised her hand and touched the pole; but if she made any offering, it was so small that no eye could see it. She did, however, make an offering, and one which her own heart told her was most likely to appease the angry Monedo; angry, she had too much reason to believe, with her, for her love of the white man. She hung up the ring which Robinson had given her: ' 'Tis my best gift,' thought she; 'by it will Gitchee Monedo know how ardently I desire my father's recovery, since I offer that which is nearest and dearest to my heart.'

"Mainotagooz now drew near to begin the Wabeno, and the warriors who were to assist at the important ceremony

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were just about to follow, when suddenly the Miskekewinini sprang backward and rushed from the tent, crying 'Small Pox! Small Pox!' At the cry of that terrible plague the warriors all fled from the tent; some even ran into the woods to escape a danger, the more terrible to their superstitious minds because they knew nothing of its nature.

"Not so the brave Waab-ojeeg. He chided the frightened medicine man, and, commanding him to return to his patient, himself set the example of courage by fearlessly stepping into the tainted lodge. The trembling Mainotagooz followed, and behind him came Aissibun; but none of the other warriors could be induced, even by the example and authority of the White Fisher, to come near.

"A few hours had made a terrible change in the appearance of Peezhicki. It is probable that the disease had been long latent in his system, and the last night's feasting had kindled it into a flame of fever. The spots were already appearing on his face and neck, his eyes were nearly closed by the swelling lids; and his voice, hoarse and croaking, showed that the eruption was spreading into his throat. When he recognized Waab-ojeeg, he spoke to him with great earnestness, though he enunciated with extreme difficulty: 'My brother, I am going; the Great Spirit calls and I must follow his voice; but before I go I will speak to you a few words; the son of Mongozid, my father's friend, will not let my words be forgotten. I go to the great village at the setting sun, and the name of Peezhicki will be no more among the children of the Crane; let my child, let Wintemoyeh be made this night the wife of the brave Aissibun; so shall the spirit of Peezhicki rejoice in the thought that his child has a home among the children of the Rein Deer at Chegoimegon, and under the eye of

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Waab-ojeeg, the Mudjikíwis of the Ojibways, her father's friend.'

"The White Fisher gave a ready assent to the request of Peezhicki; and then, at the urgent entreaties of some of his warriors who stood without the lodge, seconded by those of Peezhicki, he withdrew.

"A few old women entered at the same time, and Wintemoyeh would have followed them, but her father forbade it; and she was forced to retire by the friendly violence of Waab-ojeeg.

"Under the direction of Mainotagooz, whom a scowling look from the White Fisher had warned not to again desert his patient, the old women proceeded to put in practice the means usually adopted by the Chippewas for the cure of the small pox.

"The fire in the lodge was extinguished; then the lodge itself was made perfectly tight, every crack or crevice by which air could enter being stopped; a fire was kindled without, in it they placed a number of large stones, which, when red hot, they pushed into the lodge; water was then thrown upon them till it was filled with hot steam.

"In the meantime, Waab-ojeeg had communicated the wishes of Peezhicki to his warriors, and the preparations for the marriage feast were made under his superintendence and at his own lodge.

"When Wintemoyeh heard that a few hours were to seal her fate, and unite her for ever to the abhorred Aissibun, she gave herself up to despair. Even her father's sickness was forgotten; her whole soul was filled with horror at the thought of wedding that savage giant, whose look, even of fondness, made her tremble.

"There was little danger of her secret thoughts being

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discovered. Every one was too fully occupied, either in making preparations for the marriage feast, or in continuing the treatment of the sick man.

"At the setting of the sun the steaming was suspended, and Waab-ojeeg entered the lodge to announce to the Buffalo that all was now ready for the bridal feast.

" 'Twas long before the sick man could be made to comprehend him, so rapidly had the disease prostrated his mental as well as bodily powers. When, however, he at last understood the words of Waab-ojeeg, he expressed an ardent desire that the feast should be celebrated immediately.

"The White Fisher passed out of the lodge seeing Wintemoyeh near; he told her the resolution of her father, and bade her prepare immediately for the bridal. The soul of the maiden died within her. Was there no escape? no deliverance? no hope, even of delay?

"While these thoughts were chasing each other wildly through her brain, Ayahwindib touched her arm, and placed in her hand a small golden trinket, which she well remembered to have seen Robinson wear; at the same moment the old woman whispered, 'He is there'; indicating by a slight gesture, the little cove on the opposite side of the island.

"Wintemoyeh started—she trembled—she made a few steps towards the cove, then paused—she looked towards that closed lodge where her dying father lay; and as she thought of that father and his boundless love, she returned towards the lodge with a firm purpose never to leave him. She stood still, with eyes fixed on the ground; some one approached her; she raised her eyes, 'twas Aissibun, looking more hideous, more disgusting, than ever. She

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thought no more, but gave one bound into the woods and fled, with the swiftness of a deer, towards the cove. She reached the landing-place; Robinson was there; breathless, and almost senseless, she threw herself into his arms, and in a moment was borne into his canoe. The voyagers ply their paddles, and before Wintemoyeh is fully conscious of the rash and wicked act she has committed, she is landed among the white warriors at St. Marie, and conveyed to the tent of Robinson.

. . . .

"Captain Robinson had returned to Mackina with his Chippewa bride, when one day, about a fortnight after his arrival, as he was seated at his desk in the fort, Sergeant MacWhorter, an old and favourite subaltern of his company, entered; and, in his usual brief official tone, said, touching his cap, 'Captain Robinson, the Buffalo of St. Marie, or Peezhicki as he calls himself, has come to Mackina.'

"Robinson sprang to his feet: 'Come to Mackina! Le Boeuf come to Mackina!' Then collecting his thoughts a little, he continued in a calmer tone, 'Impossible, Mac; it can't be, Le Boeuf is dead. Who told you this foolish story?' 'I saw him myself.' 'Saw him? and here? God forbid; but pho! I am as great a fool as you are. I tell you again Le Boeuf is dead; he died at Isle Iroquois two weeks ago. La Grange, who was on the island at the time, says he was dead before Wintemoyeh left the lodge.' 'Well, Captain,' replied MacWhorter, 'if you say the Buffalo died at Isle Iroquois two weeks ago, 'tis not for me to contradict you. The Buffalo may have died half a dozen times for aught that I know; all I have to say is, he is

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now on the Island of Mackina, I saw him with my own eyes.' 'Nonsense, Mac; I tell you 'tis all nonsense! You have taken some other savage for Le Boeuf.' 'Under favour, Captain, I am not likely to mistake one Indian for another, I have seen too many of them; and as for this Peezhicki, any body that has seen him fight, as I did when the old fort was taken, will never mistake any other man for him to the longest day they have to live. Again I tell you he is on the Island, I saw him go into the Skull Rock not half an hour ago.' 'Are you quite sure that you have not mistaken your man?' 'Sure, Captain,' replied the Sergeant; after a short pause, during which Robinson seemed buried in deep thought, MacWhorter continued, 'I thought I would tell you, Captain, because if you wish it done, I can take half a dozen of the boys down to the rock, and either shoot him down or smoke him to death in the hole where he is; they say his tribe did that favour to some Hurons long ago in the very same spot.' 'Never, Mac, never! I will not permit it.' 'Bless you, Captain,' replied the Sergeant, 'I don't want to shoot the savage; if you say let him live, 'tis all one to Sandy MacWhorter; Peezhicki never did me any harm, and even now he has not come to Mackina for my squaw, not to mention that he would be welcome to her if he had. But I saw the old fellow at the Skull Rock, and I told your Honour; he had on all his war paint and feathers, and there is mischief in him, or I do not know when mischief lurks in an Indian eye.'

"Robinson made no reply. He was at a loss what to think, he could not believe that the old chief was really in bodily presence on the Island, that could not be; some superstitious fears darted athwart his mind, but he would

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not for an instant entertain them. Could MacWhorter, clear-sighted as he was, be mistaken? 'twas certainly most probable.

"MacWhorter saw that the Captain was perplexed, and he again kindly interfered; 'I can make him safe with only the help of Alick; or, if your Honour is particular about not having it known that we did for the old fellow, as 'tis likely you may be,' and he nodded towards the inner room now tenanted by Wintemoyeh, 'I would not mind undertaking it myself. I fear no man that ever trod on Indian shanks, and this Peezhicki is a good half-score of years older than I am; so I can put him out of your way easily.'

" 'Silence, Mac,' interrupted the Captain, 'and don't name that name; she may hear you. This is all nonsense; your eyes have deceived you, say no more about it, but get everything ready for our party at the Rock; it never shall be said that Jammie Robinson stayed away from good beef and brandy for any savage of them all, dead or alive.'

"Thus in defiance of the fears he could not help feeling, Robinson determined to disregard the intelligence of his subaltern—yet that intelligence was true.

"Grief, or rather rage, which sometimes kills, had in this instance restored the dying to life.

"When the flight of Wintemoyeh was first discovered, the warriors and the women filled the air with their shouts and execrations. The sounds awoke Peezhicki from the death-like trance into which he had sunk. In a faint husky voice, he demanded the cause; no one was found hardy enough to communicate the fatal tidings till they sent for Waab-ojeeg. He entered the lodge of his brother to tell the sad story of his child's unworthiness. 'Twas long be-

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fore Peezhicki could hear or understand. At last the whole truth flashed upon his mind. One furious bound he made, and sprang from the lodge. 'Where is she?' 'where is she?' he cried.

"The figure of the naked chief, his body quite covered with scabs, his face so swollen that not a single feature could be distinguished, while with his arms of skeleton thinness, he groped about in darkness, seeking his child, was too much even for Indian self-command. The warriors and the women fled together. Even Waab-ojeeg could scarce bear to approach the frightful figure. He did at length address Peezhicki; but no answer could he obtain but, 'My child! where is she?' Then the father groped forward, calling for his canoe and his warriors to chase the white man who had stolen his child. Maddened to fury by the neglect of those he called, the Buffalo now rushed forward, blind as he was, to the landing-place. Waab-ojeeg followed, but before he could overtake him Peezhicki reached the margin of the lake, stumbled over the side of the canoe and fell into the water. Waab-ojeeg drew him out, and bore him nearly senseless to his lodge. In a few hours the Buffalo was relieved of all the violent symptoms of the disease. The fever left his mind; he spoke with his usual calm, cold dignity; never, however, alluding to his child.

"Next day, he rose from his mat, though still scabbed all over, and very feeble. He bade his friend, Waab-ojeeg, farewell; and taking a small canoe, pulled slowly from the landing place, singing his death-song as he went. Waab-ojeeg and his warriors stood by; they saw the departure of Peezhicki without any attempt to hinder or

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delay his purpose. They watched his canoe till it disappeared round Gros Cap; then, turning away, they prepared for their own departure to their distant home.

"At two hours past noon, of the day on which Captain Robinson had held the conversation with MacWhorter, which we have detailed above, the preparations for the party at the rock, now called Robinson's Folly, were completed.

"In the center of the small cleared spot, and so near the verge of the rock as to command a full view of the lake, was erected a rustic bower or lodge. The posts were four small untrimmed cedar trees, planted at the corners; from their bushy tops, long festoons of evergreens hung; on these again were laid branches, small and large, till the whole together formed a beautiful verdant roof.

"Within this lodge was placed a table, long enough to accommodate twenty or thirty guests. At the head was a large double chair, on each side of which were placed flagstaffs. The folds of these banners were first put behind the chair, and then gathered overhead into a sort of canopy. Here, canopied by his country's flag, sat the young commandant of the Island and his Indian bride. Wintemoyeh, for the first time, sat at a public table surrounded by white men.

"At first the scene was too new and strange to be enjoyed but gradually, as she became more accustomed to its splendour, she could not refuse to partake of the gayety around her. The songs, the laughter, the music (for the small band of the garrison was there) gradually raised her spirits, and she was happy. Hours flew by, and the sun had sunk into the bosom of the lake, when MacWhorter, who, as a great favourite of his commander, was allowed to sit at

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the foot of the table, sprang from his seat, and in attempting to leap over the table, threw table, dishes, bottles, and not a few of the scarce sober guests, upon the grass. 'There he is—there he is!—I see him! I see him!' shouted the subaltern. He had cleared the table, and advanced a step towards the canopied seat, when the sharp crack of a rifle rang through the wood. MacWhorter bounded into the air, and fell upon the grass a dead man. The ball of Peezhicki, aimed at Robinson, had found a mark in the bold breast of his subaltern, who, at the moment when the savage pulled the trigger, had crossed the range of his gun. At the instant Peezhicki sprang forward, and beating down with his clubbed rifle a soldier who stood in his way, seized his daughter, and was about to bear her away, when Robinson, recovering from the first stupor of surprise, sprang from his seat and seized him by the throat. Peezhicki felt that escape from the white man was impossible, burdened as he was by the weight of his nearly senseless daughter; he hurled her with fury to the ground, then, by a moment's struggle, freed himself from the grasp of Robinson, drew forth his tomahawk, and made one backward step that he might give full force to the meditated blow. But that backward step brought him to the very edge of the rock; the treacherous stone gives way beneath his foot; he falls; but, by a strong effort, he caught at a pine which hung over the precipice; the branch bends, as his whole weight bears upon it, but the wood is tough; it holds, and though the first sway carried his figure quite out of sight, yet the bent trunk rises, and with it the form of Peezhicki appears, his features convulsed, his eyes absolutely blazing with rage. There he swung off the sheer descent, his feet resting on the edge of the rock, his body now rising, so

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that it would seem to have required but a slight effort to regain his footing, then sinking down till he was nearly hid from view. For a moment the horrid spectacle seemed to have frozen every heart and stiffened every limb. 'Twas but for a moment; the next, Wintemoyeh, raised by the arm of Robinson from the ground where her angry father had cast her, sees her father hanging as it were by a thread, so small does that branch appear to her frightened eye, over the cliff. With one wild scream she sprang forward, and ere Robinson was aware of her purpose, she stood on the very verge of the precipice, her foot close beside her father's and her arms extended towards him. The chief saw her, and a gleam of savage triumph shot athwart his dark features. By a vigorous exertion of the arms, he raised himself up to near the level where his daughter stood; then quitting his hold of the pine branch, he darts upon her, he seizes her wrist, he clutches her fast; then springs from the cliff. The figure of the triumphant savage and his child gleamed for a moment like a meteor in the air; then they sank behind the precipice, and though the whole wood rang with the exulting war-whoop of Peez-hicki, yet clear above it, in its piercing shrillness, was heard the shriek of despair with which his beautiful daughter met her fate."

LOVER'S LEAP

"Long before the pale faces profaned this Island home of the Genii, a young Ojibwa girl, just maturing into womanhood, often wandered there, and gazed into its dizzy heights and witnessed the receding canoes of the large war parties of the combined bands of the Ojibwas and Ottawas speeding south, seeking for fame and scalps.

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"It was there she often sat, mused and hummed the songs Ge-niw-e-gwon loved; this spot was endeared to her, for it was there that she and Ge-niw-e-gwon first met and exchanged words of love, and found an affinity of souls existing between them. It was there she often sat and sang the Ojibwa love song—

"A loon, I thought, was looming,
A loon, I thought, was looming:
Why! it is he, my lover;
Why! it is he, my lover;
His paddle in the waters gleaming.
His paddle in the waters gleaming.

"From this bluff she often watched and listened for the return of the war parties, for amongst them she knew was Ge-niw-e-gwon; his head decorated with war-eagle plumes, which none but a brave could sport. The west wind often wafted far in advance the shouts of victory and death, as they shouted and sang upon leaving Pe-quod-e-nong (Old Mackinaw) to make the traverse to the Spirit, or Fairy Island.

"One season, when the war party returned, she could not distinguish his familiar and loving war shout. Her spirit told her that he had gone to the Spirit-Land of the West. It was so: an enemy's arrow had pierced his breast, and after his body was placed leaning against a tree, his face fronting his enemies, he died; but ere he died he wished the mourning warriors to remember him to the sweet maid of his heart. Thus he died far away from home and the friends he loved.

"Me-she-ne-mock-e-nong-o-qua's heart hushed its beatings, and all the warm emotions of that heart were chilled and dead. The moving, living spirit of the beloved Ge-

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niw-e-gwon, she witnessed continually beckoning her to follow him to the happy hunting grounds of spirits in the West—he appeared to her in human shape, but was invisible to others of his tribe.

"One morning her body was found mangled at the foot of the bluff. The soul had thrown aside its covering of earth, and had gone to join the spirit of her beloved Ge-niw-e-gwon, to travel together to the land of spirits."

Quoting again from Mr. Ellis,[18] who sketches the explanation of Lover's Leap given in the ancient Creation myth: "The red Adam was driven from the Island by an evil-minded angel who was enamored of the red Eve, and she, having denounced the angel as 'devil,' with whom she could not be compelled to remain longer than to express her hate of him, 'fled like the wind as it wantons down from far Waugoshance' and leaped from the cliff. Her banished mate, who was paddling sorrowfully along the shore and saw her fall, urged his canoe forward and saved her life; and Manitou restored them to the Island and banished the angel from Heaven. He fell to the underworld of bad spirits and there became a great leader and the father of the white race of beings called men, who, filled with the hatred of their father towards the red Eve, have never ceased to work for the ruin of her descendants. This remarkable legend of Creation has made 'the Island' a holy land to me, and shows more plausibly than anything I have ever found, a relationship between the North American Indians and the ancient inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere; while Lover's Leap stands as pre-historic evidence that love is as old as the human heart.

"Let us pass," he continues, "from the cloud-land of

[18] *Op. cit.*, p. 522 ff.

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legend to the solid world of fact. What is the origin of these great rock cones that the ancient reds conceived to be giants watching the interests of Gitchi Manitou? They are just what is left of the strata of rock that once covered all the land up here, probably to a depth of several hundred feet, certainly to a depth that more than equaled the present height of the cones. That mass of brittle limestone, sand stone and what not, was broken, torn, ground and pulverized by glacial action, and spread out over the country to the south. Here and there were spots hard enough to resist the action of the ice, and these remained and long ages subsequently became the stone giants of Manitou to Indian imagination. At one time there were two such cones on Mackinac Island. Looking at our illustration of Fort Hill you will observe that, at the right of the picture, underlying the old British wall, and forming a natural breastwork, is a portion of the cliff. On either side of it the rock has crumbled away, leaving this standing in the debris. That bit of exposed cliff has been carefully examined by geologists, who pronounce it a cone that once stood on the brow of the Island, and add that the lower rock gradually rotted and fell from beneath the cone until it toppled over and lodged, probably, in a crevasse, the outer wall of which has since rotted away. In proof of this it may be said that the material of this exposed cliff is the same as of Manitou's Wigwam, and is wholly unlike that of the Island stratum immediately beneath the layer of which these cones were a part. There is, however, no indication to be found in the legendary lore of the Island that the Indians ever knew of more than one of the stone wigwams here. It has always been to them substantially as it is now: the Turtle on its summit, the Landing, and the Gateway, the Wigwam and

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Mother Eve's Pinnacle were fixed in their minds in the long ago; and they remain the same to-day, saving only where the action of the elements little by little has crumbled them away.

"Taking it all in all, I must write again that the Island is to me sacred, with its beautiful story of the Indian's conception of Creation, and the love of Manitou for his first-born, or first-made, children. Drinking deep of the sweet water that laves the Island shores; breathing the balmy air that fans its leafy crown; sleeping myself to strength and health through its dreamless nights; looking back in imagination through the light of its restful summer days upon those pre-historic ages when peaceful red men and women (far superior to any we can ever meet after 250 years of contact with the vices of civilization), conceived a Heavenly Father so much like our own highest conception that I am continually astonished at the close resemblance:—I love the old Island as a spot too sacred to be polluted as it has been by drunkenness, avarice, vice, and the ruin of so many of the helpless forest children through the wild greed of our heartless whites!

"The old bluffs are enticing places to lie prone, and rest and weave the colors of hope into the web of imagination. Reclining upon the heights at Lover's Leap on a summer day, and looking down upon the silken sheen of the charming sweet-water sea, and away across to the wooded mainland south and west that stretches like a dark belt of night around the waist of the world, or upon the fair winding shore where St. Ignace sits in peace upon the strand, or upon the noble proportions of McGulpin's Head, and the long, tapering finger of far Waugoshance, or upon the graceful lines of Little Island Rond and low-lying 'Bobbels,'

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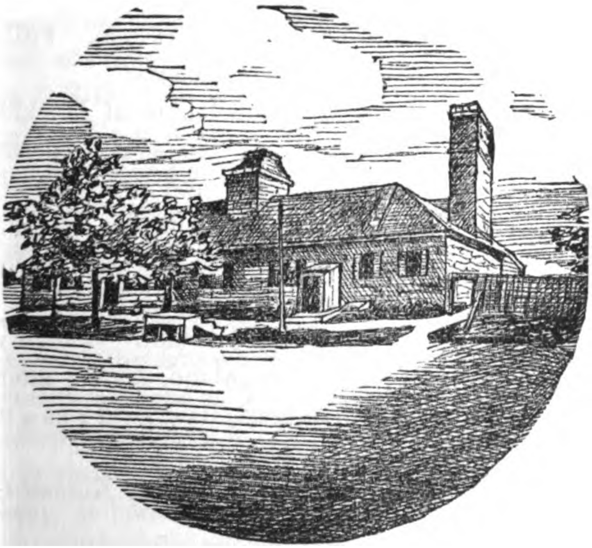
and quaffing freely of the health-giving air that falls gently through the blue from polar zone, you will not wonder that the Indians of the elder time held this as a sacred shrine. Indeed, I think it will be strange if you do not feel some feeble indications, at least, of a pure, unselfish worship struggling upwards in the depths of your own soul."

WISHING SPRING

The legends connected with the "Wishing Spring," are many and most beautiful in sentiment. All convey the thought that whoever makes a wish before drinking of the water from this famous spring, will have it fulfilled in large measure, provided the nature of the wish is not divulged.



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CHAPTER III

EARLY DAYS ON MACKINAC ISLAND, 1814–1821

AMONG the reminiscences of early days at Mackinac, few are more interesting and instructive than those written by Elizabeth Thérèse Baird for the *Wisconsin Historical Collections.*[1] Her father was an employé of the American Fur Company in its palmy days following the War of 1812. Her mother was the daughter of Kewinaquot, a Chief of the Ottawas. A large part of Thérèse's youth was spent on Mackinac Island, where she was married in 1824 when only fourteen years old to Henry S. Baird, a young lawyer of Green Bay. A good education, a wide acquaintance, much travel, and a retentive memory, fitted her, in a special way, to gather and record the experiences of her life at Mackinac. Following are some selections from her reminiscences:

"I was particularly fond of the Island of Mackinac in winter, with its ice-bound shore. In some seasons, ice mountains loomed up, picturesque and color-enticing, in every direction. At other occasions, the ice would be as smooth as one could wish. There was then hardly any winter communication with the outer world; for about eight months in the year, the Island lay dormant. A mail would come across the ice from the mainland, once a month, to disturb the peace of the inhabitants; its arrival was a matter of profound and agitating interest.

"The dwellers on the Island were mostly Roman Catho-

[1] XIV, 17 ff.

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lics. There was, however, no priest stationed here at that early day; but occasionally one would come, and keep alive the little spark, kindled so many years before by the devoted Jesuit missionaries. . . .

"The Catholic faith prevailing, it followed as a matter of course that the special holidays of the church were always observed in a memorable, pleasant manner, in one's own family, in which some friends and neighbors would participate. Some weeks before Christmas, the denizens of the Island met in turn at each other's homes, and read the prayers, chanted psalms, and unfailingly repeated the litany of the Saints. On Christmas eve, both sexes would read and sing, the service lasting till midnight. After this, a *réveillon* (midnight treat) would be partaken of by all. The last meeting of this sort which I attended, was at our own home, in 1823. This affair was considered the high feast of the season, and no pains were spared to make the accompanying meal as good as the Island afforded. The cooking was done at an open fire. I wish I could remember in full the bill of fare; however, I will give all that I recall. We will begin with the roast pig; roast goose; chicken pie; round of beef, *à la mode; pattes d'ours* (bear's paws, called so from the shape, and made of chopped meat in crust, corresponding to rissoles); sausage; head-cheese; souse; small-fruit preserves; small cakes. Such was the array. No one was expected to take of every dish, unless he chose. Christmas was observed as a holy-day. The children were kept at home, and from play, until nearly night-time, when they would be allowed to run out and bid their friends a 'Merry Christmas,' spending the evening, however, at home with the family, the service of prayer and song being observed as before mentioned. All would

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sing; there was no particular master,—it was the sentiment, that was so pleasing to us; the music we did not care so much for.

"As soon as *la féte de Nöel,* or Christmas-tide, had passed, all the young people were set at work to prepare for New Year's. Christmas was not the day to give and receive presents; this was reserved for New Year's. On the eve of that day, great preparations were made by a certain class of elderly men, usually fishermen, who went from house to house in grotesque dress, singing and dancing. Following this they would receive gifts. Their song was often quite terrifying to little girls, as the gift asked for in the song was *la fille aînée,* the eldest daughter.[2] The song ran thus:

"Bon jour, le Maître et la Maitresse,
Et tout le monde du loger.
Si vous voulez nous rien donner, dites-le nous;
Nous vous demandons seulement la fille aînée!

"As they were always expected, every one was prepared to receive them. This ended the last day of the year. After evening prayer in the family, the children would retire early. At the dawn of the New Year, each child would go to the bedside of its parents to receive their benediction —a most beautiful custom. My sympathies always went out to children who had no parents near. . . .

"Reminiscences of childhood at Mackinac hold much

The following notes are taken from the *Wis. Hist. Colls.*

[2] The lines here given are but one of many versions of the *Guignolée*—a song, and also a custom, brought to Canada by its first French colonists; and a more or less Christianized survival of Druidic times. This name (also appearing as *La Ignolée, Guillonée,* etc.) is a corruption of the cry, *Au gui l'an neuf!* "To the mistletoe, this new year!" See account of this custom, with the words and music of the song. Gagnon's *Chansons Populaires du Canada* (Quebec, 1894), pp. 238–253.

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that to-day would be novel to many, if not of interest to all. A description of my carriole, or dog-sledge, holds a pleasant place in memory. It was handsome in shape, with a high back, and sides sloping gracefully to the front. The outside color was a dark green, the inside a cream color, and the runners black. It was drawn by two large dogs, harnessed tandem—one perfectly white, the other black. The white was an old dog which had seen much service; his name was 'Caribou'; the black responded to the name of 'Nero.' The young man who drove them was François Lacroix. This rig he owned from the time I was about seven years old until I reached ten, possibly later. The name of my carriole was 'la Boudeuse' (pouter); why, I cannot imagine. Dogs cannot be broken or trained to the harness in the manner that horses are; they will not be driven with bridle or rein. A person must run along beside them to keep them in order. In a long journey the traveler takes the risk of a continuous trip. His team may pursue its way steadily for a while, doing so as long as nothing appears in the way to excite them; but let a bird or a rabbit or any other game cross their vision and away they will go, the dog-sledge, passenger and all, as there is no way of stopping them. One may have a merry ride, if the way be smooth, before they give up the chase.

"How well I remember my out-door gear in winter; a long circular cloak, of snuff-brown broadcloth; over this a large cape of the same material, braided all round in Roman border. Let me say here that machine-made braid was not to be purchased in this part of the world; this was plaited, of black worsted. My cap was of plucked beaver, and my mittens were of buckskin, fur-lined. Moccasins were, of course, indispensable.

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"A snow storm occurred at Mackinac in my childhood, which is always recalled each season, as it was the snow storm that surpassed all others. It began after the manner of all such storms, but its ending proved something more formidable. As hour after hour feathery flakes followed each other down, no one paid much attention to them, save the weather-wise fisherman who went often to his door to study the clouds. Many were the anxious thoughts he gave to his nets on the lake, which he knew his dogs could not reach in the newly-fallen snow. All day it snowed, and during the night the storm increased in violence, yet no one was apprehensive. But the next morning revealed a buried town—only the fort and a few houses on the hill side showing at all through the white mass. People had to dig themselves out of this 'beautiful snow'; or, as in most cases, wait to be dug out. The commanding officer of the fort, Benjamin K. Pierce, (a brother of the President), sent a detachment of soldiers to the rescue. The place looked novel indeed, with only narrow, high-walled paths from house to house. As the storm came from the northeast, our home was sheltered in such a way as to be among the few not out of sight. This snow storm afforded rare sport for the boys, who made other thoroughfares by tunnelling paths from house to house. I do not remember that this storm was in any sense disastrous, for as the wind blew strongly towards the Island it left the ice clear of snow and the fishermen were able to get to their nets; thus no suffering was entailed upon the little town. . . .

"A visit to the sugar camp was a great treat to the young folks as well as to the old. In the days I write of, sugar was a scarce article, save in the Northwest, where maple-

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sugar was largely manufactured. All who were able, possessed a sugar camp. My grandmother had one on Bois Blanc Island, about five miles east of Mackinac. About the first of March, nearly half of the inhabitants of our town, as well as many from the garrison, would move to Bois Blanc to prepare for the work. Our camp was delightfully situated in the midst of a forest of maple, or a maple grove. A thousand or more trees claimed our care, and three men and two women were employed to do the work.

"The trip to Bois Blanc I made on my dog-sled. François Lacroix (the son of a slave), whom my grandmother reared, was my companion. The ride over the ice, across the lake, was a delightful one; and the drive through the woods (which were notably clear of underbrush), to the camp, about a mile from the shore, was equally charming.

"The pleasures of the camp were varied. In out-of-door amusement, I found delight in playing about great trees that had been uprooted in some wind storm. Frequently, each season, near the close of sugar-making, parties of ladies and gentlemen would come over from Mackinac, bent on a merry time, which they never failed to secure.

"One time, a party of five ladies and five gentlemen were invited to the camp. Each lady brought a frying-pan in which to cook and turn *les crêpes* or pancakes, which was to be the special feature and fun of the occasion. All due preparation was made for using the frying-pan. We were notified that no girl was fitted to be married until she could turn a *crêpe*. Naturally, all were desirous to try their skill in that direction, whether matrimonally in-

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clined or not. The gentlemen of the party tried their hand at it, as well as the ladies. It may not be amiss here to explain what to turn the *crêpe* meant; when the cake was cooked on one side, it was dexterously tossed in the air and expected to land, the other side up, back in the pan. Never did I see objects miss so widely the mark aimed at. It seemed indeed that the *crêpes* were influenced by the glee of the party; they turned and flew everywhere, but where wanted. Many fell into the fire, as if the turner had so intended. Some went to the ground, and one even found its way to the platform, over the head of the turner. One gentleman (Henry S. Baird) came up to Mrs. John Dousman, and holding out his nice fur cap, said, 'Now turn your cake, and I will catch it.' Mrs. Dousman was an adept at turning, and before the challenger had time to withdraw his cap, with a toss she deftly turned the cake and landed it fairly into the cap. You may imagine the sport all this afforded. In due time, a nice dinner was prepared. We had partridges roasted on sticks before the fire; rabbit and stuffed squirrel, cooked French fashion; and finally had as many *crêpes*, with syrup, as we desired. Every one departed with a bark of wax, and sugar cakes. . . .

"In the early days of which these articles treat, the society at Mackinac was very small in the winter. The people were mostly French, with the habits of France, but not with the frivolities of Paris—instead, good, sensible people. There were a few families on the Island of Scotch descent, and several of mixed blood. Although small, the society was aristocratic in tendency. The fort was garrisoned by American officers, some of whom had French

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wives; among them may be mentioned Captain Brooks, whose wife was a French lady from Detroit, whose sister, Miss Mai, made her home with them. Then there was Mrs. Whistler, wife of Major Whistler; she was of Scotch and French descent.

"One interesting and wealthy family was that of Dr. David Mitchell,[3] which consisted of his wife (of mixed blood), and a number of sons and daughters. The daughters at the time now mentioned had returned from Europe, where they had received the education which at that day was given young ladies. The sons were sent to Montreal for their education. This family were, of course, all British subjects. When the Island was ceded to the United States, Dr. Mitchell would not remain there but followed the troops to Drummond's Island, where he made himself a home, and where the remainder of his days were spent. His wife retained her old home at Mackinac, with the daughters and two sons. Mrs. Mitchell and her sons continued in the fur trade and added much to an already large fortune, for the trade made all rich. The mother and daughters would, in turn, visit Dr. Mitchell during the summer, but would not take the risk of a winter's visit. Two of the sons, however, remained with their father.

"The old homestead, which was built while Mackinac was under British rule, is still standing. It was the largest dwelling house ever erected on the Island. It is two stories high, with a high attic, this having dormer windows. The grounds surrounding it were considered large, running through from one street to another. The three daughters

[3] Mitchell was a surgeon in the British army, who married an Ottawa woman. He had been Surgeon at Old Mackinaw, but soon after the Pontiac massacre moved to the Island.

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were handsome, attractive, and entertaining ladies. Winter being long and dull, these young ladies would invite a lady friend or two to spend it with them. In the winter of 1808–9, Miss Marianne Lasalière (my mother) visited them. The July following, one of the daughters was married and went to Europe to make her home there. My mother was also married in the same month, and she went to make her home at Prairie du Chien. The two young ladies remaining now felt more lonely than ever, and desired greatly the presence of some of their young lady friends to shorten the otherwise dreary winter days. In the winter of 1816–17, Miss Josette Laframboise visited them, and it was on this visit that she made the acquaintance of Capt. Benjamin K. Pierce, commander of Fort Mackinac, whom she afterwards married.

"In addition to this home, Mrs. David Mitchell owned and cultivated a large farm on the southwest side of the Island. It might be called a hay farm, as hay was the principal, and always a large crop. Hay was a very expensive article at Mackinac, at that time. It was customary for men to go to the surrounding islands, mow what grass they could among the bushes, remain there until the hay was cured, then return for boats to convey it to Mackinac. Potatoes were also largely cultivated by Mrs. Mitchell, and 'Mackinac potatoes' were regarded as the choicest in this part of the country. Oats and corn were also raised. An attempt was made to raise fruit trees, but with small success; these did better in town. The farm house was comfortable-looking, one story in height, painted white, with green blinds; a long porch ran across the front. This house stood in about the center of the farm, far back from the road. The farm was noted also for its fine springs.

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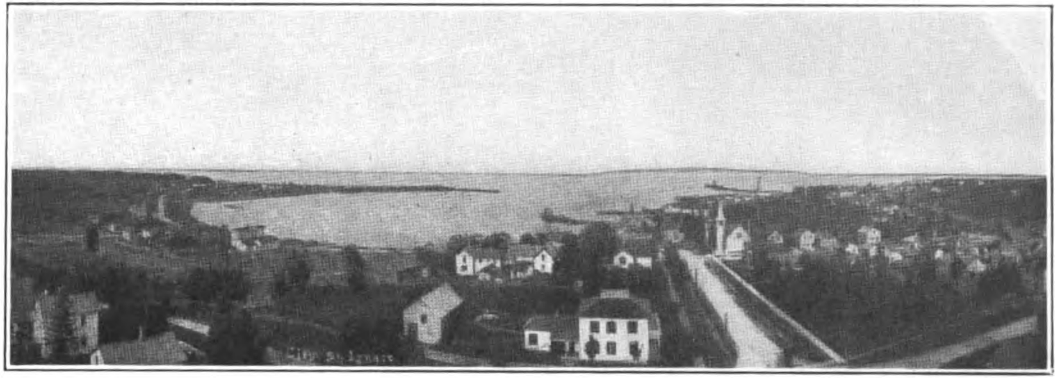
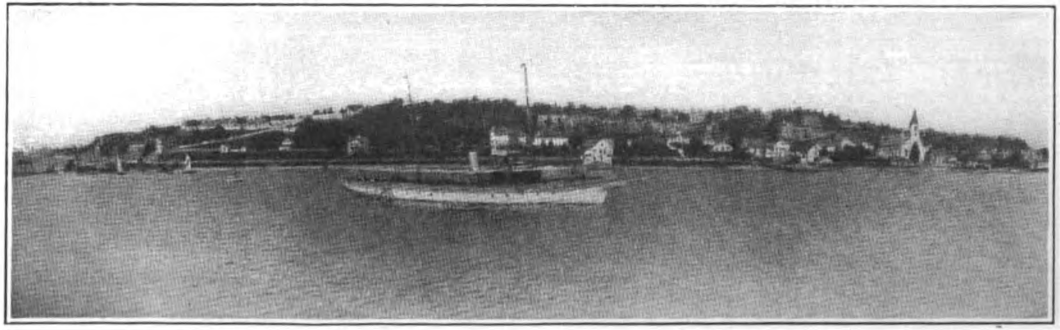


VIEW OF MORAN BAY AT ST. IGNACE



VIEW OF MACKINAC ISLAND FROM THE STRAITS OFF ROUND ISLAND

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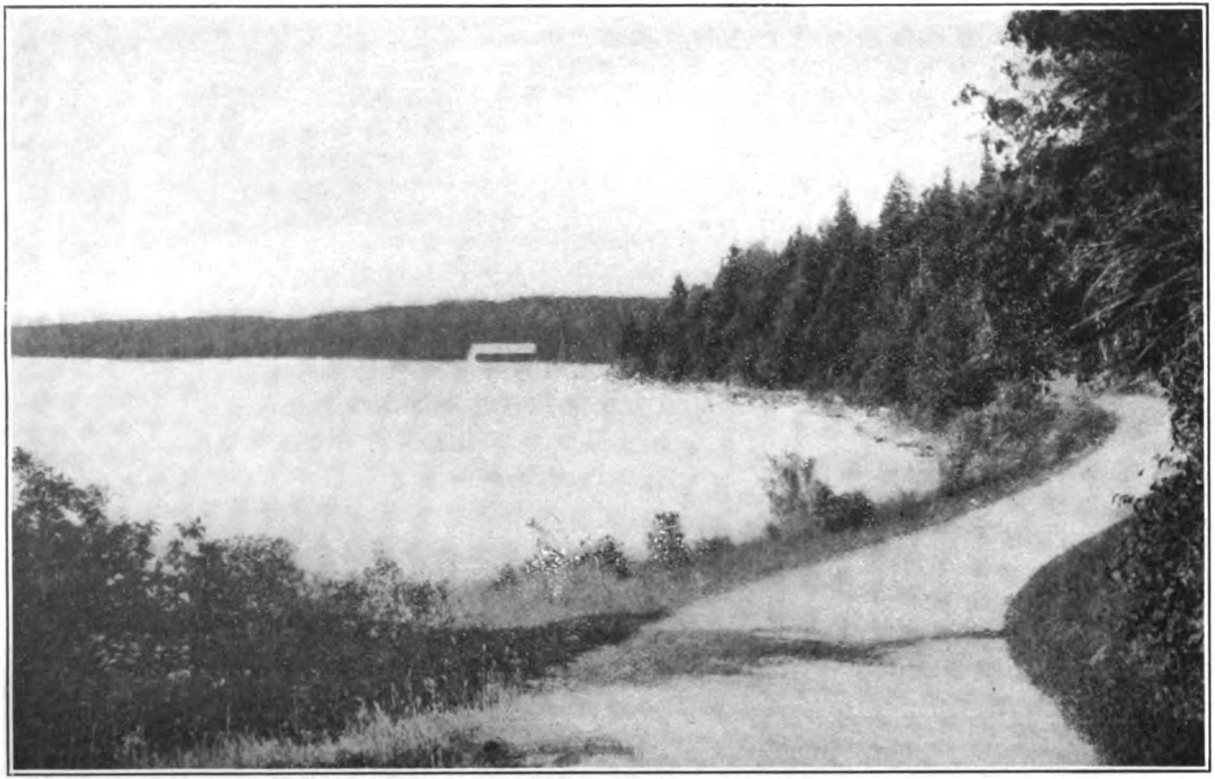

BRITISH LANDING, MACKINAC ISLAND

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Then there was Mrs. Mitchell's garden, which lay between the bluff, or hill, and the lake; on one side lay the government garden, and on the other was 'the point.' It was a large plot, two or three acres in extent, and was entirely enclosed by cedar pickets five feet high, whitewashed, as were all enclosures at Mackinac. All vegetables that would grow in so cold a climate were cultivated. It was an every-day occurrence to see Mrs. Mitchell coming to inspect her garden, riding in her calash, a two-wheeled vehicle, being her own driver. When the old lady arrived the men would hasten to open the gate, then she would drive in; and there, in the large space in front of the garden beds, in the shade, the man would fasten the horse, while 'my lady' would walk all over the grounds giving her orders. The refuse of this garden, the rakings, etc., were carried to the shore and made a conspicuous dark spot, like an island on the white beach, which in later years grew into a considerable point and was covered with verdure.

"Her speech was peculiar. English she could not speak at all, but would mix the French with her own language, which was neither Ottawa nor Chippewa. There were not many who could understand her; there was, however, one old man who had lived for a great many years with the family, who was a natural interpreter and seemed perfectly to comprehend her. And yet, she got along admirably in company. She had many signs that were expressive, and managed to make her wishes clear to the ladies. When her daughters were at home, her linguistic troubles vanished. She was quite large, tall, and heavy. Her dress was as peculiar as her conversation. She always wore black,—usually her dresses were of black silk, which

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were always made in the same manner. A full skirt was gathered and attached to a plain waist. There were two large pockets on the skirt, and she always stood with her hands in these. About her neck was a black neckerchief; on her head she wore a black beaver hat, with a modest plume at one side. There were ties, but nowhere else on the bonnet was ribbon used. This bonnet she wore day and night. I do not think she slept in it, but never did I know of any one who had ever seen her without it. She was an intelligent woman, with exceptional business faculties, although devoid of book-learning. Her skill in reading character was considerable. Such was the 'Mistress of the manse.'

"The home became greatly changed, after the daughters were all married and had taken up their abode elsewhere. but on the arrival of the younger son from school, social life again awakened, and the former gayety of the house was revived. He gave many parties of all kinds, including card parties, which his mother particularly enjoyed, as she was an experienced whist player. He frequently gave dancing parties, which one of his lady neighbors—the wife of John K. Pierce, a brother of the President,—managed for him, his mother never assuming any care in regard to them. Yet she was fond of social gatherings, and attended all that were given. When there was no card-playing, she sat by and watched the dancing, and was always surrounded by a group of ladies and gentlemen. She must have been more attractive than my youthful eyes could perceive, for she received much attention. She kept many servants, who were in the charge of a house-keeper. It was said she knew not the use of a needle. Her youngest son was a gentleman of the world, though not at all

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wild. He spent as much money as he could, on the dear Island home. The first winter after his return home, in 1823, he had two handsome horses, one black and the other white, which he drove tandem; it was an attractive turnout. He died poor.

"Joseph Laframboise, a Frenchman, father of Josette Laframboise, dealt largely with the Indians. He was a firm, determined man, and moreover was especially devout, adhering to all the rights and usages of the Catholic Church. He was especially particular as to the observance of the *Angelus*. Out in the Indian country, timed by his watch, he was as faithful in this discharge of duty as elsewhere. Whenever in any town where the bells of his church rang out three times three,—he and his family paid reverent heed to it. Madame Laframboise, his widow, maintained this custom as long as she lived, and it was very impressive. The moment the *Angelus* sounded, she would drop her work, make the sign of the cross, and with bowed head and crossed hands would say the short prayers, which did not last much longer than the solemn ringing of the bells.

"In 1809, Laframboise left Mackinac with his wife and baby boy (the daughter being at Montreal, at school) for his usual wintering-place on the upper part of the Grand River, in Michigan. They traveled in Mackinaw boats, or bateaux. There were two boats, with a crew of six men to each. They were also accompanied by their servants,—old Angelique, a slave, and her son, Louizon,—all of whom made a large party. At the last encampment, before reaching Grand River, Laframboise, while kneeling in his tent one night saying his prayers, was shot dead by an Indian, who had previously asked for liquor and had been refused. The widowed wife, knowing that she was nearer Grand

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River than her own home, journeyed on, taking the remains of her husband with her, and had them buried at the only town in that vicinity, which was near the entrance of the river—the present Grand Haven, Mich. Now was developed the unselfish devotion of her servant, Angelique, whose faithfulness was displayed in many ways through the deep affliction which had fallen upon her mistress. She greatly endeared herself to Madame Laframboise, and was ever after her constant companion in all journeyings, Madame becoming in time very dependent upon her; the tie that bound them together remained unbroken until the death of the mistress.

"After Madame Laframboise had laid away her husband, she proceeded to her place of business. Here she remained, until spring, trading with the Indians. Then she returned to Mackinac and procured a license as a trader, and added much to her already large fortune. In the course of that winter the Indians captured the murderer of Laframboise, and, bringing him to her, desired that she should decide his fate,—whether he should be shot or burned. Madame addressed them eloquently, referring, in words profoundly touching, to her dead husband, his piety, and his good deeds. Then displaying in her forgiving spirit a most Christ-like quality, she continued: 'I will do as I know he would do, could he now speak to you; I will forgive him, and leave him to the Great Spirit. He will do what is right.' She never again saw that man.

"Madame Laframboise would in June return with her furs to Mackinac. The servants whom she left in care of her home there, would have it in readiness upon her arrival, and here she would keep house for about three months and then go back to her work. Among these servants was one

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notably faithful, Geneviéve Maranda, who remained with her until her death.

"Madame Laframboise was a remarkable woman in many ways. As long as her father, Jean Baptiste Marcotte, lived, his children, when old enough, were sent to Montreal to be educated. But she and her sister, Grandmother Schindler, did not share these advantages, they being the youngest of the family, and the father dying when Madame Laframboise was but three months old. Her mother was of chiefly blood, being the daughter of Ke-wi-na-quot (Returning Cloud), one of the most powerful chiefs of the Ottawa tribe. She had no book-lore, but many might be proud of her attainments. She spoke French easily, having learned it from her husband. All conversation in that day was as a rule held in French. Robert Stuart, a Scotchman, who was educated in Paris, used to say that her diction was as pure as that of a Parisian. She was a graceful and refined person, and remarkably entertaining. She always wore the full Indian costume, and there was at that time no better fur trader than she. She had both the love and respect of the Indians that her husband had had before her. She, indeed, had no fear of the Indians, no matter what their condition; she was always able to control them.

"Now to return to Josette Laframboise's marriage to Captain Benjamin K. Pierce, commandant at Fort Mackinac (and brother of the President). This marriage took place at the home of a great friend of the young lady. An officer's widow, in writing her husband's military life, speaks of his being ordered to the command of Captain Pierce, at Fort Mackinac, in 1816, and says that the captain there met a half-breed girl whom he addressed and married. This 'half breed girl' was a highly educated and cultivated

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woman. Her graceful demeanor was a charm. She was small in person, a clear brunette with black eyes and very black, wavy hair. She was both handsome and agreeable. What wonder was it, that a young man should be won by so winsome a maiden?

"In May, 1817, Madame Laframboise arrived at Mackinac by bateau with her furs. She then hired a birch-bark canoe and Indian crew to take her to Montreal, where she went to place her boy in school. Her daughter was to be married that summer, but had to await her mother's return. As soon as the mother did return, the wedding took place. As Madame could not have time to open her house and make preparations at that late date, the home of Mrs. Mitchell, previously mentioned, was insisted upon, by her whole family, as being the place for the wedding. The friendship between the families was sincere, and in this home, famed for its handsome weddings, another was added to the list. To this wedding, none but the officers and families of the garrison, and only two families of the town, were invited. The mother and aunt (Madame Schindler) were present in full Indian costume.

"After the marriage, the captain took his wife to the Fort, and Madame Laframboise departed to resume her winter's work. Mrs. Pierce did not live long. She died in 1821, leaving two children. The son did not long survive his mother. Captain Pierce was ordered from Mackinac that winter. The following spring he came for his daughter, Harriet. From that date, Madame Laframboise closed her business with the American Fur Company, and remained at home. She at this time left her old house and went into that which Captain Pierce had, with her means, built for her. Both houses are yet standing. I have stated

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that Madame Laframboise was a remarkable woman. When she was between forty and fifty years of age, she taught herself to read. It was no indifferent piece of work either, as she became able to read any French book she could obtain. She was a devoted Catholic, and worked for the Church as long as she lived, greatly to the satisfaction of the poor, for whom she did much. It had been her practice to take girls, or any young woman who had had no opportunity to receive instruction in Church matters, and have them taught by persons whom she herself hired. In this way she began to teach herself. It was not long before she could instruct children in their catechism. It was through her, mainly, that the priest was supported. Among her gifts to the Church at Mackinac was the lot on which the church now stands, and she and her daughter lie buried beneath that edifice.[4]

"The former home of Madame Laframboise was within a few rods of the home of her sister, Madame Schindler. The pleasures of that home, for the few weeks she remained there, are vividly recalled; yet they were pleasures that one can hardly understand at the present time. The pleasures of past times cannot readily be made real in the minds of the younger generation. There being no children at Madame's home, and being fond of her sister's grandchild,[5] she begged that the little girl might stay with her while at Mackinac, to which they all agreed. But as she was an only and spoiled child, it turned out that she had more than one home during that summer. The child was a precocious one, and afforded much amusement to her grand-aunt.

[4] See sketch of Madame Madeline Laframboise in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xi, pp. 373, 374.

[5] Mrs. Baird here refers to herself.

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Old Angelique petted the little one greatly, and yet essayed to teach her some of the kinds of work in which she was proficient. Among the lessons imparted was that of waxing and polishing furniture. No one could tell who was the prouder, teacher or pupil. Angelique lived to see and play with the children of this petted and only child. She was an excellent housekeeper; she died at the residence of her son, François Lacroix, who had married and moved to Cross Village,[6] where his descendants now live. When he became of age, Madame Schindler gave him his freedom. His younger brother, Louizon, married, and with his family left Mackinac in a schooner in 1834, to go to Grand River. The vessel was wrecked on the way and all on board were lost. Angelique's daughter, Catishe, lived to be an old woman. She was the nurse of the spoiled child.

"Madame Laframboise lived in her new home for several years. It was there that I and my children were made happy in after years. To visit at that home, also, came Madame's grand-daughter, Miss Harriet Pierce, who afterwards married an army officer. She, too, died young. Her daughter, who is still living, is the wife of an officer in the army. The son, who was placed at school at Montreal, came home in due time and became a fur trader, married out in the Western country, and died there about 1854, leaving a large family. Madame Laframboise died April 4, 1846, aged 66 years.

At the same early period in which occurred the foregoing events, there lived at Mackinac Joseph Bailly, a Frenchman—and a fur trader, of course,—who was living with his second family. Belonging to a distinguished family at Montreal, he had been well educated, yet his nature

[6] L'arbre Croche; now Harbor Springs, Mich.

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remained unchanged. He was not gentle, not coarse, but noisy. One was never at a loss to locate him, no matter what part of the Island might contain him. His loud laughter and speech always betrayed his whereabouts. He was an exceptionally good-natured man, fond of entertaining his friends.

"At one time he had an Indian wife and two children, a son and a daughter. After a time he left this family and took another Indian wife; a widow with one daughter, the latter's father being an Indian. Bailly had, by the second wife, four daughters, besides the step-daughter. All of these children he had had educated except the step-daughter. The daughter of the first wife, and two of those belonging to the second wife, attended the school which my mother opened for the children of the fur-traders. Bailly's son was sent to Montreal to school, and returned a few years later a pompous man and a great dandy. He entered the American Fur Company's employ as a clerk, and lived at Prairie du Chien. He afterwards married a Miss Faribault, of a prominent family in Minnesota. All the children of the elder Bailly turned out well, and in the course of time he was legally married to the second wife An Indian of unalloyed blood, who had been very little among the white people, she was a good woman, and possessed the gift so much prized among her people—that of a good story-teller. Her stories quite surpassed the "Arabian Nights" in interest; one could have listened to her all day and never tired. They were told in the Ottawa language; perhaps they might not have been so interesting in any other.

"But it is of the step-daughter I have the most to tell. She developed into a superior woman, and was pretty.

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She retained her mother's style of dress. The step-father was kind to her, yet it never seemed to occur to him to give her the education that was bestowed upon the others. She was fair-complexioned for an Indian, although her eyes were very black, and her hair equally so and of the thickest and longest. She was about seven years of age when her mother married Bailly, and when she began to know people other than her own, Madame Laframboise converted her to the Catholic faith. In the course of time there came to the Island of Mackinac, a young man from the East, who was of an old and honoured family of Philadelphia. He was a brother of Nicholas Biddle, president of the United States Bank during the administration of Andrew Jackson, and a relative of Commodore Biddle.

"Edward Biddle became very much attached to this Indian girl. The attachment warmed into a sincere love on both sides. He did not know her language, neither did she understand his; but love needed no tongue. In 1819 they were married at her step-father's home. The ceremony was performed by the Notary Public, Samuel Abbott, who for years, was the only functionary there invested with the necessary authority for that purpose.

"Would that my pen might do justice to this wedding! It was the most picturesque, yet no one can fully understand its attractiveness and novelty without some description of the style of dress worn by the bride and others of the women: a double skirt made of fine narrow broadcloth, with but one pleat on each side; no fullness in front nor in the back. The skirt reached about half way between the ankle and the knee, and was elaborately embroidered with ribbon and beads on both the lower and upper edges. On

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the lower, the width of the trimming was six inches, and on the upper, five inches. The same trimming extended up the overlapping edge of the skirt. Above this horizontal trimming were rows upon rows of ribbon, four or five inches wide, placed so near together that only a narrow strip of the cloth showed, like a narrow cord. Accompanying this was worn a pair of leggins made of broadcloth. When the skirt is black, the leggins are of scarlet broadcloth, the embroidery about three inches from the side edge. Around the bottom the trimming is between four and five inches in width. The moccasins, also, were embroidered with ribbon and beads. Then we come to the blanket, as it is called, which is of fine broadcloth, either black or red, with most elaborate work of ribbon; no beads, however, are used on it. This is worn somewhat as the Spanish women wear their mantles. The waist, or sacque, is a sort of loose-fitting garment made of silk for extra occasions, but usually of calico. It is made plain, without either embroidery of ribbon or beads. The sleeves snugly fit the arm and wrist, and the neck has only a binding to finish it. Beads enough are worn around the neck to fill in and come down in front. Silver brooches are worn according to taste. The hair is worn plain, parted in the middle, braided down the back and tied up again, making a double *queue*. At this wedding, four such dresses appeared—those of the bride, her mother, Madame Laframboise, and Madame Schindler.

"Bailly himself was more noisy than ever, over this marriage. He was a vain man, and proud of his step-daughter; such a marriage and connection was more than he could bear quietly. Not long after he removed from the Island, but made occasional visits there.

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"The newly married pair settled at Mackinac. They occupied one house for a few months, then moved into that which was their home for about fifty years, and where they both died."

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CHAPTER IV

SCHOOLCRAFT'S VISIT TO THE ISLAND IN 1820

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT, pioneer in the study of the Indian tribes of the Old Northwest, author of many treatises on the Indians of North America, and for eight years a resident on Mackinac Island, was in his day probably more widely known than any other citizen of Michigan.[1] He was born in Albany, New York, in 1793, and educated at Middlebury College, Vermont. Later, he travelled in the West, and in 1820 was appointed geologist to accompany an expedition with Governor Lewis Cass. In 1820 he was appointed Indian Agent with headquarters at Sault Ste. Marie, and later on Mackinac Island. At the Sault, he married, in 1823, Miss Jane Johnston, a grand-daughter of the Ojibway chief, Wabojeeg. He was a charter member of the Michigan Historical Society, for the study of the manners, customs, habits and language of the Algonquin Indians. From 1828 to 1832, he was a member of the Michigan territorial legislature. After 1832 he engaged in various exploring expeditions and travels, including a trip to Europe. Beginning with 1847, under authority of Congress, he entered upon a labour for which he was so eminently prepared, the collecing and editing of all the information obtainable about the Indians of North America. Besides this monumental work, he produced in all, some thirty important works on

[1] The materials for this biographical sketch of Schoolcraft are taken from Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*, D. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., Vol. 5.

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his travels and Indian researches, some of which were written by the aid of others after he had lost, by paralysis, the use of his hands. Schoolcraft was married a second time, to Mary Howard, a Southern woman, in 1847, five years after the death of his first wife.

"Earnest, ready, diligent, sagacious, original, and modest" in all his richly varied endeavours, he was in addition a charming writer, as shown by the selections here given from his *Summary Narrative of an Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi River, in 1820.*[2] This enterprise was under the auspices of the national government, and was made in company with Governor Lewis Cass and others. Schoolcraft was secretary of the expedition.

At the beginning of our narrative, their canoes, following the Michigan shores of Lake Huron from Detroit had arrived within a short distance of Mackinac Island:

"Another day along the Huron coast. It was now the 6th of June. The *voyageurs* began now to manifest a great anxiety to reach Michilimackinac, and had their canoes in the water at a very early hour. We all participated in this feeling, and saw with pleasure the long lines of sandy shores, strewn with boulders and pebbles, that were swiftly passed. We had traced about forty miles of the coast, when we reached the foot of Bois Blanc Island, and pushed over the intervening arm of the lake to get its south or lee shore. This was a labor of hazard, as the wind was directly ahead, and drove the waves into the canoes. When accomplished, we had the shelter of this island for twelve miles, till reaching its southwest part. We then passed, due north, between it and Isle Ronde, which brought the wind again ahead. But the men had not kept this course

[2] Edition, 1855, pp. 57 ff.

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long, when Michilimackinac, with its picturesque and imposing features, burst upon our view. Nothing can present a more refreshing and inspiring landscape. From that moment the *voyageurs* appeared to disregard the wind. Striking into the water with bolder paddles, and opening one of their animating boat-songs, all thought of past toils was forgotten, and, urged forward with a new impetus, we entered the handsome little crescent-shaped harbor at four o'clock. The expedition was received with a salute from the fort, in command of Captain B. K. Pierce, U. S. A., in compliment to the Governor of the Territory, and we landed amid the congratulations of the citizens, who pressed forward to welcome us. . . .

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of this Island. It is a mass of calcareous rock, rising from the bed of Lake Huron, and reaching an elevation of more than three hundred feet above the water. The waters around are purity itself. Some of its cliffs shoot up perpendicularly, and tower in pinnacles like ruinous Gothic steeples. It is cavernous in some places; and in these caverns, the ancient Indians, like those of India, have placed their dead. Portions of the beach are level, and adapted to landing from boats and canoes. The harbor, at its south end, is a little gem. Vessels anchor in it, and find good holding. The little old-fashioned French town nestles around it in a very primitive style. The Fort frowns above it, like another Alhambra, its white walls gleaming in the sun. The whole area of the Island is one labyrinth of curious little glens and valleys. Old green fields appear, in some spots, which have been formerly cultivated by the Indians. In some of these there are circles of gathered-up stones, as if the Druids

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themselves had dwelt here. The soil, though rough, is fertile, being the comminuted materials of broken-down limestones. The Island was formerly covered with a dense growth of rock-maples, oaks, ironwood, and other hard-wood species, and there are still parts of this ancient forest left, but all the southern limits of it exhibit a young growth. There are walks and winding paths among its little hills, and precipices of the most romantic character. And whenever the visitor gets on eminences overlooking the lake, he is transported with sublime views of a most illimitable and magnificent water prospect. If the poetic muses are ever to have a new Parnassus in America, they should inevitably fix on Michilimackinac. Hygeia, too, should place her temple here, for it has one of the purest, driest, clearest, and most healthful atmospheres.

"We remained encamped upon this lovely Island six days, while awaiting the arrival of supplies and provisions for the journey, or their being prepared for transportation by hand over the northern portages. Meats, bread, Indian corn, and flour, had to be put in kegs, or stout linen bags.

"The traders and old citizens said so much about the difficulties and toils of these northern portages that we did not know but what we, ourselves, were to be put in bags; but we escaped that process. This delay gave us the opportunity of more closely examining the Island. It is about three and a half miles long, two in its greatest width, and nine in circumference. The site of Fort Holmes, the apex, is three hundred and twelve feet above the lake. The eastern margin consists of precipitous cliffs, which, in many places, overhang the water, and furnish a picturesque, rocky fringe, as it were, to the elevated plain. The whole rock foundation is calcareous. It exhibits the effects of a

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powerful diluvial action at early periods, as well as the continued influence of elemental action, still at work. Large portions of the cliffs have been precipitated upon the beach, where the process of degradation has been carried on by the waves. A most striking instance of such precipitations is to be witnessed at the eastern cliff, called Robinson's Folly, which fell, by its own gravitation, within the period of tradition. The formation, at this point, formerly overhung the beach, commanding a fine view of the lake and islands in all directions, in consequence of which it was occupied with a summer-house, by the officers of the British garrison, after the abandonment of the old peninsular fort, about 1780.

"The mineralogical features of the Island are not without interest. I examined the large fragments of debris, which are still prominent, and which exhibit comparatively fresh fractures. The rock contains a portion of sparry matter, which is arranged in reticulæ, filled with white carbonate of lime, in such a state of loose disintegration that the weather soon converts it to the condition of agaric mineral. These reticulæ are commonly in the shape of calcspar, crystallized in minute crystals. The stratum on which this loose formation rests is compact and firm, and agrees in structure with the encrinal limestone of Drummond Island and the Manitoulin chain. But the vesicular stratum, which may be one hundred and ten or twenty feet thick, has been deposited in such a condition that it has not had, in some localities, firmness enough permanently to sustain itself. The consequence is, that the table-land has caved in, and exhibits singular depressions, or grass-covered, cup-shaped cavities, which have no visible outlet for the rain-water that falls in them, unless it percolates through the

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shelly strata. Portions of it, subject to this structure, have been pressed off, during changing seasons, by frosts, and carried away by rains, creating that castellated appearance of pinnacles, which gives so much peculiarity to the rocky outlines of the Island.

"The Arched Rock is an isolated mass of self-sustaining rock, on the eastern facade of cliffs; it offers one of those coincidences of geological degradation in which the firmer texture of the silicious and calcareous portions of it have, thus far, resisted decomposition. Its explanation, is, however, simple: The apex of this geological monument is on a level, or nearly so, with the Fort Holmes summit. While the diluvial action, of which the whole Island gives striking proofs, carried away the rest of the reticulated or magnesian limestone, this singular point, having a firmer texture, resisted its power, and remains to tell the visitor who gazes at it, that waters have once held dominion over the highest part of the Island.

"Before dismissing the subject of the geological phenomena of this Island, it may be observed that it is covered with the erratic block or drift stratum. Primitive, or crystalline pebbles and boulders are found, but not plentifully, on the surface. They are observed, however, on the highest summit, and upon the lower plain; one of the best localities of these boulders, exists on the depressed ground, leading north, in the approach to Dousman's Farm, where there is a remarkable accumulation of blocks of granite and hornblende drift boulders. The principal drift of the Island consists of smooth, small, calcareous pebbles, and, at deeper positions, angular fragments of limestone. Sandstone boulders are not rare. Over the plain leading from the fort north by way of the Skull Rock, are spread extensive

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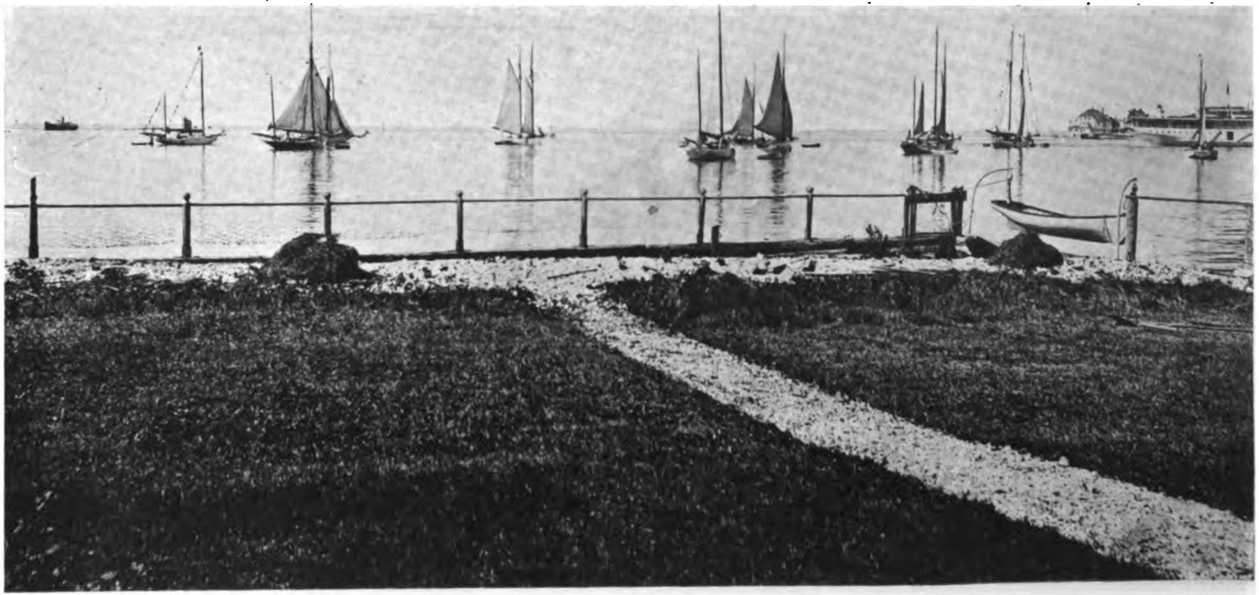

MACKINAC ISLAND HARBOR, FOLLOWING ANNUAL YACHT RACE CHICAGO TO MACKINAC

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BABY MANITOU, EAST SHORE BOULEVARD, MACKINAC ISLAND

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beds of finely comminuted calcareous gravel, the particles of which often not exceeding the size of a buck-shot, which makes one of the most solid and compact natural macadamized roads of which it is possible to conceive. Carriage wheels run upon it as smoothly, but far more solid, than they could over a plank floor. This formation appears to be the diluvial residuum or ultimate wash, which arranged itself agreeable to the laws of its own gravitation, on the recession of the watery element, to which its comminution is clearly due. It would be worth transportation, in boxes, for gravelling ornamental garden-walks. The soil of the Island is highly charged with the calcareous element, and, however barren in appearance, is favorable to vegetation. Potatoes have been known to be raised in pure beds of small limestone pebbles, where the seed potatoes have been merely covered in a slight way, to shield them from the sun, until they had taken root. . . .

"The present town is pleasantly situated around a little bay that affords good clay anchorage and a protection from west and north winds. It has a very antique and foreign look, and most of the inhabitants are, indeed, of the Canadian type of the French. The French language is chiefly spoken. It consists of about one hundred and fifty houses and some four hundred and fifty permanent inhabitants.

"It is the seat of justice for the most northerly county of Michigan. According to the observation of Lieut. Evelith, the Island lies in north latitude 45° 54′, which is only twenty-three minutes north of Montreal, as stated by Prof. Silliman. It is in west longitude 7° 10′ from Washington. . . .

"Fort 'Mackina' is eligibly situated on a cliff overlooking

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the town and harbor, and is garrisoned by a company of artillery. The ruin of Fort Holmes, formerly Fort George, occupies the apex of the Island, and has been dismantled since the British evacuated it in 1815 . . .

"To observe the structure and character of the Island of Michilimackinac, I determined to walk entirely around it, following the beach at the foot of the cliffs. This, although a difficult task, from brush and debris, became a practicable one, except on the north and northwest borders, where there was, for limited spaces, no margin of debris, at which points it became necessary to wade in the water at the base of the low precipitous rocks. In addition to the reticulated masses of limestone covered with calcspar from the fallen cliffs, the search disclosed small tubular pieces of minutely crystallized quartz and angular masses of a kind of striped hornstone, gray and lead colored, which had been liberated from similar positions on the cliffs. On passing the west margin of the Island, I observed a bed of a species of light-blue clay, which is stated to part with its coloring matter in baking it, becoming white.

"While the British possessed the Island, they attempted to procure water by digging two wells at the site of Fort George (now Holmes), but were induced to relinquish the work without success, at the depth of about one hundred feet. Among the fragments of rock thrown out, are impressions of bivalve and univalve shells, with an impression resembling the head of a trilobite. These are generally in the condition of chalcedony, covered with very minute crystals of quartz. I also discovered a drift specimen of brown oxide of iron, on the north quarter. This sketch embraces all that is important in its mineralogical character.

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"This Island appears to have been occupied by the Indians from an early period. Human bones have been discovered at more than one point, in the cavernous structure of the Island; but no place has been so much celebrated for disclosure of this kind, as the Skull Cave. This cave has a prominent entrance, shaded by a few trees, and appears to have been once devoted to the offices of a charnel-house by the Indians. It is not mentioned at all, however, by writers, until 1763, in the month of June, of which year the Fort of Old Mackinaw on the peninsula, was treacherously taken by the Sac and Chippewa Indians. . . .

"Society at Michilimackinac consists of so many diverse elements, which impart their hue to it, that it is not easy for a passing traveller to form any just estimate of it. The Indian, with his plumes, and gay and easy costume, always imparts an oriental air to it. To this, the Canadian, gay, thoughtless, ever bent on the present, and caring nothing for tomorrow, adds another phase. The trader, or interior clerk, who takes his outfit of goods to the Indians, and spends eleven months of the year in toil, and want, and petty traffic, appears to dissipate his means with a sailor-like improvidence in a few weeks, and then returns to his forest wanderings; and boiled corn, pork, and wild rice again supply his wants. There is in these periodical resorts to the central quarters of the Fur Company, much to remind one of the old feudal manners, in which there is proud hospitality and a show of lordliness on the one side, and gay obsequiousness and cringing dependence on the other, at least till the annual bargains for the trade are closed.

"We were informed that there is neither school, preaching, a physician (other than at the garrison), nor an attor-

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ney, in the place. There are, however, courts of law, a post-office, and a jail, and one or more justices of the peace.

"There is a fish market every morning, where may be had the trout—two species—and the white fish, the former of which are caught with hooks in deep water, and the latter in gill nets. Occasionally other species appear, but the trout and white fish, which are highly esteemed, are staples, and may be relied on in the shore market daily; whole canoe loads of them are brought in.

"The name of this Island is said to signify a great turtle, to which it has a fancied resemblance, when viewed from a distance. Mikenok, and not Mackenok, is, however, the name for a tortoise. The term, as pronounced by the Indians, is Michinemockinokong, signifying a place of the Great Michinamockinocks, or rock-spirits. Of this word, *Mich* is from *Michau* (adjective-animate), great. The term *mackinok,* in the Algonquin mythology, denotes in the singular, a species of spirits, called turtle spirits, or large fairies, who are thought to frequent its mysterious cliffs and glens. The plural of this word, which is an inanimate plural, is *ong,* which is the ordinary form of all nouns ending in the vowel *o.* When the French came to write this, they cast away the Indian local in *ong,* changed the sound of *n* to *l,* and gave the force *mack* and *nack,* to *mök* and *nök.* The vowel *e,* after the first syllable, is merely a connective in the Indian, and which is represented in the French orthography in this word by *i.* The ordinary interpretation of great turtle is, therefore, not widely amiss; but in its true meaning, the term enters more deeply into the Indian mythology than is conjectured. The Island was deemed, in a peculiar sense, the residence of spirits during all its earlier ages. Its cliffs, and dense and dark groves

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of maples, beech, and iron-wood, cast fearful shadows; and it was landed on by them in fearfulness, and regarded far and near as the *Sacred Island*. Its apex is, indeed, the true Indian Olympus of the tribes, whose superstitions and mythology peopled it by gods, or monitos.

"Since our arrival here, there has been a great number of Indians of the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes encamped near the town. The beach of the lake has been constantly lined with Indian wigwams and bark canoes. These tribes are generally well dressed in their own costume, which is light and artistic, and exhibit physiognomies with more regularity of features and mildness of expression than it is common to find among them. This is probably attributable to a greater intermixture of blood in this vicinity. They resort to the Island, at this season, for the purpose of exchanging their furs, maple-sugar, mats, and small manufactures. Among the latter are various articles of ornament, made by the females, from the fine white deer skin, or yellow birch bark, embroidered with colored porcupine quills. The floor mats, made from rushes, are generally more or less figured. Mockasins, miniature sugar-boxes, called mo-cocks, shot-pouches, and a kind of pin and needle-holders, or housewives, are elaborately beaded. But nothing exceeds in value the largest mercantile mockocks of sugar, which are brought in for sale. They receive for this article six cents per pound, in merchandise, and the amount made in a season, by a single family, is sometimes fifteen hundred pounds. The Ottawas of L'Arbre Croche are estimated at one thousand souls, which, divided by five, would give two hundred families; and by admitting each family to manufacture but two hundred pounds per annum. would give a total of forty thousand pounds; and there are

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probably as many Chippewas within the basins of Lakes Huron and Michigan. This item alone shows the importance of the Indian trade, distinct from the question of furs.

"During the time we remained on this Island, the atmosphere denoted a mean temperature of 55° Fahrenheit. The changes are often sudden and great. The Island is subject to be enveloped in fogs, which frequently rise rapidly. These fogs are sometimes so dense, as to obscure completely objects at but a short distance. I visited Round Island one day with Lieut. Mackay, and we were both engaged in taking views of the Fort and town of Michilimackinac when one of these dense fogs came on, and spread itself with such rapidity, that we were compelled to relinquish our designs unfinished, and it was not without difficulty that we could make our way across the narrow channel, and return to the Island. This fact enabled me to realize what the old travellers of the region have affirmed on this topic.

"We were received during our visit there in the most hospitable manner, as well as with official courtesy, by Capt. B. K. Pierce, the commanding officer, Major Pothuff, the Indian agent, and by the active and intelligent agents of Mr. John Jacob Astor, the great fiscal head of the Fur trade in this quarter."

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CHAPTER V

McKENNEY'S *SKETCHES OF A TOUR TO THE LAKES*, 1826

THOMAS L. McKENNEY, a native of Maryland, and educated at Washington College, was a merchant in Georgetown, D. C., when in 1816 he was appointed by President Madison to be Superintendent of Indian affairs. His successful experience in this position led to his appointment, in 1826, as joint Commissioner with Governor Lewis Cass to negotiate a treaty with the Ojibways at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, then in the Territory of Michigan. On his way thither he stopped at Mackinac Island, and in the following year published an interesting account of his observations, in a volume with the above title. He is also the author, in conjunction with James Hall, of the well-known McKenney and Hall's *History of the Indian Tribes*. It is said, "his personal appearance was so imposing that the famous artist, Charles Loring Elliott, requested him to sit for his picture, when was produced one of the most superb portraits ever painted in this country." [1] The book here noticed is written in the form of letters to a friend. At the point where we begin he has just left Sault Ste. Marie, having spent some days with the Schoolcrafts. He is describing the canoe that is bearing his party towards Mackinac: [2]

[1] Lanman, *Red Book of Michigan*, p. 467.
[2] P. 383–397.

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"Around the sides, and upon a white ground, is a festoon of green and red paint. The rim is alternate green, red, and white. On each side of the bow, on a white ground, is the bust of an Indian chief, smoking, even larger than life. The awning is bordered with green, and red, and white; in the stern our flag flies, and in the bow is an enormous wooden pipe. The canoe is thirty-six feet long, and five wide, across the centre, and is paddled by ten men. This is the canoe that was made at Fond du Lac; and on both sides, and against the swell of the middle, is painted in large letters, FOND DU LAC. That in which I voyaged up and down the lake, I have parted from, and forever—by leaving it with its owner, Mr. Schoolcraft. In this, besides our *voyageurs,* are the Governor, myself, and Mr. Brush. The remainder of our company is in barges. Mr. Holliday keeps company in his canoe, and has with him Mr. Agnew, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Lewis—and these, sitting face to face, between the central bars of the canoe, look as close packed as (Cowper once said his summer house would be under certain circumstances) 'wax figures in an old fashion picture frame.'

"At one o'clock we were off the mouth of the St. Mary's; and at half past four, opposite Drummond's Island. Encamped six miles beyond the Detour. Wind north-west, and cold. We are now thirty-six miles from Michilimackinac.

"Sunday, Aug. 27th.

"Embarked at half past five, wind north, and blowing fresh. At half past seven saw the Island of Michilimackinac, looking to be about four hundred yards in diameter. Landed on an island to breakfast—from thence made the traverse to Goose Island, before a fresh breeze, and over a

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high and rugged swell. I saw the *voyageurs* were alarmed. Ran around the southwest side of the island, and landed at eleven o'clock. Found some Indians here, who told us it was not safe to proceed. A cloud rose in the south, and looked threatening. Some thunder. It passed over, and there was an appearance of calmer weather; but the waves were running high. One of the *voyageurs* refused to proceed, and said we knew nothing of the danger. In an hour we all thought we might venture across—distant to Michilimackinac, nine miles in a straight line. Put out. The lake (Huron) boisterous beyond what we had expected. Arrived at Michilimackinac, preceded by the barges, which, having ventured well out in the lake, took the wind from the cloud, and were fortunately blown in. Arrived at Mackinac at half past two o'clock in a heavy shower of rain, which levelled the waves of the lake, and made the water comparatively smooth.

"We were met at the landing by several gentlemen, and politely invited by Mr. R. Stuart, principal of the American Fur Company, to take up our quarters with him, which invitation was accepted.

"Dined, and visited, in company with Mr. Stuart, the missionary establishment in charge of Mr. Ferry. Found the whole family at supper; after which, we joined them in their prayers, which are offered up after this meal, and before the children disperse. After an introduction to the members, we returned and took tea with Mrs. Stuart, an interesting lady, of accomplished manners and fine intelligence, and who has additional interest in my eyes on account of her warm attachment to the missionary establishment.

"Heard that the *Ghent*, in which we came to Drummond's

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Island, had returned to Detroit, was condemned, and sunk! Her bottom was entirely decayed, so much so as to yield to the slightest pressure! She went from the Detour, after we parted from her, to Michilimackinac, took in part of a cargo, returned to Detroit, and while in the act of receiving her return cargo, sunk!—Our escape was indeed narrow!

"Monday, Aug. 28th.

"Weather unpleasant, too wet to examine the Island. Received a visit from the officers of the garrison. After dinner returned the compliment, under a salute from the Fort. There is only one company here, of forty-seven men, including officers. The place is impregnable if well fortified.

"I inclose a sketch of the Island, reduced from a drawing by Lieut. Eveleth, who was drowned some years ago in Lake Michigan. The drawing represents the Island as it is approached from the south-east, and is an excellent representation of it, judging from what I have seen. Interesting historical events crowd in upon my mind in regard to this Island; and *old* Mackinac—(you see I write the name sometimes in extenso, and sometimes as now abbreviated) to some of which I will refer in the course of my correspondence from here; and as I intend travelling all over the Island, I may have some descriptive notes to give. But these, like the rest of my efforts to gratify you, will be sketches, and rapid ones only.

"Island Michilimackinac, Aug. 29, 1826.

"My Dear—

"All the world knows that the name of this Island is Indian, and means *Great Turtle.* Some have thought it came

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from *Imakinakos*, from the belief that an Indian spirit once inhabited the Island. The figure of the Island, its top resembling the shell of a turtle, would confirm the supposition that its name is derived from its form.

"The morning was clear, and was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns from the Fort, and these were the tokens of those mingled feelings of sorrow and joy which are going the rounds of our country, for the loss of the two great men whose spirits, on the fourth of July last, joined in their ascent to their great reward, and to run together from the same starting place, the rounds of the same eternity. The tidings of their deaths have just been received here.

"At seven o'clock the sky was suddenly blackened over with clouds from the north, and a heavy rain fell, accompanied with lightning and thunder. Minute guns were fired, after the salute, through the day, and I could but remark, that often their flash was followed by one more brilliant from the clouds; and their roar with a peal of thunder. It seemed like reflection and echo. Minute guns, you know, are fired every half hour; and I believe I counted four distinct echoes of this sort, which followed immediately, though with louder sounds, the discharges of the artillery. The Revenue Cutter displayed her flag at half mast, and thus the emblems of mourning have been exhibited at this post, and fifty-six days after our venerable fathers, to whose memories these honours have been awarded, had fallen asleep. And further on yet are these honours destined to be shewn. At the *Sault*, and up the Mississippi; nor will they cease until every spot, on which the power of the country rests, or floats, shall have assisted in circulating the funeral dirge, and proclaiming that two great men have fallen in our Israel. We met the tidings, as I have already

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written you, at the Sault; and first witnessed these mournful honours here. Col. Laurence was waiting for the arrival of the official despatch. The newspapers had outrun it; but on their annunciation he thought it best not to act. . . .

"Dr. S——e politely offered to accompany me over the Island, and to furnish me with a pony. After dinner we set out. We commenced our ramble by riding round the south-eastern shore of the Island, along by the ruins of Robertson's Folly, and thence on to the celebrated *Arch Rock.* After surveying this wonderful formation for some time, we dismounted, tied our horses, and commenced a steep ascent by a way which led through an immense arch, just beyond which we took our stations to gaze on the arch above us, about one-third of the way to which we had clambered. I wish I had a drawing of this wonderful formation. I find some difficulty in describing it. You will, however, imagine a shore of about fifty yards in width, washed by the waters of an immense lake, covered with huge fragments of rock, and grown up with cedars; and then precipitous and irregular and broken elevations, which look as if the elements from the north-east had been at war upon them since the creation, and varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. From these, at this place, a rocky projection stands out in a northerly direction, in the side of which an arch-like opening has been made, through which you ascend about fifty feet, when over your head you behold the Giant's arch, with a perfect, but rugged outline, one base resting on this rocky projection, and the other on the hill. The span of the arch I estimate at fifty feet, and its centre, from shore to shore, one hundred and fifty feet. You would, on seeing the white clouds

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and the blue sky through this opening, be led to fancy it a drawing against the heavens. But this arch is crumbling, and a few years will deprive the Island of Michilimackinac of a curiosity which it is worth visiting to see, even if this were the only inducement. Where it rests on the rocky projection, and the main land, the span is thicker and firmer, but as it approaches the centre, it decreases in dimensions, and does not appear to be more than four feet through, with a breadth across of not more than three feet. A few shrubs grow out of the top. I was told by Dr. S—— that not long ago a young gentleman had the temerity to walk over this span from the main to the rocky projection!

"After gazing for some time at this immense and towering arch, and being deeply impressed with the rocky grandeur of the scene, we descended to the shore, mounted our horses, and returned by the route we had come, and just beyond Robertson's Folly, which is about a mile north-east from the village, and ascended a precipitous and narrow pathway to a summit of about thirty feet, and of most irregular ascent. Here we dismounted, and taking our bridle reins in our hands, the Doctor leading the way, we clambered up another pathway, just wide enough, and hardly so, for the horses feet, and fifty feet above our resting place, where we paused to rest, and to survey the gulfy way by which we had reached our present elevation. I never was so completely exhausted in my life. The horses pressed on us, nor was it possible for them to stop with any kind of safety—whilst the narrowness of the way, and its angles, across which the horses had sometimes to step, made it necessary for us to ascend at such a pace as to insure to these animals a freedom in placing their feet in such way

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as to secure them from a false step—one of which, it appeared to me, would have lost them their balance, and their lives!

"Having rested ourselves, we mounted, and pursued our way to the *Giant's arch,* to take a look at it from above. The view is appalling from this giddy height, but sublime from below. Thence we proceeded to the *pyramid,* or Sugar-loaf rock. I should judge this rock to be about eighty feet high; at the top, about ten feet through, and at its base, thirty. It is irregular in its form, and broken in cracks, or fissures, and out of these grow little cedars. It rises out of nearly a level plain, and is north-easterly from Fort Holmes, which is the apex of the Island, and which cannot be much short, if any, of three hundred and fifty feet from the water of the lake.

"From this we proceeded to *Skull Rock.* This rock is due north from the fort, and about four hundred yards from it. Its form is very irregular, and rises out of a level surface, but by the abrasion of the rock, a mound is raised round it of about ten feet, and which is level with the floor of the opening which looks south; and which opening is about four feet high, and ten wide, and shell-shaped. It is irregular and broken about the mouth. This rock is famed as having been the hiding-place selected by the Indian at the massacre of old Michilimackinac, in 1763, for the preservation of Henry. I cannot describe my feelings as I sat at the mouth of this rock, and looked in upon the very ground on which this adventurous traveller had spent hours of suspense, and amidst circumstances the most disastrous and appalling.

"All this was in my recollection. I had read the account,

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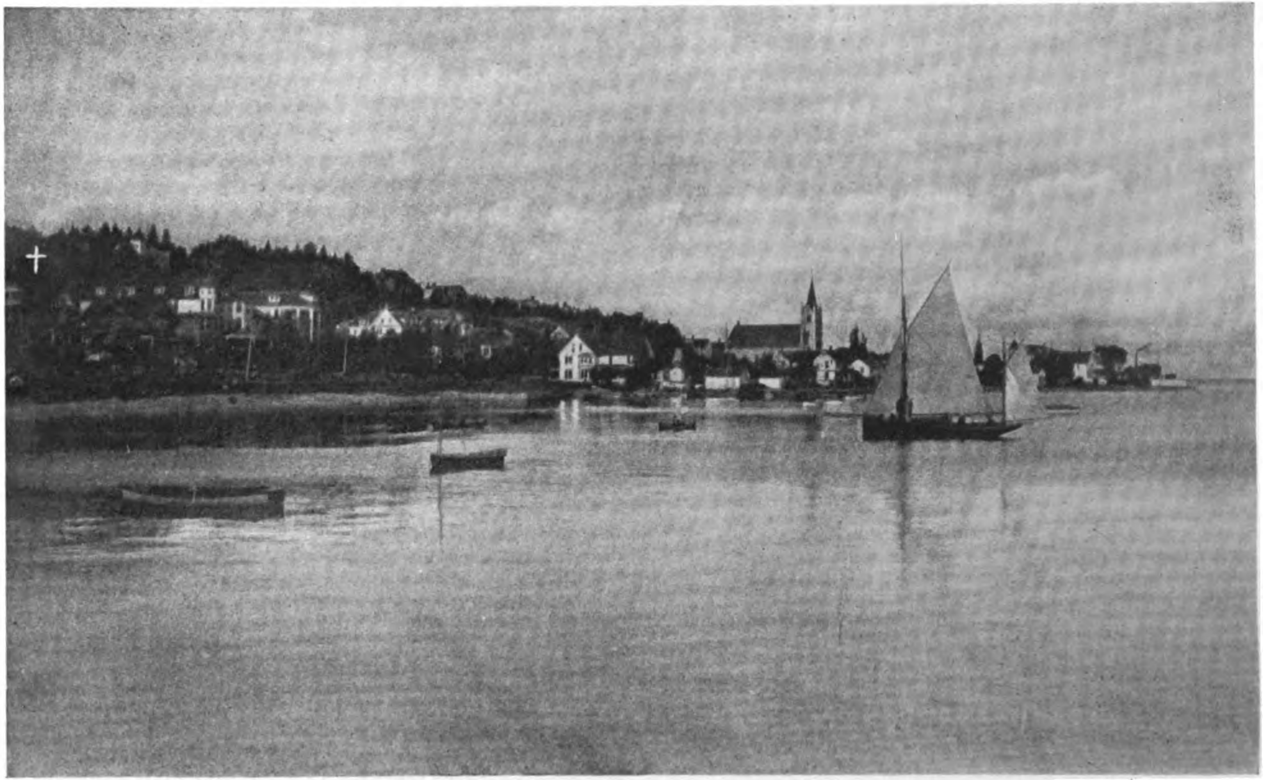

FINE VIEW OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH AND HARBOR

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HOMES AND GROUNDS OF MACKINAC ISLAND'S SUMMER RESIDENTS

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but had hardly ventured to anticipate that I should ever see a place made thus famous. After surveying the opening for some time, I entered it, and found it to be, in a general way, just as Henry had described it. I sat down upon the spot on which, doubtless, he had slept on the branches of the trees, and saw around me pieces of the same bones that he had seen, and perhaps handled. 'The further aperture' is to the left of the entrance, and is yet 'too small to be explored.' I got into it to the distance of five feet, but no further; and by the light that passed my body, saw its termination, which was not over ten feet further. With my cane, I drew out several bones from its extreme end, and shall take them home with me, as relics of a place so remarkable and so interesting. The depth of the opening, with its 'further end rounded like an oven,' is not more than six or eight feet; and in circumference, I should judge, about thirty feet.

"It appears, from Henry, that Wawatam had no knowledge that bones were in this rock; and on returning, and mentioning it to the rest of the Indians, they all flocked to see the place, and were all ignorant, until now, of its character. . . .

"For myself, I have no opinion to give in regard to the subject, but incline to Henry's. One thing is certain, and that is, the time has gone by when anything certain can be known in regard to the matter.

"From Skull Rock, we ascended the crown of the Island, that highest part as seen in the drawing, which is just back, and north of the rock, and on which are the remains of the works thrown up by the British in the late war, and called by them Fort George, but known now by the title of Fort

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Holmes, and so called in honour of the gallant officer who fell in the late war in an unsuccessful attack upon the Island by Colonel Croghan.

"It is not possible to give you, my dear ——, even the slightest conception of the grandeur of the view from this vast elevation! The lake, Huron, spreads out before you in the east as far as the eye can see; its islands, green and ornamental, varying and beautifying the scene—Round Island—Bois Blanc, and others; and then the main to the west and north-west—the Rabbits' Back, and the opening into Lake Michigan, with the scenery of Michilimackinac itself, with its fort and beautifully varied surface, make altogether the most commanding display which the lake makes anywhere of its vastness and variety, and grandeur. I wish you could see it all.

"Fort Holmes is nearly a parallelogram, and though now in ruins, except some of its nearly horizonal pickets, which incline out over the trenches, and the breastwork out of which they rise, and the interior of a store room, enough remains to demonstrate the strength of the design, and its superiority over the old Fort, which this completely commands. For offensive operations, however, against an attack by water, its position would be of little avail, as ships may lie under the bluffs and out of range of the shot. Under such circumstances a garrison could be starved into a surrender. There is one way to it also, that from the north-west, by which a siege, regularly carried on, might succeed; but not without a great expense both of blood and treasure.

"From Fort Holmes we visited Croghan's battle-ground, and the place of his landing, which is on the north-western side of the Island, in nearly a direct line from the Fort, as

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seen in the drawing, and about three miles from it. The Island is about nine miles in circumference. We had the place pointed out to us where it is said Holmes fell. It is a double rocky mound, just back of Dousman's stables. Col. Croghan, I understand, says he fell on the field half a mile west of this spot.

"It is never an ungrateful task to speak of the attachment and fidelity of even a slave. It was to the faithfulness of one of this class of people, that the feelings of Croghan's army were spared the pain of believing that Holmes, like many other gallant fellows, had been the subject of savage ferocity. When he fell, pierced as he was by two balls, this domestic, a black man, took him in his arms and hurried the body away into the woods bordering the battle ground, and there covered it carefully with brush and leaves, and then hastening to the landing, conveyed to the commanding officer the gratifying information that the body was safe. A flag of truce was sent, which was accompanied by this faithful domestic, who piloted the officer to the spot where the body was found just as the faithful negro had left it. It now lies at Fort Gratiot, in the rest and retirement of a warrior's grave, instead of having been stripped, and scalped, and mangled by the savage allies of the enemy, and his bones left to bleach on the battle-field where he fell.

"From this landing we rode around the western and southern shores of the Island, and saw the chimney rock, which is pretty much like the one at Harper's Ferry of the same name, and stands like that on the side of a hill. It is like that also, a body of stones, which happened to have been supported by resting one on another in the hill, which once embosomed them, but the earth and looser particles having been washed away, these now stand out exposed to

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the view. I suppose this chimney rock to be about fifty feet high. Further on we came to a huge rock fronting the south-west, which projects out of the hill, and is in height about seventy feet, in which is a cavern, into which we rode our ponies. This we called the *Manitoulin rock.* It is full of openings for twenty feet above our heads, and is, no doubt, a place at which the Indians have often listened in dismay to the echoes of the surge on the lake shore, not knowing whence they came, and attributing them to the voice of a *manito!*

"Still keeping the shore of the lake, as indeed we were obliged to do, from the rocky and towering elevations which bind it—we arrived opposite an Indian burying-ground, near which, and along the beach, were several lodges; and Indian women engaged in weaving mats; and, as usual, any quantity of their half-wild dogs, with their pointed noses and fox ears. About half a mile further on, is the village of Mackinac.

"I will not venture upon the history of those regions, the most famous periods of which are those of Pontiac's war, and of our late contest with England. For the incidents connected with the former, I refer you to Henry; those which relate to the latter need not be repeated here.

"This Island is bold and rugged, as seen in the approach to it, and on all sides, except the north-west, there the hills incline gradually down to the shore. There are the most decided marks of the action of water for two hundred feet above the level of the lake, indeed up to Fort Holmes. This forms the first mound; the next is that on which the fortress is built, which is just on the edge of an almost perpendicular descent of an hundred and fifty feet; against a large portion of this hill a stone wall has been built, by the

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side of which the way leads, by means of steps, into the gateway of the Fort. Below this is another terrace, of about four hundred yards deep, of nearly level ground, and just under the hill on which the Fort stands. On this the town is built, and the gardens are cultivated, in which are about fifty trees. This terrace stretches, varying in width, from the southern point of the Island to the missionary buildings, which are near its north-eastern extremity. The village occupies a place which is about fifteen feet above the water of the lake—from it to the water is another gradual descent. All these appear to me to mark a periodical recession of the waters. Indeed, I was shewn the stump of a cedar tree, which is near the gateway of the Fort, and to the right of the steps, as you ascend them, and which is not much short of eighty feet above the level of the lake, to which an Indian, who was known by persons now living on the Island, has been often heard to say his father, in his time, used to fasten his canoe.

"The houses are, with the exception of those owned by the American Fur Company, all of logs, and small; most of them are covered with bark, and nearly all are going to decay. The Fur Company's buildings are extremely valuable, and well adapted to the purposes for which they were built.

"Mackinac is really worth seeing. I think it by no means improbable, especially should the steamboats extend their route to it, that it will become a place of fashionable resort for the summer. There is no finer summer climate in the world. The purest, sweetest air—lake scenery in all its aged and grand magnificence, and the purest water; white fish in perfection, the very best fish, I believe, in the world, and trout, weighing from five to fifty pounds. No

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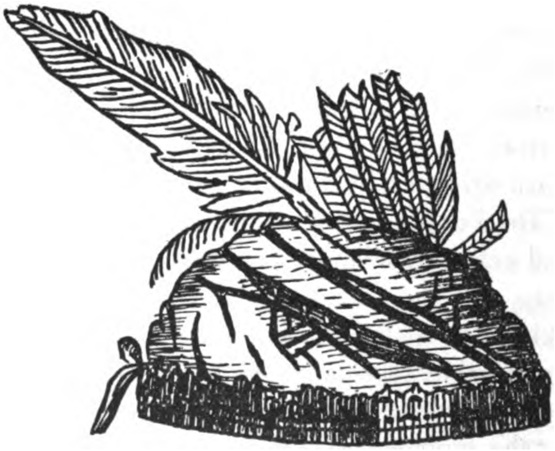
flies and no mosquitoes, nothing to annoy, but every variety for the eye, the taste, and the imagination, with all that earth, and water, and sky can furnish, (except good fresh meat, and where such fish are plenty, this can be dispensed with) to make it agreeable and delightful. There are no bilious fevers here; and temperate people may, with something like certainty, if not organically diseased, spin out life's thread to its utmost tenuity. But in winter I would prefer not to be here; and that would form an exception, as to temperature, of at least *seven* months out of the *twelve*.

"We shall leave Michilimackinac in the morning.

"Ever yours."



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CHAPTER VI

MRS. KINZIE VISITS MACKINAC, 1830

ONE of the best known writers associated with early Mackinac is Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, whose husband, John Harris Kinzie, was a clerk for Robert Stuart, in the Mackinac fur trade, and one of the sons of the reputed "Father of Chicago." [1] In 1856, Mrs. Kinzie published *Wau-Bun, the "Early Day" in the Northwest,* which includes a charming impression of Mackinac Island as it was in 1830. In September of that year she set out with a party from Detroit, on board the steamer *Henry Clay,* and after some exciting experiences in a storm off Thunder Bay, arrived safe at Mackinac, where she was received affectionately by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stuart. Following are her impressions of the Fairy Isle: [2]

"MICHILIMACKINAC! that gem of the Lakes! How bright and beautiful it looked as we walked abroad on the following morning. The rain had passed away, but had left all things glittering in the light of the sun as it rose up over the waters of Lake Huron, far away to the East. Before us was the lovely bay, scarcely yet tranquil after the storm, but dotted with canoes and the boats of the fishermen already getting out their nets for the trout and whitefish, those treasures of the deep. Along the beach were scattered the wigwams or lodges of the Ottawas who had come

[1] *Wis. Hist. Colls.,* XX, 315,—note.
[2] *Wau-Bun,* pp. 18–26.

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to the Island to trade. The inmates came forth to gaze upon us. A shout of welcome was sent forth, as they recognized *Shaw-nee-aw-kee,* who from a seven years' residence among them, was well-known to each individual.

"A shake of the hand, and an emphatic *'Bon-jour—bon-jour,'* is the customary salutation between the Indian and the white man.

" 'Do the Indians speak French?' I inquired of my husband. 'No; this is a fashion they have learned of the French traders during many years of intercourse.'

"Not less hearty was the greeting of each Canadian *engagé,* as he trotted forward to pay his respects to 'Monsieur John,' and to utter a long string of felicitations, in a most incomprehensible *patois.* I was forced to take for granted all the good wishes showered upon 'Madame John,' of which I could comprehend nothing but the hope that I should be happy and contented in my *'vie sauvage.'*

"The object of our early walk was to visit the Mission-house and school which had been some few years previous established at this place, by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. It was an object of especial interest to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, and its flourishing condition at this period, and the prospects of extensive future usefulness it held out, might well gladden their philanthropic hearts. They had lived many years on the Island, and had witnessed its transformation, through God's blessing on Christian efforts, from a worldly community to one of which it might almost be said, 'Religion was every man's business.' This mission establishment was the beloved child and the common centre of interest of the few Protestant families clustered around it. ' Through the zeal and good management of Mr. and Mrs. Ferry, and the fostering encouragement of

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the congregation, the school was in great repute, and it was pleasant to observe the effect of mental and religious culture in subduing the mischievous, tricky propensities of the half-breed, and rousing the stolid apathy of the genuine Indian.

"These were the palmy days of Mackinac. As the headquarters of the American Fur Company, and the *entrepôt* of the whole Northwest, all the trade in supplies and goods on the one hand, and in furs and products of the Indian country on the other, was in the hands of the parent establishment or its numerous outposts scattered along Lakes Superior and Michigan, the Mississippi, or through still more distant regions.

"Probably few are ignorant of the fact, that all the Indian tribes, with the exception of the Miamis and the Wyandots, had, since the transfer of the old French possessions to the British Crown, maintained a firm alliance with the latter. The independence achieved by the United States did not alter the policy of the natives, nor did our government succeed in winning or purchasing their friendship. Great Britain, it is true, bid high to retain them. Every year, the leading men of the Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottowattamies, Menomonees, Winnebagoes, Sauks and Foxes, and even the still more remote tribes, journeyed from their distant homes to Fort Malden in Upper Canada, to receive their annual amount of presents from their Great Father across the water. It was a master-policy thus to keep them in pay, and had enabled those who practised it to do fearful execution through the aid of such allies in the last war between the two countries.

"The presents they thus received were of considerable value, consisting of blankets, broadcloths or *strouding*,

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calicoes, guns, kettles, traps, silver-works (comprising arm-bands, bracelets, brooches, and ear-bobs), looking-glasses, combs, and various other trinkets distributed with no niggardly hand.

"The magazines and store-houses of the Fur Company were the resort of all the upper tribes for the sale of their commodities, and the purchase of all such articles as they had need of, including those above enumerated, and also ammunition, which, as well as money and liquor, their British friends very commendably omitted to furnish them.

"Besides their furs, various in kind and often of great value—beaver, otter, marten, mink, silver-gray and red fox, wolf, bear, and wild cat, musk-rat, and smoked deer-skins—the Indians brought for trade maple-sugar in abundance, considerable quantities of both Indian corn and *petit-blé*,[3] beans and the *folles avoines*,[4] or wild rice, while the squaws added to their quota of merchandise a contribution in the form of moccasins, hunting-pouches, mococks, or little boxes of birch-bark embroidered with porcupine quills and filled with maple-sugar, mats of a neat and durable fabric, and toy-models of Indian cradles, snow shoes, canoes, &c., &c.

"It was no unusual thing, at this period, to see a hundred or more canoes of Indians at once approaching the Island, laden with their articles of traffic; and if to these we add the squadrons of large Mackinaw boats constantly arriving from the outposts, with the furs, peltries, and buffalo-robes collected by the distant traders, some idea may be formed of the extensive operations and important position of the

The following notes are Mrs. Kinzie's.

[3] Corn which has been parboiled, shelled from the cob, and dried in the sun.

[4] Literally, *crazy oats*. It is the French name for the Menomonees.

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MACKINAC ISLAND, VIEW SHOWING MISSION POINT

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MACKINAC ISLAND VIEW. 1917

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American Fur Company, as well as of the vast circle of human beings either immediately or remotely connected with it.

"It is no wonder that the philanthropic mind, surveying these races of uncultivated heathen, should stretch forward to the time when, by an unwearied devotion to the white man's energies, and an untiring sacrifice of self and fortune, his red brethren might rise in the scale of social civilization—when Education and Christianity should go hand in hand to make 'the wilderness blossom as the rose.'

"Little did the noble souls at this day rejoicing in the success of their labors at Mackinac, anticipate that in less than a quarter of a century there would remain of all these numerous tribes but a few scattered bands, squalid, degraded, with scarce a vestige remaining of their former lofty character—their lands cajoled or wrested from them—the graves of their fathers turned up by the ploughshare—themselves chased farther and farther towards the setting sun, until they were literally grudged a resting place on the face of the earth!

"Our visit to the Mission school was of short duration, for the *Henry Clay* was to leave at two o'clock, and in the meantime we were to see what we could of the village and its environs, and after that, dine with Mr. Mitchell, an old friend of my husband. As we walked leisurely along over the white gravelly road, many of the residences of the old inhabitants were pointed out to me. There was the dwelling of Madame Laframboise, an Ottawa woman, whose husband had taught her to read and write, and who had ever after continued to use the knowledge she had acquired for the instruction and improvement of the youth among her own people. It was her custom to receive a

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class of young pupils daily at her house, that she might give them lessons in the branches mentioned, and also in the principles of the Roman Catholic religion, to which she was deeply devoted. She was a woman of a vast deal of energy and enterprise—of a tall and commanding figure, and most dignified deportment. After the death of her husband, who was killed while away at his trading-post by a Winnebago named *White Ox*, she was accustomed to visit herself the trading-posts, superintend the clerks and *engagés*, and satisfy herself that the business was carried on in a regular and profitable manner.

"The Agency-house, with its usual luxuries of piazza and gardens, was situated at the foot of the hill on which the Fort was built. It was a lovely spot, notwithstanding the stunted and dwarfish appearance of all cultivated vegetation in this cold northern latitude.

"The collection of rickety, primitive-looking buildings, occupied by the officials of the Fur Company, reflected no great credit on the architectural skill of my husband, who had superintended their construction, he told me, when little more than a boy.

"There were, besides these, the residences of the Dousmans, the Abbotts, the Biddles, the Drews, and the Lashleys, stretching away along the base of the beautiful hill, crowned with the white walls and buildings of the Fort, the ascent to which was so steep, that on the precipitous face nearest the beach staircases were built by which to mount from below.

"My head ached intensely, the effect of the motion of the boat on the previous day, but I did not like to give up to it; so after I had been shown all that could be seen

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of the little settlement in the short time allowed us, we repaired to Mr. Mitchell's.

"We were received by Mrs. M., an extremely pretty, delicate woman, part French and part Sioux, whose early life had been passed at Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi. She had been a great belle among the young officers at Fort Crawford; so much so, indeed, that the suicide of the post-surgeon was attributed to an unsuccessful attachment he had conceived for her. I was greatly struck with her soft and gentle manners, and the musical intonation of her voice, which I soon learned was a distinguishing peculiarity of those women in whom are united the French and native blood.

"A lady, then upon a visit to the Mission, was of the company. She insisted on my lying down upon the sofa, and ministered most kindly to my suffering head. As she sat by my side, and expatiated upon the new sphere opening before me, she inquired:

" 'Do you not realize very strongly the entire deprivation of religious privileges you will be obliged to suffer in your distant home?'

" 'The deprivation,' said I, "will doubtless be great, but not *entire;* for I shall have my Prayer-Book, and though destitute of a church, we need not be without a *mode* of worship.'

"How often afterwards, when cheered by the consolations of this precious book in the midst of the lonely wilderness, did I remember this conversation, and bless God that I could never, while retaining it, be without 'religious privileges.'

"We had not yet left the dinner-table, when the bell of

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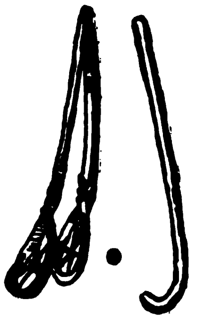
the little steamer sounded to summon us on board, and we bade a hurried farewell to all our kind friends, bearing with us their hearty wishes for a safe and prosperous voyage.

"A finer sight can scarcely be imagined than Mackinac, from the water. As we steamed away from the shore, the view came full upon us—the sloping beach with the scattered wigwams, and canoes drawn up here and there—the irregular, quaint-looking houses—the white walls of the Fort, and beyond one eminence still more lofty, crowned with the remains of old Fort Holmes. The whole picture completed, showed the perfect outline that had given the Island its original Indian name, *Mich-i-li-mack-i-nack*, the Big Turtle.

"Then those pure, living waters, in whose depths the fish might be seen gliding and darting to and fro, whose clearness is such that an object dropped to the bottom may be discerned at the depth of fifty or sixty feet, a dollar lying far down on its green bed, looking no larger than a half dime. I could hardly wonder at the enthusiastic lady who exclaimed: 'Oh! I could wish to be drowned in these pure, beautiful waters!' "



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CHAPTER VII

MACKINAC IN WINTER—1834

SINCE Schoolcraft's visit to Mackinac in 1820 he had been appointed an agent of Indian affairs for the United States at Sault Ste. Marie. This was in 1822. In 1823 he married Miss Jane Johnston, a young woman of education and culture, a grand-daughter of the Ojibway chief Wabo-jeeg. Her father was Mr. John Johnston, an Irish fur-trader of wealth and social distinction. Jane had been sent in early life to Europe for her education, in care of Mr. Johnston's relatives. Schoolcraft's marriage to a woman equally well versed in English and Algonquin was a great aid to his researches, which he carried on with her intelligent assistance at the Sault and at Mackinac. She accompanied him to his new scene of labour at Mackinac in 1833.

It may be of interest to give Schoolcraft's own words on the occasion of his transfer to the Island, which reveal something of the man and his family as well as of the busy life of the Island at that time.[1]

"I had been," he says, "a member of the first exploring expedition which the U. S. Government sent into that region in 1820. Troops landed here to occupy it in 1822, on which occasion I was entrusted by the President, with the management of Indian affairs. I had now lived almost eleven years at this ancient and remote point of settlement,

[1] *Personal Memoirs*, pp. 441–442.

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which is at the foot of the geological basin of Lake Superior—a period which, aside from official duties, was, in truth, devoted to the study of the history, customs, and languages of the Indians. These years are consecrated in my memory as a period of intellectual enjoyment, and of profound and pleasing seclusion from the world. It was not without deep regret that I quitted long cherished scenes, abounding in the wild magnificence of nature, and went back one step into the area of the noisy world, for it was impressed on my mind, that I should never find a theatre of equal repose, and one so well adapted to my simple and domestic taste and habits. For I left here in the precincts of Elmwood, a beautiful seat, which I had adorned with trees of my own planting, which abounded in every convenience and comfort, and commanded one of the most magnificent prospects in the world.

"The change seemed, however, to flow naturally from the development of events. The decision once made, I only waited the entrance into the straits of a first class schooner, which could be chartered to take my collections in natural history, books, and furniture—all which were embarked, with my family, on board the schooner *Mariner* the last week in May. Captain Fowle (who met a melancholy fate many years afterwards, while a Lieutenant-Colonel on board the steamer *Moselle* on the Ohio) had been relieved, as commanding officer of the post, at the same time, and embarked on board the same vessel with his family. We had a pleasant voyage out of the river and up the lake, until reaching the harbor of Mackinac, which we entered early on the morning of the 27th of May. Coming in with an easterly wind, which blows directly into it, the vessel pitched badly at anchor, causing sea-

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sickness, and the rain falling at the same time. As soon as it could be done, I took Mrs. S. and the children and servants in the ship's yawl, and we stood on terra-firma, and found ourselves at ease in the rural and picturesque grounds and domicile of the U. S. Agency, overhung, as it is, by impending cliffs, and commanding one of the most pleasing and captivating views of lake scenery. Here the great whirl of lake commerce, from Buffalo to Chicago, continually passed. The picturesque canoe of the Indian was constantly gliding, and the footsteps of visitors were frequently seen to tread in haste the 'Sacred Island,' rendering it a point of continual contact with the busy world. Emigrants of every class, agog for new El Dorados in the West, eager merchants prudently looking to their interests in the great area of migration, domestic and foreign visitors, with note-book in hand, and some valetudinarians, hoping in the benefits of a pure air and 'white-fish'—these continually filled the harbor, and constituted the ever-moving panorama of our enlarged landscape."

It was a habit of Schoolcraft's, in common with many men of that leisurely day, to keep a journal of events. In 1851, Schoolcraft published his journal under the title, *Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers: with Brief Notices of Passing Events, Facts, and Opinions,* A. D. *1812 to* A. D. *1842.* During his first visit at Mackinac he kept a very complete diary,[2] the reason for which he explains in his entry for New Year's Day:

"1834, *Jan. 1st.* My journal for this winter will be almost purely domestic. It is intended to exhibit a picture

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 458–484.

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of men and things, immediately surrounding a person isolated from the world, on an island in the wide area of Lake Huron, at the point where the current, driven by the winds, rushes furiously through the straits connected with Lake Michigan. Where the ice in the winter freezes and breaks up continually, where the temperature fluctuates greatly with every wind, and where the tempests of snow, rain and hail create a perpetual scene of changing phenomena.

"Society here is scarcely less a subject of remark. It is based on the old French element of the fur trade—that is, a commonalty who are the descendants of French or Canadian boatmen, and clerks and interpreters who have invariably married Indian women. The English, who succeeded to power after the fall of Quebec, chiefly withdrew, but have also left another element in the mixture of Anglo-Saxons, Irishmen or Celts, and Gauls, founded also upon intermarriages with the natives. Under the American rule, the society received an accession of a few females of various European or American lineage, from educated and refined circles. In the modern accession, since about 1800, are included the chief factors of the fur trade, and the persons charged by benevolent societies with the duties of education and of missionaries; and, more than all, with the families of the officers of the military and civil service of the government.

"In such a mass of diverse elements the French language, the Algonquin, in several dialects, and the English, are employed. And among the uneducated, no small mixture of all are brought into vogue in the existing vocabulary. To *fouchet,* and to *chemai,* were here quite common expressions. . . .

"[3rd]. The atmosphere has been severely cold. A

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hard frost last night. I killed an ox for winter beef, and packed it, when cut into pieces, in snow. There has been floating ice, for the first time, in the harbor. The severe weather prevented the St. Ignace Indians from returning.

"One of the St. Ignace Indians, referring to the meteoric phenomenon of the morning of the 13th of November, said that the stars shot over in the form of a bow, and seemed to drop into the lake. Such a display, he added, was never before seen. He says that the Chippewa Indians called the Wolverine 'Gween-guh-auga,' which means underground drummer. This animal is a great digger or burrower. . . .

"*9th.* Maternal Association meets at my house, which, Mrs. S. reports, is well attended. In the evening, Mr. H., Mr. J., Miss McF., and Miss S. . . .

"*13th.* Deep snow drifts, stormy—cold. Very difficult, in consequence of the drifts, to reach the teacher's concert, in the evening, which met at the Court House. Meeting between Mr. D. and Mr. Ferry at my house, to try the effects of conciliation. . . .

"[*14th*]. Mrs. Kingsbury passed the day with us. The church session on examination accepts her, and Mr. D. Stuart, the gentleman named in Irving's *Astoria*. . . .

"*16th.* Took Mr. D. in my cariole to Mr. Ferry's, to further the object of a reconciliation of the matters in difference between them. It commenced raining, soon after we got there, and continued steadily all evening. Got a complete wetting in coming home, and in driving to the fort Mrs. Kingsbury, whom I found there. . . .

"*25th.* A strong easterly wind broke up the ice, which was solid, as far as the Light-House, about ten miles, and again exposed the limpid bosom of the lake in that direc-

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tion; but it did not disturb the straits west. My son John began, this day, to pronounce words having the sound of *r*, for which, agreeably to a natural organic law recognized by philologists, he has heretofore substituted the sound of *l*.

"26*th*. S. A sermon on the efficacy of the prayer of faith without submission to God's better wisdom. I was this day set apart as an elder. . . .

"29*th*. The temperature still rises, and is mild for the season. Gave each of my children a new copy of the Scriptures. If these truths are important, as is acknowledged, they cannot too early know them. I visited Mr. Mitchell. . . .

"[31*st*]. This being Mrs. Schoolcraft's birth-day, I presented her a Bible.

"[Feb.] 3*rd*. Devoted to newspaper reading. In the evening attended the monthly concert.

"4*th*. A small party at dinner, namely, Major Whistler, Lieut. Kingsbury, Mr. Agnew, Mr. Stuart the elder, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Dousman, and Mr. Johnston. The weather continues mild, clear, and calm. In the evening I prepared my mail matter for the Sault, intending to dispatch it by a private express tomorrow. . . .

"24*th*. The third express from Detroit came in at an early hour, and my letters and papers were brought in before breakfast. During breakfast I opened a letter, announcing the death of my sister Catherine, on the 9th of January, at Vernon, N. Y. . . .

"[March] 5*th*. Snow has melted so much, in consequence of the change of temperature, that I am compelled to stop my team from drawing wood. The ice is so bad that it is dangerous to cross. The lake has been open

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from the point of the village to the light-house, since the tempest of the 26th ultimo. The broad lake below the latter point has been open all winter. The lake west has been, in fact, fast and solidly frozen, so as to be crossed with trains, but twelve days! . . .

"*6th.* The evidences of the approach of spring continue. The sun shines with a clear power, unobstructed by clouds. Snow and ice melt rapidly. Visited the Mission's house in the evening. . . .

"*8th.* The wind drives away the broken and floating ice from the harbor, and leaves all clear between it and Round Island. It became cold and freezing in the afternoon. Conference and prayer meetings at my house. . . .

"*14th.* About eight o'clock this morning, a vessel from Detroit dropped anchor in the harbor, causing all hearts to be gay at the termination of our wintry exclusion from the world. It proved to be the *Commodore Lawrence*, of Huron, Ohio, on a trip to Green Bay. Our last vessel left the harbor on the 18th of December, making the period of our incarceration just eighty-five days, or but two and a half months. Visited by Lieut. and Mrs. Lavenworth. . . .

"*17th.* Very mild and pleasant day. The snow is rapidly disappearing under the influence of the sun. Mackinac stands on a horse-shoe bay, on a narrow southern slope of land, having cliffs and high lands immediately back of it, some three hundred feet maximum height. It is, therefore, exposed to the earliest influences of spring, and they develop themselves rapidly. Mr. Hulbert arrived from the *Sault* in the morning, bringing letters from Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Audrain, my sub-agent at that point, &c. . . .

"*19th.* The weather is quite spring-like. Prune cherry

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trees and currant bushes. Transplant plum tree sprouts. Messrs. Biddle and Drew finish preparing their vessel, and anchor her out. . . .

"21*st.* The snow, which has continued falling all night, is twelve to fourteen inches deep in the morning; being the heaviest fall of snow, at one time, all winter. Some ice is formed. . . .

"28*th.* Weather mild; snow melts; wind S. W.; some rain.

"With this evening's setting sun,
Years I number forty-one.

"Visited the officers in the Fort. Rode out in my carriage in the evening, with Mrs. Schoolcraft, to see Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. Ferry.

"29*th.* Moderate temperature continues.

"[April] 1*st.* Satisfied of the excellency of the mission school, I sent my children to it this morning. The Rev. Mr. Ferry, Rev. Mr. Barber, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. D. Stuart, and Mr. Chapman dine with me. In the evening, Capt. and Mrs. Barnum, and Lieut. Kingsbury make a visit. . . .

"4*th.* The season is visibly advancing in its warmth and mildness. Began to prepare hot-beds. Set boxes for flowers and tubs for roots.

"5*th.* The mission schooner *Supply* leaves the harbor on her first trip to Detroit, with a fine west wind, carrying our recent guests from St. Mary's. Transplant flowering shrubs. Miss McFarland passes the day with Mrs. Schoolcraft at the Agency. . . .

"8*th.* Superintending the construction of a small ornamental mound and side wall to the piazza, for shrubbery and flowers. Books are now thrown by for the excitement

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of horticulture. Some Indians visit the office. It is remarkable what straits and sufferings these people undergo every winter for a bare existence. They struggle against cold and hunger, and are very grateful for the least relief. *Kitte-mau-giz-ze Sho-wain-e-min,* is their common expression to an agent—I am poor, show me pity, (or rather) charity me; for they use their substantives for verbs.

"*9th.* The schooner *White Pigeon,* (the name of an Indian chief), enters the harbor, with a mail from Detroit. 'A mail! a mail!' is the cry. Old Saganosh and five Indian families come in. The Indians start up from their wintering places, as if from a cemetery. They seem almost as lean and hungry as their dogs—for an Indian always has dogs—and, if they fare poor, the dogs fare poorer.

"Resumed my preparations at the garden hot-beds.

"The mail brought me letters from Washington, speaking of political excitements. The project for an Indian academy is bluffed off, by saying it should come through the Delegate. Major Whiting writes that he is authorized to have a road surveyed from Saginaw to Mackinac.

"*10th.* Engaged at my horticultural mound. The weather continues mild.

"*11th.* Transplanting cherry trees.

"*12th.* Complete hot-bed, and sow it in part.

"*14th.* The calmness and mildness of the last few days are continued. Spring advances rapidly.

"15th. Mild, strong wind from the West, but falls at evening. Write to Washington respecting an Indian academy.

"Walking with the Rev. Wm. M. Ferry through the second street of the village (M.), leading south, as we came near the corner, turning to Ottawa Point, he pointed out to

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me, on the right hand, half of a large door, painted red, arched and filled with nails, which tradition asserts was the half of the door of the Roman Catholic Church at Old Mackinaw. The fixtures of the church, as of other buildings, were removed and set up on this spot. I afterwards saw the other half of the door standing against an adjoining house.

"16*th*. Wind westerly. Begin to enlarge piazza to the Agency. A party of Beaver Island Indians come in, and report the water of the Straits as clear of ice, and the navigation for some days open.

"The schooner *President*, from Detroit, dropped anchor in the evening.

"17*th*. The schooners *Lawrence*, *White Pigeon*, and *President*, left the harbor this morning, on their way to various ports on Lake Michigan, and we are once more united to the commercial world, on the great chain of lakes above and below us. The *Lawrence*, it will be remembered, entered the harbor on the 14th of March, and has waited thirty-two days for the Straits to open. . . .

"21*st*. The schooner *Nancy Dousman* arrived in the morning from below. A change of weather supervened. Wind N. E., with snow. The ground is covered with it to the depth of one or two inches. Water frozen, giving a sad check to vegetation.

"22*nd*. This morning develops a north-east storm, during which the *Nancy Dousman* is wrecked, but all the cargo saved; a proof that the harbor is no refuge from a northeaster. The wind abates in the evening. . . .

"26*th*. The weather recovers its warm tone, giving a calm sky and clear sunshine. The snow of the 21st rapidly disappears, and by noon is quite gone, and the weather is

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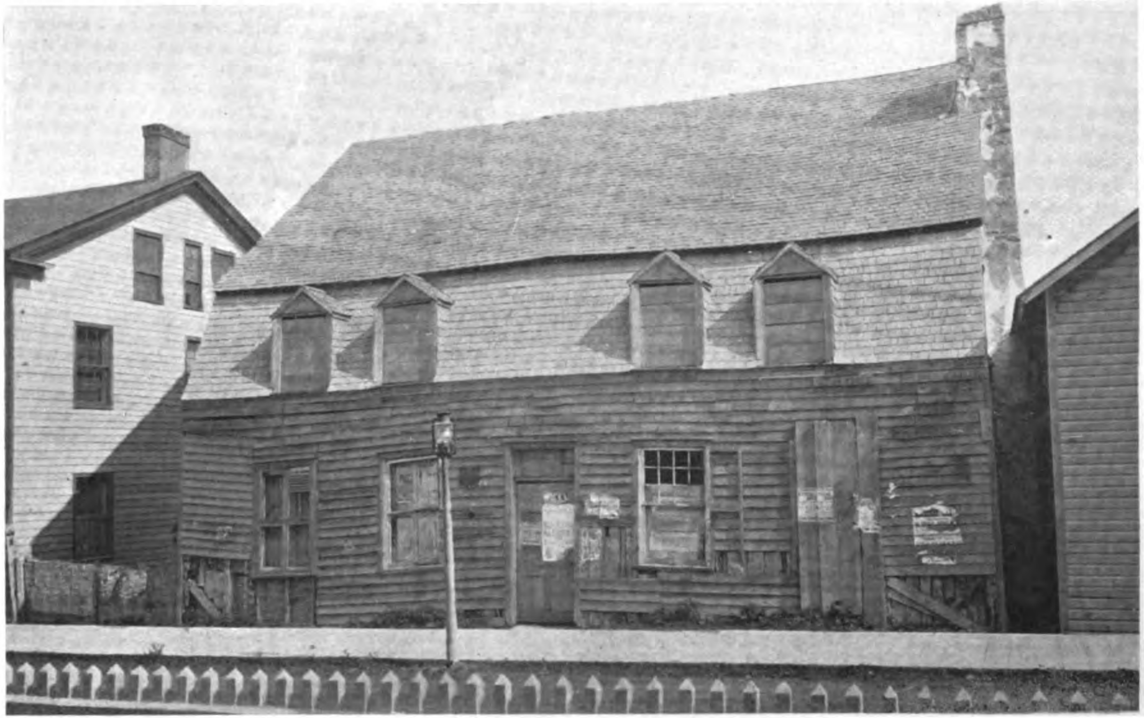

THE OLD MITCHELL HOUSE, MARKET STREET, MACKINAC ISLAND

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SCENE AT UNVEILING OF FATHER MARQUETTE STATUE
Marquette Park, Mackinac Island, 1909

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quite pleasant. The vessels in the harbor continue their voyages. . . .

"29*th.* The atmosphere has regained its equilibrium fully. It is mild throughout the day. Indians begin to come in freely from the adjacent shores. Sow radishes and early seeds.

"30*th.* The schooner *Napoleon,* and the *Eliza,* from Lake Ontario, come in. The Indian world, also seems to have waked from its winter repose. Pabaumitabi visits the office with a large retinue of Ottawas. Shabowawa with his band appear from the Chenoes. Vessels and canoes now again cross each other's track in the harbor.

"*May 1st.* At last 'the winter is gone and past,' and the voice of the robin, if not of the 'turtle' begins to be heard in the land. The whole day is mild, clear, and pleasant, notwithstanding a moderate wind from the East. The schooner *Huron* comes in without a *mail*—a sad disappointment, as we have been a long time without one.

"I strolled up over the cliffs with my children, after their return from school at noon, to gather wild flowers, it being May-day. We came in with the spring beauty, called *miscodeed* by the Indians, the adder's tongue, and some wild violets.

"The day being fine and the lake calm, I visited the Isle Rond—the locality of an old and long abandoned village. On landing on the south side, discovered the site of an ancient Indian town—an open area of several acres—with graves and boulder grave stones. Deep paths had been worn to the water. The graves had inclosures, more or less decayed, of cedar and birch bark, and the whole had the appearance of having been last occupied about seventy years ago. Yet the graves were, as usual, east and west.

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I discovered near this site remains of more ancient occupancy, in a deposit of human bones laid in a trench *north* and *south.* This had all the appearance of one of the antique ossuaries, constructed by an elder race, who collected the bones of their dead periodically. The Indians call this island *Min-nis-ais,* Little Island. Speaking *of* it, the local termination *ing* is added.

"During the day the old Indian prophet Chusco came in, having passed the winter at Chingossamo's village on the Cheboigan River, accompanied by an Indian of that village, who calls himself Yon, which is probably a corruption of John, for he says that his father was an Englishman, and his mother a Chippewa of St. Mary's.

"Chusco and Yon concur in stating that the old town on Round Island was Chi Naigow's, where he and Aishquonaibee's [3] father ruled. It was a large village, occupied still while the British held Old Mackinaw, and not finally abandoned until after the occupancy of the Island post. It consisted of Chippewas. Chi Naigow afterwards went to a bay of Boisblanc, where the public wharf now is, where he cultivated land and died.[4]

"These Indians also state, that at the existence of the town on Round Island, a large Indian village was seated around the present harbor of Mackinac, and the Indians cultivated gardens there. Yon says, that at that time there was a stratum of black earth over the gravel, and that it was not bare gravel as it is now.[5] (He is speaking of the shores of the harbour.) . . .

"*2nd.* Having, on the 19th of April, called the attention

Notes 3–5 are Mr. Schoolcraft's.

[3] A Chief of the Grand Traverse.

[4] His daughter, who was most likely to know, says he died at Manista.

[5] At Mackinac, they, in some places, raise potatoes in clean gravel.

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of Mrs. La Fromboise, an aged Metif lady, to the former state of things here, she says that the post of Chicago was first established under English rule, by a negro man named *Pointe aux Sables,* who was a respectable man.

"The etymology of Chicago appears to be this:—

Chi-cag, *Animal of the Leek or Wild Onion.*
Chi-ca-go-wunz, *The Wild Leek or Pole-cat Plant.*
Chi-ca-go, *Place of the Wild Leek.*

"3*rd.* Seed the borders around the garden lots with clover and timothy, united with oats. Continue to plant in hot-beds, and in the ornamental mound. The *Huron* departs up the lake, the *Austerlitz* returns.

"Drove out in my carriage with Mrs. Schoolcraft and children, round the Island. I found no traces of snow or ice. . . .

"8*th.* The same weather in every respect, with light snow flurries. The last four or five days have been most disheartening weather for this season, and retarded gardening. The leaves of the pie plant have been partially nipped by the frost.

"9*th.* Clear and pleasant—wind west. Drove out with Mrs. Schoolcraft and children to see the arched rock, the sugar-loaf rock, Henry's cave, and other prominent curiosities of the Island. There are extensive old fields on the eastern part of the Island, to which the French apply the term of *Grands Jardins.* No resident pretends to know their origin. Whether due to the labors of the Hurons or the Wyandots, who are known to have been driven by the Iroquois to this Island from the St. Lawrence valley, early in the 17th century; or to a still earlier period, when the ancient bones were deposited in the cave, is not known. It

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is certain that the extent of the fields evince an agricultural industry which is not characteristic of the present Algonquin race. The stones have been carefully gathered into heaps, as in the little valley near the arched rock, to facilitate cultivation. These heaps of stones, in various places might be mistaken for Celtic cairns. . . .

"16*th*. Young Robert Gravereat first came to the office in the capacity of interpreter. It is a calm and mild day; the sun shines out. The thermometer stands at 50° at 8 o'clock, A. M., and the weather appears to be settled for the season. Miss Louisa Johnston comes to pass the summer.

"15*th*. Ploughed potato land, the backward state of the season having rendered it useless earlier. Even now the soil is cold, and requires to lay some time after being ploughed up. . . .

"20*th*. I may now advert to what the busy world has been about, while we have been watching the fields of floating ice, and battling it with the elements through an entire season. A letter from E. A. Brush, Esq., Washington, March 13th says: 'Nothing is talked about here, as I may well presume you know from the papers, but the deposits and their removal, and their restoration; and that frightful mother of all mischief, the money maker (U. S. Bank). Every morning (the morning begins here at twelve, meridian) the Senate chamber is thronged with ladies and feathers, and their obsequious satellites, to hear the sparring. Every morning a speech is made upon presentation of some petition representing that the country is overwhelmed with ruin and disasters, and that the fact is notorious and palpable; or, that the country is highly prosperous and flourishing, and that everybody knows it. One, that its only safety lies in the continuance of the Bank; and the other,

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that our liberties will be prostrated if it is re-chartered. Of course, the well in which poor truth has taken refuge, in this exigency, is very deep.

" 'But the Senate is, at this moment, an extraordinary constellation of talent. There is Mr. Webster, and Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, and a no-way inferior, Mr. Preston, the famous debater in the South Carolina troubles, and Mr. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, the equally celebrated ambassador near the government of South Carolina. All are ranged on one side, and it is a phalanx as formidable, in point of moral force, as the twenty-four can produce. Mr. Forsyth is the atlas upon whose shoulders are made to rest all the sins of the administration. Every shaft flies at him, or rather is intended for others through him; and his Ajax shield of seven bullhides is more than once pierced, in the course of the frequent encounters to which he is invited, and from which they will not permit him to secede. But it is all talk. They will do nothing. A constitutional majority in the Senate (two-thirds) is very doubtful, and a bare one in the House, still more problematical. Of course, you are aware that the executive has expressed its unyielding determination not to sign a bill for the re-charter, or to permit a restoration of the deposits.

" 'Houses are cracking in the cities, as if in the midst of an earthquake, and there is hardly a man engaged in mercantile operations (I might say not one) who will not feel the "pressure." ' "

"Major W. Whiting writes from Detroit, March 28th: 'I spoke of the project of a road to Mackinac, which you wished me to bear in mind. The Secretary approved the project, and the Quarter-Master General said it might be done without a special appropriation. I was authorized to

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have the survey made as soon as the season will permit, and an officer has reported to me for that purpose. He will start from Saginaw some time in the next month, to make a reconnoissance of the country, and will appear at the head of the peninsula when perhaps you little expect such a visitor.

" 'As soon as the survey shall be completed, the cutting out will be put under contract. When this road shall be completed, you will feel more neighborly to us. The express will be able to perform the journey in half the time, and, of course, the trips can be multiplied.'

"*June 4th.* Reuben Smith, a Mission scholar of the Algonquin lineage, determines to leave his temporary employment at the Agency, and complete his education at the eastward. . . .

"*7th.* Cherry trees in full bloom. The steamer *Uncle Sam* enters the harbor, being the first of a line established to Chicago.

"*9th.* Apple and plum trees pretty full in flower.

"*10th.* Mrs. Robert Stuart makes a handsome present of conchological species from the foreign localities to be added to my cabinet.

"*15th.* Major Whistler interdicts preaching in the Fort. Mr. R. Stuart, having returned recently from the East, resumes the superintendence of the Sabbath School at the Mission, from which I had relieved him in the autumn.

"I have written these sketches for my own satisfaction and the refreshment of my memory, in the leading scenes and events of my first winter on the Island, giving prominence to the state and changes of the weather, the occurrences among the natives, and the moral, social, and domestic events around me. But the curtain of the world's great

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drama is now fully raised, by our free commercial and postal union with the region below us; new scenes and topics daily occur, which it would be impossible to note if I tried, and which would be useless if possible. Hereafter my notices must be of isolated things, and may be 'few and far between.' "

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CHAPTER VIII

DR. GILMAN'S *LIFE ON THE LAKES*—1835

IN 1836, during Schoolcraft's residence on the Island, there appeared from a New York house, two little volumes entitled *Life on the Lakes: being Tales and Sketches Collected during a Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.* It contains no preface and purports to be written "By the author of *Legends of a Log Cabin.*" There is internal evidence that the work was written by a physician.[1]

Under date of October 27, 1835, Schoolcraft's diary enters a visit from Dr. C. R. Gilman, of New York, and notice of a letter received from him after returning to the city. Schoolcraft comments: "*Life on the Lakes* [2] was certainly a widely different affair to *Life in New York.* Dr. Gilman was probably the author."

There is a freshness about these volumes, like a breeze off the lakes. They are full of the joy of abounding energy, and the author had a keen sense of humour. There is not a dry line between their covers. They are written in the form of letters, and "Letter X," dated Friday, Sept. 4, begins with the approach to Mackinac: [3]

"We had a pleasant run up Huron yesterday, passing Presque Isle, false Presque Isle, Forty Mile Point (so called from its distance from Mackina). Next we doubled one of the points of a large crescent-shaped island, called by the

[1] See especially letters XX and XXVI of Volume II.
[2] The title of Dr. Gilman's book.
[3] Pp. 88–119, 158–164, 170–181.

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French, *Bois Blanc*, and by the Americans 'Bob lank,' 'Bob low,' or 'Bobby loo'; for I have heard all three of these elegant synonyms. The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, casting long streams of light athwart the ruffled waves, when the Captain called me forward to take the first look at Mackina.

"The first glance of a long looked for object almost always disappoints, but it was not so now; and as I gazed on the distant Island, its steep cliffs rising, as they seemed to do, right out of the water, and towering high in air, their dark outline marked so boldly on the yet glowing West, and, even at the distance we were, the white chalky craigs shining like little pearl spots in the dark face of the Island, my utmost expectations were more than realized.

"The deepening twilight soon made every object indistinct, and I was just resigning myself to the idea of seeing no more of the Island till morning, when from the eastern sky the darkness fled, a faint streak of reddish light heralds the rising moon, it kindles with a ruddier glow, and then from the bosom of the waters, which seem to burn all around her, the moon arose; and soon the whole scene around us was bathed in her bright beams. Far to the North and East we see the shores of the main land, one or two islands standing forward and breaking the regular sweep of the coast; to the Southeast lays the wide expanse of Huron, now all ablaze with moonlight.

"Further to the South, Bois Blanc stretches her horns, spanning in a capacious and well-sheltered bay. To the West, and right over our larboard bow, lays Round Island; round in shape as in name. Its dark tree tops mark almost a perfect arch upon the sky, so regularly does the land rise from every side towards the centre, and so completely is it

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clothed with an unbroken forest. Now let us pass over to the starboard bow, and we have a full and perfect view of 'the Island' of Mackina. We had advanced so rapidly, that it was now in plain sight to the East. It is well wooded, though very precipitous, rising nearly perpendicularly to the height of three to four hundred feet. Further to the left stands a cliff, called Robinson's Folly, which is bare of foliage, and now shines in the bright moon.

"From the base of Robinson's Folly the flat land begins to stretch out; and in the space thus formed is situated the town of Mackina, now only to be distinguished by the lights which glance from house to house, so deep and dark is the shadow cast over the town, and far out into the little bay, by the over-hanging cliffs. On its summit, and just back of the town, stands the Fort; its white walls circling the brow of the hill like a silver crown; a wide carriage-way ascends from the town below, slanting along the face of the bluff to the Fort.

"This scene was enchanting. The tall white cliff, the whiter Fort, the winding yet still precipitous pathway, the village below buried in a deep gloomy shade, the little bay, where two or three small half-rigged sloops lay asleep upon the dark water; would that I could make you know, would that I could make you *feel*, its beauties. It recalled to my mind some of the descriptions I have read of Spanish scenery, where the white walls of some Moorish castle crown the brow of the lofty Sierra. Oh, for the pen of Hoffman! Oh, for the pencil of Cole! But I have neither, so may as well content myself by saying, in my own quiet way: 'The schooner entered the little bay, then lay to; the boat is hauled alongside; trunks, bags, &c., are thrown in; the Captain takes his stand at the stern, tiller in hand; we exchange

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a hasty word of parting with our fellow-passengers, descend to the boat, shove off, give way! We have parted for the last time from the *White Pigeon;* a few moments' rowing, we near the wharf. Some figures are already distinguishable in the darkness; we are alongside; a few moments of hurry and bustle, and two half-breeds are bearing our luggage to the tavern. We bade a cordial farewell to our excellent friend Captain N—— and followed our porters through the darkness. They stop—

" 'Halloa! what is here? You are taking us into a stable yard.' 'Tavern, sir,' was the abrupt and broken reply of one to whom the speaking of English was evidently a labour. We enter through a wide gateway into the yard, cross it, and pass through a smaller wicket gate; then ascending one step, we enter a sort of shed, and finally, into a low, wide hall. All is yet dark. 'Where is the landlord?' 'To-bed.' 'The servants?' 'None.' 'Well, let us at least arrange our luggage.'

"Before this was well done, a gentleman entered, and eagerly inquired for the news from New-York. The voice is certainly familiar. Under his guidance we find our way into the parlour, where a light is still burning. We approach the light together. 'Ah! H——!' 'Why, Doctor!' 'George, can this be you?' We are warmly welcomed by an old friend from New-York. Our greetings over (and they were loud and long) G—— found time to introduce us to Mr. ——, a young lawyer, who had been standing by, a quiet, though apparently very much amused, observer of our mutual transports. He promised to interest himself in getting us accommodations, and we left him engaged in the charitable effort; while, under the guidance of George, went over to the Company's house. Here we had the pleasure

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of meeting another New-Yorker, Mr. H——, and being cordially welcomed to Mackina by Mr. A——, the Company's agent.

"We spent a delightful hour with them, giving and receiving news. Mr. A—— produced a bottle of old wine, which made good his honest boast that they did not drink bad wine in the Island of Mackina. It was superlative; mild, yet with sufficient body, delicate, yet high flavoured. In short, 'twas what the judge (for that is Mr. A——'s title) called it, 'Good Old Madeira.'

"The clock striking ten warned us to bid good night; at the same time we were obliged to bid farewell to George, who was to sail at the dawn of day. We returned to our tavern. It is indeed a primitive structure, but one story high, built of hewn logs and roofed with cedar bark; yet the white-wash with which every part is covered, and which was clearly visible in the bright moon-light, gives a particularly clean appearance to the exterior, which is not belied by the looks of everything within. The ceiling, or rather the garret floor (for there is no ceiling properly so called) is so low, that where the beams cross the room I cannot stand erect. By the kindness of our friend, the lawyer, we were accommodated with beds in different rooms; they were clean and nice, though to a very fastidious person the circumstance that there were two beds in the Major's room and three in mine, might be an objection. This we cared not for; we came here to see the country and its inhabitants (as they are), not to sleep in elegant chambers and lie on soft beds.

"This morning I waked very early. At dawn heard the morning gun from the Fort, and soon after a clattering

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about the house; and the noise of cow-bells under the windows gave us notice that the world was astir.

"N. B. There are more cows in Mackina than in any other place of its size in the known world; and every cow wears at least one bell.

"Warned by this matin music, I arose, and dressed in time for our very early breakfast. We had a broiled white fish at each end of the table; this is the first time we have seen them, they look like shad, but the taste is more that of black fish. Our friends all say that the one at our end of the table was by no means a fair specimen of the fish, of which every North-western epicure speaks in raptures. It will therefore be the most prudent to reserve our opinions on their merits. After breakfast the Major and I took a stroll along the shore and through the town. The Island of Mackina consists of two very distinct and widely different portions; one a high mass of secondary limestone rock, rising from four to five hundred feet above the level of the lake, covered for the most part with a deep soil of decayed vegetable matter. This is the original Island, but around this the constant action of the waves has thrown up a shoal which is gradually stretching out into the water. This lower shelf or terrace is now covered with a thin sandy soil, and on it the town of Mackina is built. It varies very much in width; in some places the water approaches within a few feet of the base of the limestone rock, at others the terrace runs out for near a mile. The town of Mackina is composed entirely of one-story log-houses, roofed with cedar bark; it has a very dilapidated appearance, and is, in fact, fast going to decay.

"Its prosperity was entirely dependent on the fur trade,

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of which it was for very many years the centre. Here the Company had their depot, from which all the traders were supplied with their annual outfit; but now the trade centers on Lake Superior. The Company have their depot at La Pointe, and Mackina depends for its existence on its very trifling fisheries, and on the military post.

"We passed through a half-desolate street to the beach; the wind was high, and the surf came tumbling in with a furious roar. The beach is entirely composed of pebbles. In walking half a mile along it, I did not see a single stone as large as my hat, nor a peck of sand; it was all pebbles, varying in size from an almond to an orange.

"On this beach, close to the roaring surf, we saw two Indian lodges, the first we had ever seen. I need not tell you that I examined them with great interest. The first was made by tying six or eight long poles together at one end, and then spreading them out at the other, as muskets are stacked; round these some Indian matting, made from a species of tall rush, which abounds all through the North-west, is wound, beginning at the top of the poles, and winding diagonally downwards to the ground; thus inclosing a space nearly circular, and about six or eight feet, varying with the length of the poles, in diameter. At the termination of the fold of matting a small triangular opening is left, barely large enough to allow a man to creep in and out; this is the door. Such is the external appearance of the Red Man's home.

"I stooped at the entrance to gain a view of the interior. A small fire was burning in the centre, the smoke from which, after filling the lodge, curls out at the top, where the projecting ends of the poles leave a small aperture.

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Around the fire lay four or five Indians wrapped in their blankets, and apparently half asleep; a squaw stood in the centre cooking some corn in a small kettle; and a half-naked boy and a quite naked infant completed the family group.

"The next lodge differed from this only in the poles being in part covered with an old ragged sail. From the top of one of the tent poles hung several white fish heads, strung, as the good folks of Connecticut do apples to dry. Within this lodge I saw an infant bound to a board. This board is by no means the simple affair I had supposed; it is about eighteen inches wide; near the top a cross piece is fastened edgewise, so as to form a sort of projecting shelf above the infant's head; at each side are handles, by which it is strapped on to the shoulders of the mother. A small hoop is bent from side to side, in front of the infant's face, to prevent its being struck by branches when the mother is walking through the woods, and also to protect it in case of a fall. Leaving these two lodges, we passed along the beach, and soon came to a new, and really very pretty birch bark canoe. As I expect to make a long voyage in one, I examined this with some care. The Indian canoe has been often described, and I dare say you have seen, or at any rate you can see, one in the Museum. Here, near their native element, I looked rather to its safety than to its beauty; though they are beyond doubt very pretty little affairs. It is very light, must be buoyant as a cork on the water, and feels tolerably firm; but I should think the high bow and stern would give the wind great power over her, and make it very difficult to steer her in rough weather. But why should I stop to calculate the chances, and reason *a priori.* Thousands of men have travelled thousands of miles in

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them, and I will go on without fear. Aye, but hundreds, if not thousands, have been lost in them—so much the worse for them.

"Following the line of the beach, we came to a knot of Indian lodges; several like the one I first saw, but some much more wretched. One poor fellow, not having mat enough to form a lodge, had turned his canoe on its side, her bottom windward; stuck his poles in front, and covering them with mat, made between the two his narrow and confined lodge. Another had placed his canoe in the same way, and merely stretched an old sail on two sticks, planted at stem and stern, and lay down in the space thus half sheltered. Another depended on his upturned canoe, entirely without appliances or means to boot; and even he was not very badly off. The canoe, when turned on its side, as they always place them here, rests on one gunwale and the high bow and stern; and thus it forms a shelter, under which half a dozen men can be very comfortable; that is, comfortable '*façon du nord.*'

"While we were loitering round among these lodges, a fishing boat came in sight. All the idlers along the shore, we among the rest, ran down to the water's edge to see what luck the fishermen had had. Their draught had been very good; with two nets they had taken half a dozen large trout and near a hundred white fish. One of the trout was so large we were induced to have him weighed. He weighed forty-seven pounds. As some one opened his huge mouth, I saw in his throat the tail of a white fish. I pointed it out to the Indians, or rather half-breeds, for such the fishermen were, and immediately one of them went to work to pull it out. He tugged a long time in vain, and was at last obliged

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GRAND HOTEL, MACKINAC ISLAND

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VIEW OF HARBOR FROM CASS CLIFF, MACKINAC ISLAND

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to cut the mouth a good deal before he could get it. Out it came at last, a white fish of twenty inches long. I was amused to see the coolness with which the half-breed threw this fish among the others; for by this time the whole cargo was ashore, and the women busy cleaning them. He answered an objection which I ventured, by an assurance that the half-swallowed white fish was '*tout aussi bon que les autres.*' At the fish-boat our friend H—— joined us, and proposed a ramble over the Island. We ascended the hill on which the Fort stands, and passing behind it through an open space where the soldiers have a ninepin alley and a shooting ground '*pour passer le temps,*' we entered a wood of scrubby oak and dwarf maple; the ground gradually rising as we approach the centre of the Island. At the very highest point are the ruins of the Fort, which was built by the English. They called it Fort George, I believe; but it is now only known by the name of the gallant Holmes who fell in the unsuccessful attack made on it by Croghan. The general outline of the Fort can still be very distinctly traced; the sodded walls have lost but little of their height, the embrasures where the cannon were placed, the reservoir for water, and the bakehouse, were each pointed out by our friend.

"From the ramparts of Fort Holmes we could look over nearly the whole Island; almost immediately before, and a little below us, stands the present Fort; the palisades that surround it, the quarters of the officers and men, all white and clean as possible; beyond, and so far below that it is but partially in sight, lays the town, its old blackened and dilapidated buildings contrasting sadly enough with the bright newness of everything about the Fort.

"To the West was an expanse of well-wooded land, rising

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into moderate eminences or falling away into valleys; though both hill and valley are far below where we stand. Further to the right, that is North-west from Fort Holmes, the land rises to near the level of the Fort, and of course the view in that direction is very limited. Turning still towards the right, we find that the land soon sinks, and gives us a view of the shore of Mackina and the strait which separates it from the main land. In this strait are several islands—the two St. Martins, greater and less, and some smaller ones, which are yet, I believe, nameless; beyond St. Martins, and nearly due east from where we stood, lies Goose Island. Behind it, yet still in plain sight, at a distance of twelve miles, lays the main land, very irregular, and as it stretches to the East, cut up into many islands, indented with bays, till finally only its general outline can be seen, and soon even that blue line is lost in the distance, or mingles with the blue clouds or bluer waters. To the South-east nothing is seen but the wide waste of waters; but south, we find the horns of Bois Blanc, and the woody summit of Round Island completes the magnificent circle of view.

"When we had sated our eyes with the prospect, our kind friend conducted us to the North-eastern part of the Island. We passed directly through a growth of small trees (there are no large trees on Mackina), and then came to an open space of half a dozen acres, covered with a rich sward, dotted here and there of a deeper green by the low wide-spread juniper bushes.

"Advancing a few steps, we found ourselves at the edge of a rocky bluff more than two hundred feet high, and so nearly perpendicular that the least spring would have cleared it. Below was an expanse of thickly-wooded land,

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perhaps half a mile wide. The trees stood so closely together that we could not see the ground in any part, their tops formed an unbroken green carpet the whole distance from the water's edge to the base of the cliff. Did I say unbroken? Not so; in the very midst of this thick wood rises the Sugar Loaf rock; a huge conical mass of limestone. It is, I think, about eighty feet high, perhaps one hundred and fifty in circumference at the base, and not more than two or three yards across at the summit. It is so steep that the ascent is extremely difficult, yet now and then men do attempt it, and some succeed.

"It is a bare rock for the most part, yet in the clefts and crannies a few pines and cedars have found root, and now in part obscure the view of the rocks, yet rather adding to, than diminishing, its beauty.

"We lounged about the edge of the bluff for a long time, gazing on the scene below. There was wind enough to keep the tree tops in the plain constantly in motion, and they rose and sank in long sweeping waves, as if in mimicry of the lake beyond.

"At length we turned away, and following a winding and irregular path towards the center of the Island, we came to the Skull Rock. It is of limestone, about thirty feet high. At the base there is a small opening, some four feet wide and perhaps three high. This is the entrance of a cave, which was formerly used by the Indians as a place of sepulture; indeed, bones are still found in it—hence its name.

"Here it was that poor Henry was concealed by his adopted Indian brother, after the terrible massacre at Old Mackina in 1763. Here he remained three or four days.

"I can scarce imagine a situation more terrible. The single circumstance of being shut up in a dark and narrow

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cave, surrounded on all sides by the mouldering remains of mortality, seems almost too horrible for endurance. You remember Juliet's anticipations of the terrors of such a scene:

> " 'Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
> To whose foul mouth no healthful air breathes in,
> And there die strangled?
> Or, if I live, is it not very like
> The horrible concert of death and night,
> Together with the terror of the place,
> As in a vault—an ancient receptacle,
> Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
> —lie pack'd?—I shall be destraught.'

"But these, the natural and necessary horrors of the place, were, we may suppose, as nothing to Henry's mind, haunted as it must have been by the recollection of the savage butcheries he had the day before witnessed, and harassed by the apprehension that his place of retreat (which at the thought must have grown even dear to him) might be discovered, and his life, so often and so strangely preserved, be lost at last. It was a situation to try the heart of man; and that Henry came out of it without being as poor Juliet says, 'destraught,' is proof that his was a stout one.

"The cave has fallen in very much, and, though both the Major and myself entered it, yet, after advancing a few feet, finding a place through which we could only pass by crawling flat on the ground, our discretion got the better of our curiosity, and we came out.

"H—— tells us that, a short time ago, a gentleman penetrated some distance, though with great difficulty, the passage being so low that he could only creep, and not wide

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enough at any part to allow him to turn round, so that he was obliged to make his way out feet foremost.

"Leaving the Skull Rock, from which I broke off some pieces as mementos of the place, and cut a branch of a beautiful mountain ash which grew just above the entrance, too beautiful to be even in thought connected with such a spot of gloom—leaving the Skull Rock, we rambled through the woods, till at length we passed near the burying-ground of the garrison.

"There are about a dozen graves, enclosed in a neat picket fence. This fence, by the way, was put up by an officer formerly in command of Mackina, at his own expense; before his time the graves had been entirely unprotected, as well as unhonoured. The deed does him credit. I wish I knew his name.

"But two of the graves have head-stones, or rather head-boards. They are erected, as the inscriptions painted in black letters on them tell, over the graves of two privates of the garrison, one of whom was drowned in Mackina harbour last year.

"From hence we returned to the Fort, and entering it, were introduced to the officers. They received us with the perfect courtesy which distinguishes the gentlemen of the army, and of which, as well as of their high literary and professional attainments, our country may be proud.

"The physician of this post escorted us to his quarters, where we had some pleasant chat. I have already, I believe, told you that the Fort is built on the very edge of the bluff; from the rear of the Doctor's quarters we could have tossed a biscuit into the garden several hundred feet below. East of the garden, and on the same level, stands the very

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pretty *cottage ornée* of Mr. Schoolcraft the geologist; it is a charming spot, surrounded by grounds laid out with great taste, with several forest trees, and two splendid mountain ash. The bluff, which towers up at a short distance behind the house, must shelter it from the North and North-west winds very perfectly.

"Leaving the doctor's quarters, we descended by the broad way which passes diagonally in front of the rock, and which forms so striking a feature in the view from the water to the town.

"Certainly I have never seen a place which presented as many picturesque objects as Mackina; not only in the scenes I have tried to describe, but in a thousand others. The old half-decayed town, the dilapidated houses, some of un-barked, others of squared logs, others again coated with cedar bark, as they lay on shingles with us. The roofs are of cedar bark, laid on in the same manner as on the sides, and kept down by long narrow strips of wood extending from one side of the building to the other along the middle of the pieces of bark. The doors are low, the windows small, and sometimes, though this is now rare, have shutters of cedar bark.

"Many of the houses are dreary enough; roofs full of holes, doors broken down, sashes driven in, shutters torn away or only hanging by loose leather thongs. In these wretched hovels you will sometimes find large families of squalid looking Indians, or more commonly half-breeds.

"Yet the half-breed population is by no means always in a condition so miserable; many of them are very comfortably situated, and I have seen several neatly dressed children that were extremely pretty."

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Mackinac, Sept. 5th.

"This morning took another stroll through the Island to visit the arched rock. On our way out of town we passed a house, now partly in decay, which was built of piles driven into the ground close together as they make fences here. These were all of the same height, and formed the walls of the house. On them a light frame was erected, and then the gable ends and roof, completed with cedar bark. Next we passed some Indian lodges. With the '*bo jou,*' the universal salutation in this country, I went into one of them. An old cross-looking man lay wrapped in a blanket, smoking; a woman sat on a low stool busied in stripping the husks off some green corn; two half-grown girls were lounging about. At the woman's feet sat a boy of three or four years, perfectly naked; and beside him stood the carrying-board, tipped over so as to rest on one end and one handle. On this an infant of six or eight months was strapped, with folds of some kind of Indian cloth ornamented with porcupine quills.

"The little fellow did not seem to be very uncomfortable, but smiled when I chucked him under the chin. The mother, too, smiled, pleased, apparently, with the notice taken of her child. A mother is a mother still, even among the Mackina Indians.

"Near another lodge I saw an Indian girl pounding corn. Her mortar was made of a log two or three feet long, hollowed out for two thirds its length. In this huge mortar she had three or four pints of corn, which she pounded with a pestle of proportionate size; at a little distance, I had supposed, from the size of the mortar and pestle, she was churning. The girl worked as all Indians about here and everywhere else I believe do, very lazily; striking five or six

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blows a minute, she would be half a day probably preparing meal enough for one small loaf of bread. After this you will not wonder that the Indians are poor.

"Near another lodge a group of women were engaged cleaning fish, and a large pile of fish heads lay behind the lodge drying and putrefying in the sun.

"The Indians rarely eat the fish heads (which I believe I told you is their perquisite for cleaning the fish) till it is more than half putrid. On this wretched stuff they live, for every cent of money they can get is sure to go for rum, to which they are slaves. Indeed, a large proportion of these poor half-breeds are literally slaves; they sell themselves to the grog-shop keepers, in whose debt they always are; and all they earn, whether in the service of their immediate master or of any other person, goes to pay for the rum they have drank or are drinking. This wretched manner of life, however, soon makes an end of them; they rarely reach, and scarce ever live beyond, middle age.

"Leaving the lodges, we ascend to the Fort, and passing behind it, we followed the line of the coast, sometimes striking a short distance inward to avoid impediments. When in this way we had advanced a mile from the Fort through the woods, we came to one of the cleared spots which are common all over the Island, and which probably mark the sites of Indian villages.[4] This one was small, however, and extends only a few rods back from the edge of the precipitous rock called Robinson's Folly. We approach the edge of the cliff; it is almost perpendicular, and stands on the margin of the lake, there being in this spot

[The following notes are Dr. Gilman's]

[4] Here we found a number of wild gooseberry bushes, which I am told, I think by Mr. Schoolcraft, are not found except at the sites of Indian villages.

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none of that low land which at almost every other point surrounds Mackina. Below, at a sheer descent of more than two hundred feet, lay large masses of rock, which had fallen from the cliff above. The place has its name from having been chosen by a former commandant of Mackina as the scene of his revels; it was also the scene of a great crime. The legend may amuse you, and I will give it you, instead of a letter, tomorrow.

"We left Robinson's Folly, and continued a mile further, following the coast till we came to the Arched Rock. I do not know that I can give you a clearer idea of this very curious object than by describing it as a place where the solid limestone rock, of which I have so often spoken as forming the basis of Mackina, is hollowed out into an irregular crater, a hundred feet deep and about one hundred wide at the top. This crater is situated close to the edge of the cliff, which at this place, as at Robinson's Folly, overhangs the lake. Now imagine the side of the crater, such as I have described it, nearest the lake, to be broken through below while it remains whole above, and you have the arched rock of Mackina.

"As we stood on the inner side of the crater, we could look upon the arch which bridged over the opening on the other side right into the lake.

"This bridge is very narrow in one place, I think not more than a foot or eighteen inches wide, and five or six feet through. It is a common exploit of the over-courageous to pass over the arch of the bridge; but the falling of the stone renders the passage more and more difficult and dangerous every year.

"To the right of the main arch, and near the bottom of the crater, is a small opening, six or eight feet high and per-

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haps ten wide, which leads by a winding passage to the beach below. The Major and Mr. —— descended the crater, passed through the lower arch, and returned. It is a work of some labour, at least the ascent, and not accomplished without the certainty of soiling and the probability of tearing the nether garments; both of which adverse accidents occurred to our companions.

"A few yards beyond the Arched Rock, the bluff rises considerably, and from its top we had an enchanting view of the lake, Mackina, the main land, studded with small green islands, the hundred little capes and bays, which indent the shore; and to the East and South the clear bright waters of the lake, smooth and glassy, shining in the sun-beams like a vast mirror. But I fear I weary you with my descriptions of scenery. Adieu!"

"September 6th.

"After our return from the Arched Rock yesterday, we called on Mr. Schoolcraft. He has a fine collection of minerals, among the rest a large piece of the Copper Rock as it is called. This rock, as you have doubtless heard, is at the Ontenaugan river, up Lake Superior. It is nearly pure copper; I understood Mr. S—— to say it was in his opinion ninety-eight per cent. copper. Here, too, we saw the skin of a Wolverine, an animal partaking about equally of the nature of fox and wolf, from which the people of Michigan get their soubriquet of Wolverines. Mr. S—— has a large number of Indian curiosities, and is possessed of more information on the subject of the Indian tribes of the North-west than any man now living. He has been for many years a diligent collector of facts, not a spinner out of

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theories; and much, I think, may yet be expected from his vast and daily increasing stores.

"He is making a collection of the moral tales of the Chippewas, and will, I hope, soon publish them; he gave me permission to copy one, and I will give it to you as it was taken down by Mrs. S—— verbatim, from the lips of an old Chippewa woman. Mrs. S—— tells me she has since been assured by very many of the oldest and most intelligent of the tribe that the story of the 'Origin of the Robin-red-breast' has been current in the tribe from their earliest recollections. I know you will agree with me in thinking it a most beautiful fable. In Mr. Schoolcraft's garden we ate some cherries and currants. Cherries and currants in September! something late in the season. There is a tame deer browsing round.

"In the evening we had several visitors, among the rest Mr. B.——, the store-keeper; he is an old *voyageur*, and talks very familiarly of being out of provisions, and obliged, as he expressed it, to *browse round* the woods for a few days, eating leaves and buds, and the inner bark of the cedar, (a very common substitute for food among the Indians.) B—— was compelled, a few years ago, to live in this way about a week; he amused us very much by a detail of his adventures on the occasion.

"He did not seem to value himself at all for his fortitude and courage, but spoke with great satisfaction of his having scared a gallant officer of the army, who was his companion, (they were cast away on Lake Superior) by threatening to eat him, when other means of sustenance failed him.

"B—— was very anxious that I should order some high wines for a poor old vagabond *voyageur* opposite, who is dying of the dropsy, and whom I visited to-day with my

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friend Dr. Turner. He had two reasons for his prescription—one moral, the other medical. First, the moral—the man is dying, he will certainly die in a few days: why, then, argued B—— not make him comfortable and happy while he does live, by giving him some high wines. Finding this argument fail, B—— brought forward his medical reason: 'Doctor,' says he, 'you don't understand the climate. You can't conceive how cold it is here. Why, sir, you may rest assured the water will freeze in that man's belly unless you warm it with high wines.' This, I confess, was new to me; and I craved time to consider of it. This morning I found that I should not be required to decide upon the merit of B——'s practice, as my poor patient was dead.

"It is terribly cold here, as you will suppose, and it is astonishing how the half-breeds and Frenchmen bear it. One very remarkable instance of their endurance was mentioned last night.

"A half-breed of St. Marie, named C——, carried the mail between that place and Saginaw Bay four trips last winter. He went all the way on snow-shoes, carrying the mail bag and his provisions, weighing together near one hundred pounds, strapped to his shoulders, and fastened, in the Indian manner, by a strap round his forehead. The distance is over two hundred miles, and he was obliged to camp out every night (the trip took him ten days) except one spent at Mackina. This terrible labour he performed for twenty-five dollars the trip; that is, twenty-five dollars for more than four hundred miles travel.

"So little did C—— make of these trips, that on one occasion, when he arrived at Mackina from Saginaw in the afternoon, and heard that there was to be a ball there

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among his friends, he danced all night, and started off next morning, having had hardly an hour's sleep.

"On his last trip, however, he suffered very severely from the *Mal de Rachette*, an inflammation of the synovial membrane of the ankle joint, caused by the weight of the snow-shoes.

"This morning we went to church. The building is neat and commodious, but I was sorry to see the congregation so small. They have no protestant clergyman at Mackina. Mr. Schoolcraft read a very good sermon and conducted the service. The singing I was delighted with; one voice in particular, a rich pure treble. A sergeant from the Fort was the leader of the choir, and two other singers were in the uniform of private soldiers. This had a strange look, but the whole appearance of the congregation was striking. Officers and soldiers in uniform were mingled, in the body of the church, with well-dressed gentlemen and ladies; behind them were a few persons in more common dresses, with here and there an Indian, either in blue or white blanket coats; towards the door two or three, in the ordinary savage dress, stared round in utter unconcern at the worship. Many of the half-breeds, however, were very devout, and Mr. S. tells me that some of them give satisfactory evidence that they have embraced religion with the heart and affections.

"A settled clergyman is very much wanted at Mackina. Mr. S. does all that an individual who has many other duties can do; but they want some one who will devote his whole time and talents to the propagation of the truth. I was surprised to hear from Mr. S. that they could not induce a Missionary to come here; the situation was objected to, I do not know why. To me, it seems to present

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all the attractions which a Mission station can or should have, except, perhaps, the *eclat* of having one's name bruited about as going to foreign and barbarous lands.

"The Catholics are unwearied in their efforts to extend the influence of their religion, and almost all the working classes, who are under any religious influence at all, are Catholics. They have a large mission settlement at L'Arbre Croche, about fifty miles from Mackina; where they have, I am informed, been very successful in weaning the Indians from the hunter's life and accustoming them to labour. This is a great point, and *if it is indeed gained*, the labour and the lives it has cost that Church have not been spent in vain."

"Monday, Sept. 7th.

"This morning we rose at peep of day to urge on the preparations for our trip to Lake Superior. As we have to camp out all the way, except one night, which we expect to spend at Saulte. St. Marie, we are obliged to take a good deal of equipage with us. The first thing to be done was to secure a good canoe. Mr. Schoolcraft very kindly offered us his, but we finally selected one belonging to the American Fur Company. It is rather large; twenty-eight or thirty feet long, and five feet wide, very strong and firm.

"The next point was to secure good men. This is not in general difficult; there are usually at Mackina great numbers of half-breeds, who are by turns fishermen or *voyageurs;* the only thing is to select good ones, and particularly a good guide, for on him will depend much of our comfort, and perhaps safety, during the trip. His duty is to steer the canoe, select the landing places, take charge of the luggage and command of the men or *monde,* as

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they call it; and in general to direct, under the orders of the *bourgeois*, the whole expedition.

"To fill this important station we have been fortunate enough to secure Charles Cloutier, an old half-breed, who has been five and thirty years a *voyageur* on the lake.

"I like his looks very much; a short, rather small but very compact figure, a good open face, bright eye, and high though wrinkled forehead. He speaks French, or rather the miserable jargon which, among the *voyageurs*, goes by that name; and Indian, of course, but no English. A very fair share of confidence in himself may also be numbered among Cloutier's good qualities.

"He laughed very heartily when I asked him if there was no danger of being drowned in crossing the lake. 'Oh *non, Monsieur, pas de danger avec moi.*' It was impossible not in some degree to partake of the confidence so heartily and honestly expressed. The emphasis with which Cloutier pronounced his '*avec moi,*' reminded me of the great Roman and his '*Caesarem vehis.*'

"After all, I can't but think the old half-breed's confidence has the more rational foundation.

"Next to Cloutier comes a young half-breed named Pelleau, about twenty; a tall slightly made fellow, with a very wild cast of countenance, particularly the eye, which is '*sauvage pure*' as they say at the North; his face, when in repose, has the peculiar stolid look which characterizes the Indian physiognomy; but when it kindles up, there is a something in the look that '*likes me not*'; perhaps it may be in part owing to the long straight hair which covers his head, and is all the while falling over his face; good or bad, however, he is engaged our *compagnion de voyage* for the next ten days.

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"The next, Robert Chinlier, the same age as Pelleau, shorter, stouter, with a broad good-humoured face, full of laughter and fun, a regularly merry devil.

"Le Tour, the fourth man, is a full, or, as they call it here, a pure Canadian; but he looks so exactly like an Irishman that I can never hear French coming out of his wide mouth without a sense of ridiculous incongruity. He has a fair skin, though tanned by exposure; light grey eyes, sandy or dirt coloured hair, a low forehead, and a mouth and chin true Milesian. He too, has a merry look, and, what I always like in a man, an honest hearty laugh. This test of men, by the way, I have great confidence in; 'a man may smile, and smile again, and be a villain,' that I admit; but to laugh loudly, heartily, 'tis the Shibboleth of honesty; your rogue hath no part nor lot in the matter.

"Le Tour completed our original number; but at the last moment we were persuaded to take a young Indian '*sauvage pure.*' He is not more than eighteen, and looks like a poor shiftless creature; but our friend, the lawyer, recommended him to us as a sober, good fellow; besides, he can speak English, which none of the others do; and as my French is none of the best, and the Major's worse still, an interpreter will not be amiss even though he come in the shape of this *miserable*, whom, by the way, they call, 'the Doctor.' He bears the soubriquet very willingly, as it prevents the necessity of telling his own name. This unwillingness to tell their own names is a singular peculiarity of the Indians. I believe it is universal. Certainly among the Chippewas it is impossible to induce an Indian to tell his own name; even the traders, when they advance goods to an Indian, if they do not know his name, can never persuade him to tell it; he will sooner deny himself the goods.

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The difficulty is, however, very easily gotten over, as they have no scruple about telling the name of another person; so you have only to ask A for B's name, and B for A's.

"The Doctor completes our muster roll. These men are hired at seventy-five cents per day and *voyageur's* rations. For this they engage to go with us into the lake as far as we choose.[5]

"The men having been engaged, we next look for the equipage. Our kind friend, Mr. A——, furnished us with a tent and its oil-cloth bag, eight large heavy Mackina blankets and an oil-cloth to spread on the ground at night, lest the damp should strike through to the bedding. In this same oil-cloth the bedding is wrapped up during the day to keep it dry. Our good hostess, Mrs. L——, added two pillows, an unwonted luxury among *voyageurs,* but one which was conceded to the presumed nicety of citizens like us.

"Next in importance is the travelling basket; for this also we were indebted to Mr. A——. It resembles, both in shape and size, a large oval clothes basket; has a cover fastened on with hinges, a hasp, staple, and a padlock to secure the contents.

"This basket is divided inside into one large and six small compartments. In it are carried our cooking and table apparatus, neither very extensive, viz. a frying-pan, some tin cups, plates, knives and forks, spoons, a teapot, and two small pewter cans. In the basket we also put part of our viands, 'creature comforts,' as the dear old Puritans called them, viz. a ham boiled, two bottles of wine, two ditto

[5] The men sometimes demand a ration of whiskey; it should never be allowed them. Independent of all moral considerations, and having regard only to the comfort of the trip, they should not be allowed a drop; they do a great deal better without it.

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of whiskey (which we ought not to have taken), salt and pepper, sugar, tea, biscuit, &c. &c.

"The stores for the men are laid in separately. We allowed ours a pound of pork, a pound of biscuit, (ship bread) and a pint of hulled corn per day per man. This is a very large ration; these stores we gave in charge to Cloutier.

"The men had but one cooking utensil, a large kettle, which, when not in use, is put into a basket made to fit it. We had a tea-kettle also in its wicker basket. Just before starting we added to our stores a bushel of potatoes; in the cooking of which vegetable, even my modesty does not prevent my confessing that I excel.

"While we were busy engaging and collecting together those various articles, Cloutier and his men took the canoe from the lofts of the Company's store, where she had been snugly stowed away, and brought her down to the water side, where the old man, himself a canoe maker of no mean fame, made a survey to ascertain her condition. After due examination he reported favorably; she was in good order, except that one of the thwarts had been broken in getting her down from the loft; this, however, could be mended at any time, and for the present, she only needed gumming.

"To this he now devoted himself.

"A piece of the resin of the Canada pine (it looks like burgundy pitch, and is of the same nature, but here they call it gum) is put into a frying-pan to melt; a small bit of tallow is added, and when it is all melted and thoroughly incorporated together, it is laid on the seams of the canoe with a flat stick. As it cannot be put on very smoothly in this way, they take a couple of brands in one hand,

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and blowing to increase the heat, hold them near enough to the seams to melt the gum; then wet the fingers with spittle (your true *voyageur* is never a very cleanly animal) press the gum down, and rub it smooth; spitting on it and rubbing till it has a fine polish.

"In this way every seam in the canoe must be gone over. This labour was at last completed, and Cloutier went round the canoe to see if any spot wanted retouching; nothing was imperfect. 'Bain, bain,'[6] said the old man to himself; then shouted to his monde, '*a l'eau—a l'eau.*' The men have no difficulty in lifting the canoe, and placing her in the water. To be sure, they were compelled to wade in half-leg deep, but this they seem not at all to regard. It is all important that the canoe should never touch the ground, as a stick or stone may tear a hole in her. Now began the lading.

"First of all some long poles, a spare oar or two, and two to three paddles are laid along the bottom. This gives strength and stiffness, and enables the canoe to resist the beating of the waves in going over rough seas. Next, a frame, or rather a stout lattice-work, is laid on in the centre, where the '*bourgeois*' as the Canadians call the passengers, are to sit. Something of the same sort is then put in the stern of the canoe for the guide to stand upon. Now to stow in the luggage. But first, I must tell you, that in all cases the two center spaces between the thwarts are reserved for the *bourgeois*. In this, then, the lattice-work having been previously covered with an Indian mat by way of a carpet, is laid our bedding, which, being rolled up in the oil-cloth to the shape of a large pillow and placed athwart the canoe, serves very well for a seat. The basket,

[6] Meaning *bien*.

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a box filled with bread, our cloaks, &c. &c. are put into the other space. The lading of the canoe finished, the *voyageurs* were dispatched for their bedding. They returned after a little space, each carrying a little bundle wrapped up in a mat, and tightly corded. These are placed in the forward or after part of the canoe, due regard being had to the trim of the boat; and now all is ready. With many cordial shakes of the hand, and many kind wishes, we bid our friends adieu, and step into our canoe. Here, however, I committed a blunder, which had nearly proved the cause of further delay. I stepped on one of the thwarts; the slight thing bent under my weight, but fortunately did not break. I seated myself on the bedding, the Major sprang in and took his place beside me. Cloutier flourishing his paddle over his head, brought it down into the water with an air: '*Hoh! Hoh!*' cried he, '*en avant.*' The *voyageurs* ply their light oars with short, quick strokes; and Robert, whom Cloutier has already christened 'Le Diable,' struck up a *Chanson a rames*, in the burthen of which '*en partant, on dont chanter*,' the men join—keeping time with their oars. And thus we part for the Pictured Rocks."

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CHAPTER IX

SKETCHES FROM SCHOOLCRAFT'S DIARY AT MACKINAC—1835–1841

AS announced by Schoolcraft, in the closing June entry given in a previous chapter, his notices for the years following are "few and far between," and yet they make a voluminous collection. Those given in this chapter are only a small part.[1] Their charm lies in Schoolcraft's wide interest in human affairs, and in his penetration. They embrace social events, boat arrivals, visits from noted men and women, bits of correspondence, notes on the climate, reflections on current events, the wild life of the Island, Indian affairs, and many others. The first entry given is dated April 21, 1835, motivated by a letter recently received expressing doubts about the healthfulness of the Island.

"The truth is, in relation to this position, the climate is generally dry, and has no causes of disease in it. The air is a perfect restorative to invalids, and never fails to provoke appetite and health. It is already a partial resort for persons out of health, and cannot fail to be appreciated as a watering place in the summer months as the country increases in population. To Chicago, St. Louis, Natchez, and New Orleans, as well as Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Buffalo, I should presume it to be a perfect Montpelier in the summer season.

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 512-703.

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"*May 6th.* In the scenes of domestic and social and moral significancy, which have rendered the Island a place of delight to many persons during the seclusion of the winter, no one has entered with a more pleasing zeal into the area than a young man whose birth, I think, was not far from the Rock of Plymouth. I shall call him Otwin. I invited him to pass the winter as a guest in my house, where his conversation, manners, and deep enthusiastic and poetic feeling, and just determination of the moral obligation in men, rendered him an agreeable inmate. He had a saying and a text for almost everybody, but uttered all he said in such a pleasing spirit as to give offence to none. He was ever in the midst of those who came together to sing and pray, and was quite a favorite with the soldiers of the garrison. . . .

"*July 2nd.* The weather, for the entire month of June, was most delightful and charming. On one of the latter days of the month the fine and large steamer *Michigan* came into the harbor, with a brilliant throng of visitors, among the number the Secretary of War (Gen. Cass) and his daughter. The arrival put joy and animation into every countenance. The Secretary reviewed the troops, and visited the Agency, and the workshops for the benefit of the Indians. He, and the gay and brilliant throng, visited whatever was curious and interesting, and embarked on their return to Detroit, after receiving the warm congratulations of the citizens. I took the occasion to accompany the party to Detroit. . . .

"14*th.* I went to Round Island with Mr. Featherstonehaugh and Lieut. Mather. Examined the ancient ossuaries and the scenery on that island. Mr. F. is on his way to the Upper Mississippi as a geologist in the service of the

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Topographical Bureau. He took a good deal of interest in examining my cabinet, and proposed I should exchange the Lake Superior minerals for the gold ores of Virginia, &c. He showed me his idea of the geological column, and drew it out. I accompanied him around the island, to view its reticulated and agaric filled limestone cliffs; but derived no certain information from him of the position of the geological scale of this very striking stratum. It is, manifestly, the magnesian limestone of Conybeare and Phillips, or *muschelkalk* of the Germans.

"Lieut. Mather brought me a letter from Major Whiting, from which I learn that he has been professor of mineralogy in the Military Academy at West Point. I found him to be animated with a zeal for scientific discovery, united with accurate and discriminating powers of observation.

"Among my visitors about this time, none impressed me more pleasingly than a young gentleman from Cincinnati —a graduate of Lane Seminary—a Mr. Hastings, who brought me a letter from a friend at Detroit. He appeared to be imbued with the true spirit of piety, to be learned in his vocation without ostentation, and discriminating without ultraism. And he left me, after a brief stay, with an impression that he was destined to enter the field of moral instruction usefully to his fellow-men, believing that it is far better to undertake to persuade than to drive men by assault, as with cannon, from their strongholds of opinion.

"1835. *August.* The rage for investment in lands was now manifest in every visitor that came from the East to the West. Everybody, more or less, yielded to it. I saw that friends, in whose prudence and judgment I had confided for years, were engaged in it. I doubted the sound-

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ness of the ultra predictions which were based on every sort of investment of this kind, whether of town property or farming land, and held quite conservative opinions on the subject, but yielded partially, and in a moderate way, to the general impulse, by making some investments in Wisconsin. Among other plans, an opinion arose that Michilimackinack must become a favorite watering place, or refuge for the opulent and invalids during the summer; and lots were eagerly bought up from Detroit and Chicago. . . .

"29*th*. Dr. Julius, of Prussia, visited me, being on his return from Chicago. He evinced a deep interest in the history of the Indian race. He remarked the strong resemblance they bore in features and manners to the Asiatics. He had remarked that the Pottawottomies seem like dogs, which he observed was also the custom of the Tartars; but that the eyes of the latter were set diagonally, whereas the American Indians had theirs parallel. In other respects, he saw great resemblances. He expressed himself as greatly interested in the discovery of an oral literature among the Indians, in the form of imaginative legends.

"Gen. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, with his daughter and niece, make a brief visit, on their way from Chicago and the West, and view the curiosities of the Island. These visits of gentlemen of wealth, to the great area of the upper lakes, may be noticed as commencing with this year. People seem to have suddenly waked up in the East, and are just becoming aware that there *is a West*—to which they hie, in a measure, as one who hunts for a pleasant land fancied in dreams. But the great Mississippi Valley is a waking reality. Fifty years will tell her story on the population and resources of the world. . . .

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"[Sept.] 15*th*. The Great Lakes can no longer be regarded as solitary seas, where the Indian war-whoop has alone for so many uncounted centuries startled its echoes. The Eastern World seems to be alive, and roused up to the value of the West. Every vessel, every steamboat, brings up persons of all classes, whose countenances the desire of acquisition, or some other motive, has rendered sharp, or imparted a fresh glow of hope to their eyes. More persons, of some note or distinction, natives or foreigners, have visited me, and brought me letters of introduction this season, than during years before. Sitting on my piazza, in front of which the great stream of ships and commerce passes, it is a spectacle at once novel, and calculated to inspire high anticipations in the future glory of the Mississippi Valley. . . .

"27*th*. Dr. C. R. Gilman, of New York, having, with Major M. Hoffman, of Wall Street, paid me a visit and made a picturesque 'trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior,' writes me after his safe return to the city, piquing himself on that adventure, after having exchanged congratulations with his less enterprising city-loving friends. It was certainly an event to be booked, that two civilians so soldered down to the habits of city life in different lines as the Doctor and the Major, should have extended their summer excursion as far as Michilimackinack. But it was a farther evidence of enterprise, and the love of the picturesque, that they should have taken an Indian canoe, and a crew of *engagees*, at that point, and ventured to visit the Pictured Rocks in Lake Superior. *Life on the Lakes* (the title of Dr. G.'s book) was certainly a widely different affair to *Life in New York*. . . .

"1836. *July 5th*. Dr. Follen and lady, of Cambridge,

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Mass., accompanied by Miss Martineau, of England, visited me in the morning, having landed in the ship *Milwaukee.* They had, previously, visited the chief curiosities and sights on the Island. Miss Martineau expressed her gratification in having visited the upper lakes and the Island. She said she had, from early childhood, felt an interest in them. I remarked, that I supposed she had seen enough of America and the Americans, to have formed a definite opinion, and asked her what she thought of them? She said she had not asked herself that question. She had hardly made up an opinion, and did not know what it might be, on getting back to England. She thought society hardly formed here, that it was rather early to express opinions; but she thought favorably of the elements of such a mixed society, as suited to lead to the most liberal traits. She spoke highly of Cincinnati, and some other places, and expressed an enthusiastic admiration for the natural beauties of Michilimackinack. She said she had been nearly two years in America, and was now going to the seaboard to embark on her return to England. . . .

"27*th.* A friend writes from Detroit: 'Lord Selkirk, from Scotland, is on his route to Lake Superior, and, as he passes through Mackinac, I write to introduce him to you, as a gentleman with whom you would be pleased to have more than a transient association. The name of his father is connected with many north-western events of much interest and notoriety, and a most agreeable recollection of his mother, Lady Selkirk, has recommended him strongly to our kindness. I feel assured you will befriend him, in the way of information, as to the best means of getting on to the Sault St. Marie.'

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"I found the bearer an easy, quiet, young gentleman, with not the least air of pretence or superciliousness, and one of those men to whom attentions ever become a pleasure. . . .

"29*th*. Baron de Behr, Minister of Belgium, presented himself at my office. He was cordially received, although bringing me no letter to apprize me of his official standing at Washington. He had been to the Sault Ste. Marie, and visited the entrance into Lake Superior. He presented me a petrification picked up on Drummond Island, and looked at my cabinet with interest. . . .

"Oct. 17*th*. Old friends from Middlebury, Vermont, came up in a steamer bound to Green Bay, among whom I was happy to recognize Mrs. Henshaw, mother of the Bishop of that name of Rhode Island.

"18*th*. Alfred Schoolcraft, who had commenced the study of ornithology with decided ability, hands me the following list of birds, which have been observed to extend their visits to this Island and the basin of Lake Huron:

"Brown Thrush, Cedar Bird, Canada Jay, Crow, House Wren, Blue Jay, Raven, Snow Bird, Sing Cicily, Robin, Red Winged Starling, Goldfinch, Little Owl, Sparrow Hawk, Golden Plover, Woodcock, Green Winged Teal, Wood Duck, Golden Eyed Duck, Hopping Crane, Kingfisher, Loon, Partridge.

"1837 [*March*] 8*th*. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions decline $6000 for the abandoned missionary house at Mackinac, offered under the view of its being converted into a dormitory for receiving Indian visitors at that point under the provisions of the treaty of 1836. . . .

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"*May 26th.* Received a letter of introduction from Governor Mason, by Mr. Massingberd, of England, an intelligent and estimable traveler in America.

"*27th.* Dr. Edward Spring, son of the Rev. Gardiner Spring, of New York, visits the Island with the view of a temporary practice. . . .

"*July 26th.* Mrs. Jameson embarks in an open boat for Sault Ste. Marie, accompanied by Mrs. Schoolcraft, after having spent a short time as a most intelligent and agreeable inmate under our roof. This lady, respecting whom I had received letters from my brother-in-law Mr. McMurray, a clergyman of Canada West, evinced a most familiar knowledge of artistic life and society in England and Germany. Her acquaintance with Goethe, and other distinguished writers, gave a life and piquancy to her conversation and anecdotes, which made us cherish her society the more. She is, herself, an eminent landscape painter, or rather sketcher in crayon, and had her portfolio ever in hand. She did not hesitate freely to walk out to prominent points, of which the Island has many, to complete her sketches. This freedom from restraint in her motions, was an agreeable trait in a person of her literary tastes and abilities. She took a very lively interest in the Indian race, and their manners and customs, doubtless with views of benevolence for them as a peculiar race of man, but also as a fine subject of artistic observation. Notwithstanding her strong author-like traits and peculiarities, we thought her a woman of hearty and warm affections and attachments; the want of which, in her friends, we think she would exquisitely feel.

"Mrs. Jameson several times came into the office and heard the Indians speaking. She also stepped out on the

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piazza and saw the wild Indians dancing; she evidently looked on with the eye of a Claude Lorraine or Michael Angelo. . . .

"*Aug. 2nd.* Capt. Marryatt came up in the steamer of last night. A friend writes: 'He is one of Smollett's sea captains—much more of the Trunnion than one would have expected to find in a literary man. Stick Mackinac into him, with all its *rock-osities.* He is not much disposed to the *admirari* without the *nil*—affects little enthusiasm about anything, and perhaps feels as little." He turned out here a perfect sea-urchin, ugly, rough, ill-mannered, and conceited beyond all bounds. Solomon says, 'answer not a fool according to his folly,' so I paid him all attention, drove him over the Island in my carriage, and rigged him out with my *canoe-elège* to go to St. Mary's.

"3*rd.* George Tucker, Professor in the University of Virginia, came up in the last steamer. I hasted, while he stayed, to drive him out and show off the curiosities of the Island to the best advantage.

"5*th.* Mrs. Schoolcraft writes from the *Sault,* that Mrs. Jameson and the children suffered much on the trip to that place from mosquitoes, but by dint of a douceur of five dollars extra to the men, which Mrs. Jameson made to the crew, they rowed all night, from Sailor's encampment, and reached the Sault at 6 o'clock in the morning. 'I feel delighted,' she says, 'at my having come with Mrs. Jameson, as I found that she did not know how to get along at all, at all. Mr. McMurray and family and Mrs. Jameson started off on Tuesday morning for Manitouline with a fair wind and fair day, and I think they have had a fine voyage down. Poor Mrs. Jameson cried heartily when she parted with me and my children; she is indeed a woman

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in a thousand. While here, George came down the rapids with her in fine style and spirits. She insisted on being baptized and named in Indian, after her *sail* down the falls. We named her Was-sa-je-wun-e-qua (Woman of the Bright Stream) with which she was mightily pleased."

"[9*th*]. Mr. Ord, recently appointed a sub-agent in this superintendency, reaches the Island. He is the second person I have known who has made the names of his children an object of singularity. Mr. Stickney, who figured prominently in the Toledo War, called his male children One, Two, &c. Mr. Ord has not evidently differed in this respect from general custom, for the same reason, namely, an objection to *Christian* prejudice for John and James, or Aaron and Moses. He has simply given them Latin nominatives, from the mere love he has apparently for that tongue. I believe he was formerly a Georgetown professor.

"Capt. Marryatt embarked on board the steamer *Michigan*, on his return from the Island, after having spent several days in a social visit, including a trip to the Sault, in company with Mr. Lay, of Batavia. While here, I saw a good deal of the novelist. His manner and style of conversation appeared to be those of a sailor, and such as we should look for in his own *Peter Simple*. Temperance and religion, if not morality, were to him mere cant words, and whether he was observed, either before dinner or after dinner—in the parlor or out of it—his words and manners were anything but those of a quiet, modest, English gentleman.

"I drove Mr. Lay and himself out one day after dinner to see the curiosities of the Island. He would insist walking over the arched rock. 'It is a fearful and dizzy height.'

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When on the top he stumbled. My heart was in my throat; I thought he would have been hurled to the rocks below and dashed to a thousand pieces; but, like a true sailor, he crouched down, as if on a yard-arm, and again arose and completed his perilous walk.

"We spoke of railroads. He said they were not built permanently in this country, and attributed the fault to our excessive go-aheadiveness. Mr. Lay: 'True; but if we expended the sums you do in such works, they could not be built at all. They answer a present purpose, and we can afford to renew them in a few years from their own profits.'

"The captain's knowledge of natural history was not precise. He aimed to be knowing when it was difficult to conceal ignorance. He called some well-characterized species of *septaria* in my cabinet *pudding-stone,* beautiful specimens of limpid hexagonal crystals of quartz, *common quartz,* &c.

"Mr. George P. Marsh, of Vermont, brings me a letter of introduction. This gentleman has the quiet easy air of a man who has seen the world. His fine taste and acquirements have procured him a wide reputation. His translation of *Rusk's Icelandic Grammar* is a scholar-like performance, and every way indicative of the propensities of his mind for philological studies. . . .

"13*th.* Early one morning I was agreeably surprised by the arrival of Mrs. Jameson, whom I had previously expected to spend some time with me, and found her a most agreeable, refined and intelligent guest, with none of the supercilious and conceited airs, which I had noticed in some of her traveling countrywomen of the class of authors. . . .

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"1837. *Aug.* 16*th.* A Mr. Nathan, an English traveler, of quiet and pleasing manners, was introduced. He had been to St. Mary's Falls, and to the magnificent entrance into Lake Superior, of whose fine scenery he spoke in terms of admiration. It seems to me that Englishmen and Englishwomen, for I have had a good many of both sexes to visit me recently, look on America very much as one does when he peeps through a magnifying glass on pictures of foreign scenes, and the picturesque ruins of old cities, and the like. They are really very fine, but it is difficult to realize that such things are. It is all an optical deception.

"It was clearly so with Marryatt, a very superficial observer; Miss Martineau, who was in search of something ultra and elementary, and even Mrs. Jameson, who had the most accurate and artistic eye of all, but who, with the exception of some bits of womanly heart, appeared to regard our vast woods, and wilds, and lakes, as a magnificent panorama, a painting in oil. It does not appear to occur to them, that here are the very descendants of that old Saxa-Gothic race who sacked Rome, who banished the Stuarts from the English throne, and who have ever, in all positions, used all their might to battle tyranny and oppression, who hate taxations as they hate snakes, and whose day and night dreams have ever been of liberty, that dear cry of *Freiheit,* whichever [has] made 'Germania' ring. It has appeared to me to be very much the same with the Austrian and Italian functionaries who have wandered as far as Michilimackinack within a few years, but who are yet more slow to appreciate our institutions than the English. The whole problem of our system, one would judge, seems to them like 'apples of ashes,' instead of the golden fruits of Hesperides. They alike mistake realities for fancies; real

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states of flesh and blood, bone and muscle, for cosmoramic pictures on a wall. They do not appear to dream how fast our millions reduplicate, what triumphs the plow, and the engine, and loom, are making, how the principles of a well guarded representative system are spreading over the world, and what indomitable mòral, and sound inductive principles lie at the bottom of the whole fabric.

"20*th.* Mrs. Jameson writes to Mrs. Schoolcraft, from Toronto: 'If I were to begin by expressing all the pain it gave me to part from you, I should not know when or where to end. I do sometimes thank God, that in many different countries I possess friends worthy that name; kind hearts that feel *with* and *for* me; hearts upon which my own could be satisfied to rest; but then that parting, that forced, and often hopeless separation which too often follows such a meeting, makes me repine. I will not say, pettishly, that I could wish *never* to have known or seen a treasure I cannot possess: no! how can I think of you and feel regret that I have known you? As long as I live, the impression of your kindness, and of your character altogether, remains with me; your image will often come back to me, and I dare to hope that you will not forget me *quite.* I am not so unreasonable as to ask you to write to me; I know too well how entirely your time is occupied to presume to claim even a few moments of it, and it is a pity, for 'we do not live by bread alone,' and every faculty and affection implanted in us by the good God of nature, craves the food which he has prepared for it, even in this world; so that I do wish you had a little leisure from eating and drinking, cares and household matters, to bestow on less important things, on me for instance! poor little me, at the other side of the world.

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"Mrs. McMurray has told you the incidents of our voyage to the Manitouline Island, from thence to Toronto; it was all delightful; the most extraordinary scenery I ever beheld, the wildest! I recall it as a dream. I arrived at my own house at three o'clock on the morning of the 13th, tired and much eaten by those abominable mosquitoes, but otherwise better in health than I have been for many months. Still I have but imperfectly achieved the object of my journey; and I feel that, though I seized on my return every opportunity of seeing and visiting the Indian lodges, I know but too little of them, of the women particularly. If only I had been able to talk a little more to my dear Neengay! how often I think of her with regret, and of you all! But it is in vain to repine. I must be thankful for what I have gained, what I have seen and done! I have written to Mrs. McMurray, and troubled her with several questions relative to the women. I remark generally, that the propiniquity of the white man is destructive to the red man; and the farther the Indians are removed from us, the better for them. In their own woods, they are a noble race; brought near to us, a degraded and stupid race. We are destroying them off the face of the earth. May God forgive us our tyranny, our avarice, our ignorance, for it is very terrible to think of!' . . .

"23*rd.* A poor decrepit Indian woman, who was abandoned on the beach by her relatives some ten days ago, applied for relief. It is found that she has been indebted for food in the interim to the benevolence of Mrs. Laframboise. . . .

"*Sept.* 15*th.* The payments are finished, and the Indians begin to disperse. I invested Kabay Noden with his father's medal, and his uncle, Muckadaywuckwut, with a flag;

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MARQUETTE STATUE, MARQUETTE PARK
Mackinac Island

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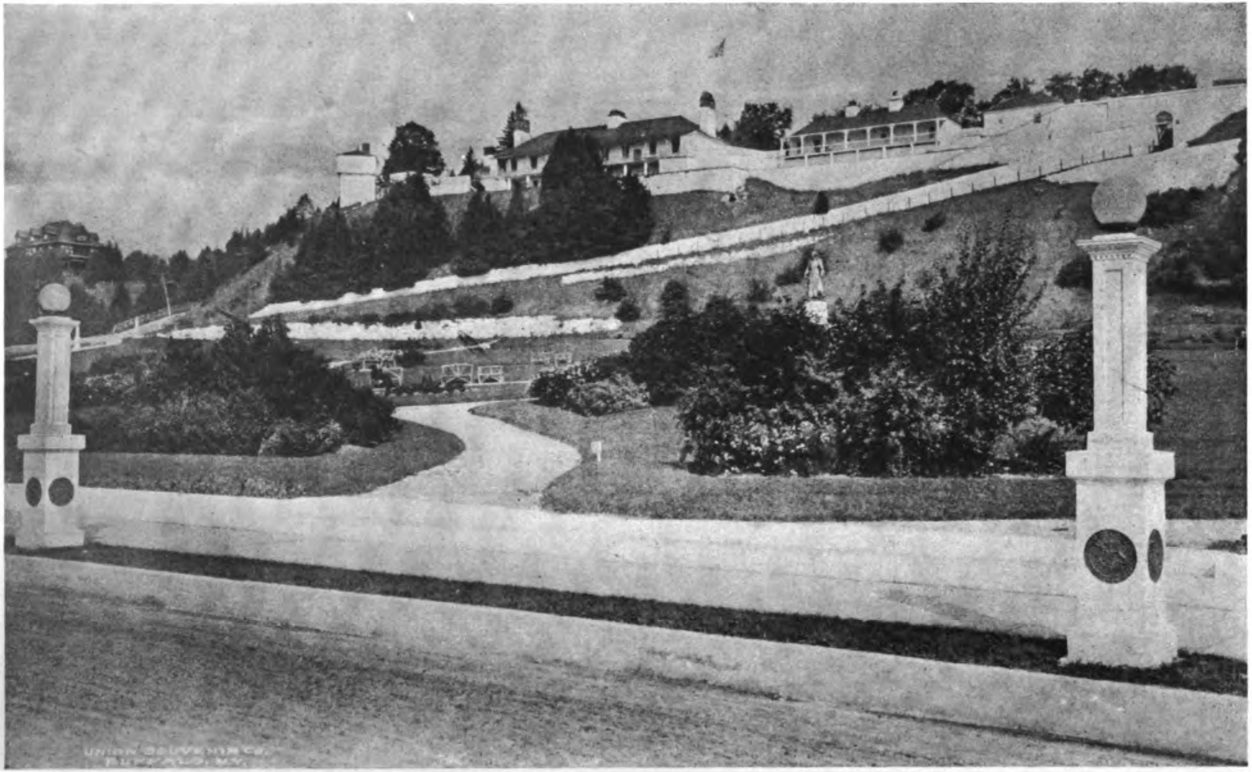

VIEW OF FORT MACKINAC AND MARQUETTE PARK, 1917

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recommending at the same time the division of the St. Mary's Chippewas into three bands, agreeably to fixed geographical boundaries.

"23*rd*. The Indians Akukojeesh and Akawoway brought a case of salvage for my action. They had found a new carriage body, and harness; a box of 7 by 9 glass, and 18 chairs, floating on the lake (Huron), N. E. of the Island. They supposed the articles had been thrown overboard in a recent storm, or by a vessel aground on the point of Goose Island, called Nekuhmenis. The Nekuh is a brant.

"30*th*. Chusco dies.

"Completed and transmitted the returns and abstracts of the year's proceedings and expenditures.

"*Oct.* 1*st*. Sent the interpreter and farmers of the Department to perform the funeral rites for Chusco, the Ottawa jossakeed, who died yesterday at the house erected for him on Round Island. He was about 70 years of age; a small man, of light frame, and walked a little bent. He had an expression of cunning and knowingness, which induced his people, when young, to think he resembled the muskrat, just rising from the water after a dive. This trait was implied by his name. For many years he had acted as a jossakeed, or seer, for his tribe. In this business he told me that the powers he relied on, were the spirits of the tortoise, crow, swan, and woodpecker. These he considered his familiar spirits, who received their miraculous power to aid him directly from *Mudjee Moneto*, or the Great Evil Spirit. After the establishment of the Mission at Mackinac, his wife embraced Christianity. This made him mad. At length his mind ran so much on the theme, that he fell into doubts and glooms when thinking it over,

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and finally embraced Christianity himself; and he was admitted, after a probation of a year or two, to church membership. I asked him, after this period, how he had deceived his people by the art of powwowing, or jugglery. He said that he had accomplished it by the direct influence of Satan. He had addressed him, on these occasions and sung his songs to him, beating the drum or shaking the rattle. He adhered firmly to this opinion. He appeared to have great faith in the atonement of Christ, and relied with extraordinary simplicity upon it. He gave a striking proof of this, the autumn after his conversion, when he went with his wife, according to custom, to dig his potatoes on a neighboring island. The wife immediately began to dig. 'Stop,' said he, 'let us first kneel and return thanks for their growth.' He was aware of his former weakness on the subject of strong drink, and would not indulge in it after he became a church member. . . .

"27*th*. The first snow falls for the season. . . .

"*Nov.* 11*th*. Embarked at Mackinac on board the steamer *Madison*, for the lower country.

"13*th*. Arrived at Detroit, and resumed the duties of the superintendency at that point. . . .

"*Dec.* 1*st*. Mr. Hamill, of Lawrenceville, N. J., responds to my inquiry for a suitable school for my son—a matter respecting which I am just now very solicitous. . . .

"[1838 *Jan.*] 16*th*. Received the first winter express from Mackinac, transmitting reports from the various persons in official employ there. They report a great storm at that place on the 8th and 9th of December, 1837, in the course of which the light-house on Boisblanc was

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blown down, and other damage done by the rise of water. . . .

"26*th.* Completed the revision of a body of Indian oral legends, collected during many years with labor. These oral tales show up the Indian in a new light. Their chief value consists in their exhibition of aboriginal opinions. But, if published, incredulity will start up critics to call their authenticity in question. There are so many Indian tales fancied, by writers, that it will hardly be admitted that there exist any *real* legends, If there be any literary labor which has cost me more than usual pains, it is this. I have weeded out many vulgarisms. I have endeavored to restore the simplicity of the original style. In this I have not always fully succeeded, and it has been sometimes found necessary to avoid incongruity, to break a legend in two, or cut it short off. . . .

"30*th.* Transmit to Washington a plan and estimates for building a dormitory at Mackinac, under the provision of the treaty of March, 1836. Such a building has been long called for at that point, where the Indians are often sojourners, without a place to sleep, or cook the provisions furnished them. . . .

"[*April*] 21*st.* Having passed the winter at Detroit, I left the Superintendency office in charge of Mr. Lee, an efficient clerk, and embraced the sailing of one of the earliest vessels for the Upper Lakes, to return to Michilimackinac. Winter still showed some of its aspects there, although gardening at Detroit had been commenced for weeks. . . .

"*June* 2*nd.* I proceeded, during the latter part of May, to visit the Ottawas of the southern part of Michigan, to inquire about their schools under the treaty of '36, and to

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learn, personally, their condition during the state of the rapid settlements pressing around them. I went to Chicago by steamboat, and there found a schooner for Grand River. Here I was pleased to meet our old pastor, Mr. Ferry, as a proprietor and pastor of the newly-planned town of Grand Haven. I had to wait here, some days, for a conveyance to the Grand Rapids, which gave me time to ramble, with my little son, about the sandy eminences of the neighborhood, and to pluck the early spring flowers in the valley. The *Washtenong*, a small steamer with a stern-wheel, in due time carried us up. Among the passengers was an emigrant English family from Canada, who landed at a log house in the woods. I was invited, at the Rapids, to take lodgings with Mr. Lewis Campeau, the proprietor of the village. The fall of Grand River here creates an ample water power. The surrounding country is one of the most beautiful and fertile imaginable, and its rise to wealth and populousness must be a mere question of time, and that time hurried on by a speed that is astonishing. This generation will hardly be in their graves before it will have the growth and improvements which, in other countries, are the results of centuries. . . .

"18*th*. The plethora of success which has animated every department of life and business, puffing them up like gas in a balloon, since about '35 has departed and left the fiscal system perfectly flaccid and lifeless. The rage for speculation in real estate has absorbed all loose cash, and the country is now groaning for its fast-locked circulating medium. A friend at Detroit writes: 'With fifty thousand dollars of productive real estate in the city, and as much more in stocks and mortgages, I am absolutely in want of small sums to pay my current expenses, and to

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rid myself of the mortification produced by this feeling I am prepared to make almost any sacrifice.'

"*July* 23*d*. Public business calling me to Washington, I left Mackinac late in June, and, pushing day and night, reached that city on the 9th of July. The day of my arrival was a hot one, and, during our temporary stop in the cars between the Relay House and Bladensburg, some pick-pockets eased me of my pocket-book, containing a treasury-note for $50, about $60 in bills, and sundry papers. The man must have been a genteel and well-dressed fellow, for I conversed with none other, and very adroit at his business. I did not discover my loss till reaching the hotel, and all inquiry was then fruitless. After four days I again set out for the North in an immense train of cars, having half of Congress aboard, as they had just adjourned, and reached Mackinac about the tenth day's travel. This was a toilsome trip, the whole journey to the seat of government and back, say 2,000 miles, being made in some twenty-five days, all stops inclusive.

"31*st*. I set out this day from Mackinac in a boat for Lake Superior and the Straits of St. Mary, for the purpose of estimating the value of the Indian improvements North, under the 8th Art. of the treaty of March 28th. The weather being fine, and anticipating no high winds at this season, I determined, as a means of health and recreation, to take Mrs. S. and her niece, Julia, a maid, and the children along, having tents and every camping apparatus to make the trip a pleasant one. My boat was one of the largest and best of those usually employed in the trade, manned with seven rowers and provided with a mast and sails. An awning was prepared to cover the centre-bar, which was furnished with seats made of our rolled-up

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beds. Magazines, a spy-glass, &c., &c., served to while away the time, and a well-furnished mess-basket served to make us quite easy in that department. At Sault St. Marie I took on board Mr. Placidus Ord to keep the record of appraisements.

"While here, the notorious John Tanner, who had been on very ill terms with the civilized world for many years —for no reason, it seems, but that it would not support him in idleness—this man, whose thoughts were bitter and suspicious of every one, followed me one day unperceived into a canoe-house, where I had gone alone to inspect a newly-made canoe. He began to talk after his manner, when, lifting my eyes to meet his glance, I saw mischief evidently, in their cold, malicious, bandit air, and, looking him determinedly in the eyes, instantly raised my heavy walking-cane, confronted him with the declaration of his secret purpose with a degree of decision of tone and manner which caused him to step back out of the open door and leave the premises. I was perfectly surprised at his dastardly movement, for I had supposed him before to be a brave man, and I heard or saw no more of him while there.[2]

"Tanner was stolen by old Kishkako, the Saginaw, from Kentucky, when he was a boy of about nine years old. He is now a gray-headed, hard-featured old man, whose feelings are at war with every one on earth, white and red. Every attempt to meliorate his manners and Indian notions, has failed. He has invariably misapprehended them, and is more suspicious, revengeful, and bad tempered than any Indian I ever knew. Dr. James, who made, by the way, a

[2] Eight years afterwards, namely, in July, 1846, this lawless vagabond waylaid and shot my brother James, having concealed himself in a cedar thicket.

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mere pack-horse of Indian opinions of him, did not suspect his fidelity, and put many things in his narrative which made the whites about St. Mary's call him an old liar. This enraged him against the Doctor, whom he threatened to kill. He had served me awhile as an interpreter, and, while thus employed, he went to Detroit, and was pleased with a country girl, who was a chamber-maid at old Ben. Woodworth's hotel. He married her, but, after having one child, and living with him a year, she was glad to escape with life, and, under the plea of a visit, made some arrangement with the ladies of Fort Brady to slip off on board of a vessel, and so eluded him. The Legislature afterwards granted her a divorce. He blamed me for the escape, though I was entirely ignorant of its execution, and knew nothing of it, till it had transpired.

"In this trip to the North, I called on the Indians to show me their old fields and gardens at every point.

"It was found that there were *eight* geographical bands, consisting of separate villages, living on the ceded tract. The whole population of these did not exceed, by a close count, 569 souls. The population had evidently deteriorated from the days of the French and British rule, when game was abundant. This was the tradition they gave, and was proved by the comparatively large old fields, not now in cultivation, particularly at Portagunisee, at various points on the Straits of St. Mary's, and at Grand Island and its coasts on Lake Superior.

"They cultivate chiefly, the potato, and retire in the spring to certain points, where the *Acer saccharinum* abounds, and all rely on the quantity of maple sugar made. This is eaten by all, and appears to have a fattening effect, particularly on the children. The season of sugar-making

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is indeed a sort of carnival, at which there is general joy and hilarity. The whole number of acres found in cultivation by individuals, was 125½ acres; and by bands, and in common, 100¾ acres, which would give an average of a little over ⅛ of an acre per soul. Even this is thought high. There were 1459 acres of old fields, partly run up in brush. There were also 3162 acres of abandoned village sites, where not a soul lived. I counted 27 dwellings which had a fixity, and nineteen apple trees in the forest. In proportion as they had little, they set a high value on it, and insisted on showing everything, and they gave me a good deal of information. The whole sum appraised to individuals was $3,428.25; and to collective bands, $11,173.50.

"While off the mural coast of the Pictured Rocks, the lake was perfectly calm, and the wind hushed. I directed the men to row in to the cave or opening of the part where the water has made the most striking inroad upon the solid coast. This coast is a coarse sandstone, easily disintegrated. I doubted if the oarsmen could enter without pulling in their oars. But nothing seemed easier when we attempted it. They, in fact, rowed us, in a few moments, masts standing, into a most extraordinary and gigantic cave, under the loftiest part of the coast. I thought of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington, as giving some idea of its vastness, but nothing of its dark and sombre appearance, its vast side arches, and the singular influence of the light beaming in from the open lake. I took out my note-book and drew a sketch of this very unique view.

"The next day the calmness continued on the lake, and I took advantage of it to visit the dimly seen island in the lake, off Presque Isle and Granite Point, called *Nabikwon*

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by the Indians, from the effects of mirage. Its deep volcanic chasms, and upheaved rocks, tell a story of mighty elemental conflicts in the season of storms; but it did not reward me with much in the way of natural history, except in geological specimens. . . .

Aug. 25*th.* Returned to Michilimackinac, at a quarter past one o'clock, A. M., from my trip to the north, for the appraisal of the Indian improvements. . . .

"*Sept.* 20*th.* Count Castleneau, a French gentleman on his travels in America, brings me a note of introduction from a friend. I was impressed with his suavity of manners, and the interest he manifested in natural history, and furnished him some of our characteristic northern specimens in mineralogy. I understood him to say, in some familiar conversation, that he was the descendant of a child saved accidentally at the memorable massacre of St. Bartholomew's. . . .

"*Oct.* 1*st.* The steamer *Madison* arrived with a crowd of emigrants for the west, one of whom had died on the passage from Detroit. It proved to be a young man named Jesse Cummings, from Groton, N. H., a member of the Congregational Church of that place. Having no pastor, I conducted the religious observance of the funeral, and selected a spot for his burial, in a high part of the Presbyterian burial ground, towards the N. E., where a few loose stones were gathered to mark the place. . . .

"3*rd.* Mrs. Therese Schindler, a daughter of a former factor of the N. W. Company at Mackinac, visited the office. I inquired her age. She replied 63, which would give the year 1775 as her birth. Having lived through a historical era of much interest, on this Island, and possessing her faculties unimpaired, I obtained the following facts

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from her. The British commanding officers remembered by her were Sinclair, Robinson, and Doyle. The interpreters acting under them, extending to a later period, were Charles Gothier, Lamott, Charles Chabollier, and John Askin. The first interpreter here was Hans, a half-breed, and father to the present chief Ance, of Point St. Ignace. His father had been a Hollander, as the name implies. Langlade was the interpreter at old Fort Michilimackinac, on the main, at the massacre. She says she recollects the transference of the post to the Island. If so, that event could not have happened, so as to be recollected by her, till about 1780. Askin went along with the British troops on the final surrender of the Island to the Americans in 1796, and returned in the surprise and taking of the Island in 1812. . . .

"8*th.* The Rev. Mr. Fleming and the Rev. Mr. Dougherty arrived as missionaries under the Presbyterian Board at New York. . . .

"11*th.* First frost at Mackinac for the season. . . .

"13*th.* Finished grading and planting trees in front of the dormitory. . . .

"29*th.* I reached Detroit this day, with my family, in the new steamer *Illinois,* having had a pleasant passage for the season, from Mackinac. The style of the lake steamboats is greatly improved within the last few years, and one of the first-class boats bears no slight resemblance to a floating parlor, where every attention and comfort is promptly provided. He must be fastidious, indeed, who is not pleased. . . .

"*Nov.* 14*th.* I embarked in a steamer, with my family, for New York, having the double object of placing my

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children at eligible boarding-schools, and seeking the renovation of Mrs. S——'s health. . . .

"'Hurry,' was the word on all parts of our route; but, after reaching the Hudson, we felt more at ease, and we reached New York and got into lodgings, on the evening of the 24th (Nov.). The next day was celebrated, to the joy of the children, as 'Evacuation Day,' by brilliant display of the military, our windows overlooking the Park, which was the focus of this turnout. . . .

"*Dec. 6th.* I visited Mr. Gallatin at his house in Bleecker Street, and spent the entire morning in listening to his instructive conversation, in the course of which he spoke of early education, geometric arithmetic, the principles of languages and history, American and European. . . .

"22*d.* I left New York on the 12th, in the cars, with Mrs. Schoolcraft and the children, for Washington, stopping at the Princeton depot, and taking a carriage for Princeton. I determined to leave my son at the Round Hill School, in charge of Mr. Hart, and the next day went to Philadelphia, where I accepted the invitation of Gen. Robert Patterson to spend a few days at his tasteful mansion in Locust Street. I visited the Academy of Natural Sciences, and examined Dr. Samuel George Morton's extensive collection of Indian crania. While here, I placed my daughter in the private school of the Misses Guild, South Fourth Street. I attended one of the 'Wistar parties' of the season, on the 15th, at Mr. Lea's, the distinguished bookseller and conchologist, and reached the city of Washington on the 21st, taking lodgings at my excellent friends, the Miss Polks. . . .

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"27*th.* Visited Mr. Paulding (Secretary of the Navy) in the evening. Found him a rather aged bald-headed man, of striking physiognomy, prominent intellectual developments, and easy dignified manners. It was pleasing to recognize one of the prominent authors of *Salmagundi*, which I had read in my schoolboy days, and never even hoped to see that author of this bit of fun in our incipient literature. For it is upon this, and the still higher effort of Irving's facetious History of New York, that we must base our imaginative literature. They first taught us that we had a right to laugh. We were going on, on so very stiff a model, that, without the Knickerbocker, we should not have found it out.

"28*th.* I prepared a list of queries for the department, designed to elicit a more precise and reliable account of the Indian tribes than has yet appeared. It is astonishing how much gross error exists in the popular mind respecting their true character.

"Talk of an Indian—why the very stare
Says, plain as language, Sir, have you been there?
Do tell me, has a Pottowottomie a soul,
And have the tribes a language? Now that's droll—
They tell me some have tails like wolves, and others claws,
Those Winnebagoes, and Piankashaws.

"1839. *Jan.* 1*st.* I called, amid the throng, on the President. His manners were bland and conciliatory. . . .

"10*th.* Attended a general and crowded party at Gen. Macomb's, in the evening, with Mrs. Schoolcraft. The General has always appeared to me a perfect amateur in military science, although he has distinguished himself in the field. He is a most polished and easy man in all positions in society, and there is an air and manner by which he

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constantly reveals his French blood. He has a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a nice appreciation of the mock gravity of the heroic in character, and related to me a very effective scene of this latter kind, which occurred at Mr. John Johnston's, at St. Mary's Falls, on the close of the late war. . . .

"11*th*. Left Washington, with my family, in the cars for Baltimore, where we lodged; reached Philadelphia the next day, at four P. M.; remained the 13th and 14th, and reached New York on the 16th, at 4 o'clock P. M.

"14*th*. Mrs. Schoolcraft, having left her children at school, at Philadelphia and Princeton, remained pensive, and wrote the following lines in the Indian tongue, on parting from them, which I thought so just that I made a translation of them.

Ah! when thought reverts to my country so dear,
My heart fills with pleasure, and throbs with a fear:
My country, my country, my own native land,
So lovely in aspect, in feature so grand,
Far, far in the West, What are cities to me,
Oh! land of my mother, compared unto thee?

Fair land of the lakes! thou art blest to my sight,
With thy beaming bright waters, and landscapes of light;
The breeze and the murmur, the dash and the roar,
That summer and autumn cast over the shore,
They spring to my thoughts, like the lullaby tongue,
That soothed me to slumber when youthful and young.

One feeling more strongly still binds me to thee,
There roved my forefathers, in liberty free—
There shook they the war lance, and sported the plume,
Ere Europe had cast o'er this country a gloom;
Nor thought they that kingdoms more happy could be,
While lords of a land so resplendant and free.

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Yet it is not alone that my country is fair,
And my home and my friends are inviting me there;
While they beckon me onward, my heart is still here,
With my sweet lovely daughter, and bonny boy dear:
And oh! what's the joy that a home can impart,
Removed from the dear ones who cling to my heart.

It is learning that calls them; but tell me, can schools
Repay for my love, or give nature new rules?
They may teach them the lore of the wit and the sage,
To be grave in their youth, and be gay in their age;
But ah! my poor heart, what are schools to thy view,
While severed from children thou lovest so true!

I return to my country, I haste on my way,
For duty commands me, and duty must sway;
Yet I leave the bright land where my little ones dwell,
With a sober regret, and a bitter farewell;
For there I must leave the dear jewels I love,
The dearest of gifts from my Master above.

"NEW YORK, *March* 18*th*, 1839.

. . . .

"18*th*. I received instructions from Washington, to form a treaty with the Saginaws, for the cession of a tract of ground on which to build a light-house on Saginaw Bay.

"The next letter I opened was from Mrs. Jameson, of London, who writes that her plan of publication is, to divide the profits with her publishers, and, as these are honest men and gentlemen, she has found that the best way. She advises me to adopt the same course with respect to my Indian legends.[8]

" 'I published,' she says, 'in my little journal, one or two legends which Mrs. Schoolcraft gave me, and they have ex-

[8] I followed this advice, but fell into the hands of the Philistines.

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cited very general interest. The more exactly you can (in translation) adhere to the *style* of the language of the Indian nations, instead of emulating a fine or correct English style—the more characteristic in all respects—the more original—the more interesting your work will be.' . . .

"24*th.* Called on Mr. Ramsey Crooks, president of the American Fur Company, at his counting-house, in Ann street. He gave me an interesting sketch of his late tour from La Pointe, Lake Superior, to the Mississippi. . . .

"*Feb.* 4*th.* Mr. James H. Lanman writes respecting the prospects of his publishing a history of Michigan—a subject which I gave him every encouragement to go forward in, while he lived in that State.

"21*st.* Mr. Bancroft writes me, giving every encouragement to bring forward before the public my collections and researches on Indian history and language, and expressing his opinion of success, unless I should be 'cursed with a bad publisher.'

" 'Father Duponceau,' he says, 'won his prize out of your books, and Gallatin owes much to you. Go on; persevere; build a monument to yourself and the unhappy Algonquin race.'

"Making every allowance for Mr. Bancroft's enthusiastic way of speaking, it yet appears to me that I should endeavor to publish the results of investigations of Indian subjects. My connection with the Johnston family has thrown open to me the whole arcanum of the Indian's thoughts. . . .

"1839. *April* 19*th.* A singular denouement is made this morning, which appeals strongly to my feelings. On getting in the stage at Vernon, in Western New York, a gentleman of easy manners, good figure, and polite ad-

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dress, whom we will call Theodoric, kindly made way for me and my family, which led us to notice him, and we traveled together quite to Detroit, and put up at the same hotel. This morning a note from him reveals him to be a young Virginian, seeking his fortune west, and out of funds, and makes precisely such an appeal as it is hard, and wrong in fact, to resist. I told Theodoric to take his trunk and go, by the next steamer, to my house at Mackinac, and I should be up in a short time, and furnish him employment in the Indian department. . . .

"*June 4th.* Mr. Johnstone, of Aloor, near Edinburgh, Scotland, brings me a note of introduction from Gen. James Talmadge, of New York. Mr. J—— is a highly respected man at home, and is traveling in America to gratify a laudable curiosity.

"*7th.* Reached Mackinac, on board the steamer *Great Western*, Capt. Walker.

"*10th. The Albany Evening Journal* has a short editorial under the head of *Algic Researches:* 'Such is the title of a work from our countryman Schoolcraft, which the Harpers have just published, in two volumes. It consists of Tales and Legends, which the Author has gleaned in the course of his long and familiar intercourse with the children of the Forest, illustrating the mental powers and characteristics of the North American Indians.

" 'Mr. Schoolcraft has traveled far into the western wilds. He has lived much with the Indians, and has studied their character thoroughly. He is withal a scholar and a gentleman, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of all he writes.' . . .

"*13th.* The Albany papers continue to publish notices of *Algic Researches. The Argus* of the 13th June,

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says: . . . 'A residence at Mackinac is of itself calculated to beget, as it is to gratify, a taste for the prosecution of these inquiries. It is described by Miss Martineau as "the wildest and tenderest piece of beauty that she had yet seen on God's earth." It is indeed a spot of rare attractiveness. Standing upon the promontory, in the rear of the Fort and town, the view embraces to the north the head waters of the Huron and the far-off isles of St. Martin, to the west Green Isle and the straits of Mackinac, and to the east and south Bois Blanc and the Great Lake. It is a delightful summer retreat, and many are the legends and reminiscences of the scenes of enjoyment passed here in absolute, and we are assured happy, exclusion from the outward world, during the winter months. It has been regarded, at no distant day, as important not only as the rendezvous of the Fur Companies' agents and employers and the Indian traders, but as a government military post. It is still a great resort of the northern Indians. Often their lodges and their bark canoes, of beautiful construction, line the pebbly shore; and the aboriginal habits and mental characteristics may be studied on the spot. . . .'

"1839. *June 26th.* Mrs. Morris brings a letter from Hon. A. E. Wing, of Monroe. She contemplates spending the summer on the Island on account of impaired health. The pure air and fine summer climate of Mackinac begin to be appreciated within a year or two by valetudinarians. It is a perfect Montpelier to them. The inhaling of its pure and dry atmosphere in midsummer is found to act very favorably on the digestive organs. No process of *health-making gymnastics* is prescribed by physicians. They merely direct persons to walk about and enjoy the sights and scenes about them, to saunter along its winding

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paths, or go fishing or gunning. Its woods are delightful, and its cliffs command the sublimest views. One would think that if the muses are ever routed from the bare hills of Olympus and the springs of Helicon, they would take shelter in the glens of Michilimackinac, where the Indian *pukwees*, or *fairies*, danced of old. . . .

"*29th.* Gen. Scott arrives at this post, on a general tour of inspection of the northern posts, and proceeds the same day to Sault St. Marie, accompanied by Maj. Whiting. . . .

"[*July*] *3d.* I received a letter introducing Mr. and Mrs. Kane, of Albany. We love an agreeable surprise. I recognized in Mrs. K—— the daughter of an old friend —a most lady-like, agreeable, and talented woman; and deemed my time agreeably devoted in showing my visitors the curiosities of the Island. . . .

"*Aug. 1st.* Visited by the Baron Mareschal, Austrian Minister at Washington, and Count de Colobiano, Minister of the kingdom of Sardinia. These gentlemen both impressed me with their quiet, easy manner, and perfect freedom from all pretence. I went out with them, to show them the Arched Rock, the Sugar-loaf Rock, and other natural curiosities. At the Sugar-loaf Rock they got out of the carriage and strolled about. The baron and count at last seated themselves on the grass. The former was a tall, rather grave man, with blue eyes, well advanced in years, and a German air; the latter, three or four inches shorter of stature, with black eyes, an animated look, and many years the junior.

"*4th.* My children arrived at Mackinac this evening, from their respective schools at Brooklyn and Philadelphia, on their summer vacation, and have, on examination, made good progress.

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"7*th.* Albert Gallup, Esq., of Albany, lands on his way to Green Bay as a U. S. commissioner to treat with the Stockbridges. This gentleman brought me official dispatches relative to his mission and the expenditures of it, and, by his ready and prompt mode of acting and speaking, led me to call to mind another class of visitors, who seem to aim by extreme formality and circumlocution to strive to hide want of capacity and narrow-mindedness. Mr. Gallup mentioned a passage of Scripture, which is generally quoted wrong—'he who reads may run'—which set me to hunting for it. The passage is 'that he may run that readeth it.'—Habakkuk ii. 2. . . .

"*Sept.* 3*d.* A remarkable and most magnificent display of the Aurora Borealis occurred in the evening. It began a quarter before eight, as I was sitting on the piazza in front of my house, which commands a view of the lake in front, and the whole southern hemisphere. From the zenith points of light flared down the southern hemisphere. The north had none. For five minutes the appearance was most magnificent. Streaks of blue and crimson red light appeared in several parts. At ten minutes to eight, long lines began to form on the east, then west, and varying to north-west, very bright, silvery and phosphorescent. Before nine, the rays shot up from the horizon north-east, and finally north—the southern hemisphere, at the same time, losing its brilliance. This light continued in full activity of effulgence to ten, and, after retiring from my piazza, its gleams were visible through the windows the greater part of the night, till two o'clock or later. . . .

"[*Oct.*] 10*th.* Two plum trees, standing in front of the Agency, which had attained their full growth, and borne fruit plentifully, for some few years, began to droop, and

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finally died during the autumn. I found, by examination, that their roots had extended into cold underground springs of water, which have their issue under the high cliff immediately behind the Agency. They had originally been set out as wall fruit, within a few feet of the front wall of the house, on its southern side. The one was the common blue plum, the other an egg plum. . . .

"26*th*. Mackinac has again assumed its winter phase. We are shut in from the tumult of the world, and must rely for our sources of intellectual sustenance and diversion on books, or researches, such as may present themselves. . . .

"1840. *Jan.* 1*st*. Having determined to pass another winter (some ten weeks of which are past) at Mackinac, I have found my best and pleasantest employment in my old resource, the investigation of the Indian character and history. The subject is exhaustless in every branch of inquiry, but the more it is turned over and sifted, the more cause there is to see that there is error to be encountered at almost every step. Travelers have been chiefly intent on the picturesque, and have given themselves but little trouble to investigate. The historian has had his mind full of prepossessions derived from ancient reading, and has, generally, been seated three thousand miles across the water, where the work of personal comparison was impossible. Left to the repose of himself, mentally and physically, without being placed in the crucible of war, without being made the tool of selfishness, or driven to a state of half idiocy by the use of liquor, the Indian is a man of naturally good feelings and affections, and of a sense of justice, and, although destitute of an inductive mind, is led to appreciate truth and virtue as he apprehends them. But he is subject to be swayed by every breath of opinion, has little fixity of pur-

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pose, and, from a defect of business capacity, is often led to pursue just those means which are least calculated to advance his permanent interests, and his mind is driven to and fro like a feather in the winds. . . .

"7*th*. The season of New-year has been as usual a holiday, that is to say, a time of hilarity and good wishes, with the Indians in this vicinity, numbers of which have visited the office. . . .

"22*d*. Theodoric (*vide ante*, April 19th) writes me from Detroit in terms of the kindest appreciation for my kindness to him. On his arrival at Mackinac he most acceptably executed several trusts—writing a good hand, being of gentlemanly manners and deportment, and an obliging disposition, and withal a high moral tone of character—as the winter drew on, I judged he would make a good representative for the county in the legislature, and started him in political life. He received the popular vote, and proceeded to the Capitol accordingly. . . .

"31*st*. The fiscal crisis that was now impending over Michigan, it was evident was in the process of advance; but it was not possible to tell when it would fall, nor with what severity. All had been over-speculating—over-trading—over-banking, overdoing everything, in short, that prudence should dictate. But the public were *in* for it, and could not, it seems, back out, and every one hoped for the best. My best friends, the most cautious guides of my youth, had entered into the speculating mania, and there appeared to be, in fact, nobody of means or standing, who had been proof against the temptation of getting rich soon. I 'immured' myself far away from the scene of turmoil and strife, and was happy so long as I kept my eyes on my books and manuscripts. . . .

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"*March 7th.* While politicians, financiers, speculators in real estate, anxious holders of bank stock, and missionaries careful of the Indian tribes are thus busy—each class animated by a separate hope—it is refreshing to see that my little daughter (Jane) who writes under this date from her school at Philadelphia, is striving after *p's* and *g's*. 'I am getting along in my studies very well. I love music as much as ever. I like my French studies much. I have got all *p's* for my lessons, but one *g*. *G* is for good, and *p* for perfect.' What a pity that all classes of adult men were not pursuing their *g's* and *p's* with equal simplicity of emulation and purity of purpose.

"10*th.* Prof. L. Fasquelle, of Livingston, transmits to me a translation of the so-called 'Pontiac manuscript.' This document consists of an ancient French journal, of daily events during the siege of the fort of Detroit by that redoubtable chief and his confederates in 1763. It was found in the garret of one of the French *habitants,* thrust away between the plate and the roof; partly torn, and much soiled by rains and the effects of time.

"13*th.* The Chippewa Indians say that the woods and shores, bays and islands, are inhabited by innumerable spirits, who are ever wakeful and quick to hear everything during the summer season, but during the winter, after the snow falls, these spirits appear to exist in a torpid state, or find their abodes in inanimate bodies. The tellers of legends and oral tales among them are, therefore, permitted to exercise their fancies and functions to amuse their listeners during the winter season, for the spirits are then in a state of inactivity, and cannot hear. But their vocation as story tellers is ended the moment the spring opens. The shrill piping of the frog, waking from his wintry repose, is

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the signal for the termination of their story craft, and I have in vain endeavored to get any of them to relate this species of imaginary lore at any other time. It is evaded by some easy and indifferent remark. But the true reason is given above. Young and old adhere to this superstition. It is said that, if they violate the custom, the snakes, toads, and other reptiles, which are believed to be under the influence of the spirits, will punish them. . . .

"*April* 30*th*. The new farming station and mission for the Chippewas of Grand Traverse Bay is successfully established. The Rev. Mr. Dougherty reports that a school for Indian children has been well attended since November. A blacksmith's shop is in successful operation. The U. S. Farmer reports that he has just completed ploughing the Indian fields. He has put in several acres of oats, and the corn is about six inches above the ground. The Indians generally are making large fields, and have planted more corn than usual, and manifest a disposition to become industrious, and to avail themselves of the double advantage that is furnished them by the Department of Indian affairs and by the Mission Board which has taken them in hand.

"*Sept.* 11*th*. Joanna Baillie, the celebrated authoress, who has spent a long life in the most honorable and deeply characteristic literary labors, writes from her residence at Hampstead (Eng.), as if with undiminished vigor of hope, expressing her interest in the progress of historical letters in this (to her) remote part of the world. How much closer bonds these literary sympathies are in drawing two nations of a kindred blood together, than dry and formal diplomatics, in which it is the object, as Talleyrand says, of human language to conceal thought! . . .

"*Nov.* 1*st*. Having concluded the Indian business in

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the Upper Lakes for the season, I returned with my family to Detroit, and employed my leisure in literary investigations. . . .

"*Dec.* 31*st.* 'We were in hopes,' says James L. Schoolcraft, in a letter from Mackinac, 'of seeing a steamboat up during the fine weather in the latter part of November. It is now, however, since 14th inst., cold. Theodoric has undertaken to conduct a weekly paper, the *Pic Nic*, which, thus far, goes off well. Lieut. Pemberton, in the Fort, is engaged in getting up a private theatre. Thus, you see, we endeavor to ward off winter and solitude in various ways. The rats are playing the devil with your house. I have removed all the bedding. They have injured some of your books.' . . .

"1841. *May* 22*nd.* Landed at Mackinac after having passed the winter at Detroit. It appears from Colden that the Iroquois called this island Teiodondoraghie. What an amount of word-craft is here—what a poetic description thrown into the form of a compound phrase! The local term *doraghie* is apparently the same heard in Ticon*deroga*—the imprecision of writing Indian making the difference. *Ti* is the Iroquois particle for water, as in *Tioga*, &c. *On* is, in like manner, the clipped or coalescent particle for hill or mountain, as heard in Onondaga. The vowels *i*, *o*, carry the same meaning, evidently, that they do in Ontario and Ohio, where they are an exclamatory description for beautiful scenery. What a philosophy of language is here! . . .

"*Aug.* 1*st.* During the number of years I have passed in the country of the upper lakes, I have noticed the mocking bird, *T. polyglottis*, but once or twice as far north as the Island of Michilimackinac. I have listened to its varied notes, during the spring season, with delight. It is not an

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ordinary inhabitant, nor have I ever noticed it on the St. Mary's Straits, or on the shores of Lake Huron north of this Island. This Island may, I think, be referred to as its extreme northern and occasional limit.

"10*th*. I determined to remove from Michilimackinac to the city of New York. More than thirty years of my life have been spent in Western scenes, in various situations, in Western New York, the Mississippi Valley, and the basins of the Great Lakes. The position is one which, however suitable it is for observation on several topics, is by no means favorable to the publication of them, while the seaboard cities possess numerous advantages of residence, particularly for the education of the young. So much of my time had been given to certain topics of natural history, and to the languages and history, antiquities, manners, and customs of the Indian tribes, that I felt a desire to preserve the record of it, and, in fact, to study my own materials in a position more favorable to the object than the shores, however pleasing, of these vast inland seas. The health of Mrs. Schoolcraft having been impaired for several years, furnished another motive for a change of residence. However great was the geographical area to be traversed, the change could be readily effected, and promised many of the highest concomitants of civilization. Beyond all, it was a return to my native State after long years of travel and wandering, adventure, and residence, which would bear, I thought, to be looked at and reflected on through the mellowed medium of reminiscence and study.

"The journey was easily performed by steamers and railroads, which occupy every foot of the way, and it was accomplished without any but agreeable incidents. I left

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the Island, which is the object of so many pleasant recollections, about the middle of August, and reached the city of New York during that month, in season, after some weeks agreeably passed at a hotel, to take a private dwelling-house in the upper part of it (Chelsea, 19th street) early in September. I now cast myself about to publish the results of my observation on the Red Race, whom I had found, in many traits, a subject of deep interest; in some things wholly misunderstood and misrepresented; and altogether an object of the highest humanitarian interest. But our booksellers, or rather book-publishers, were not yet prepared in their views to undertake anything corresponding to my ideas. The next year I executed my long-deferred purpose of visiting England and the continent with this plan in view, and was highly gratified with the means of comparison which these finished countries afforded with the rough scenes of Western America. France, Belgium, Prussia, Germany and Holland were embraced in this tour.

"This visit was one of high intellectual gratification, and carried me into scenes and situations for which the reading of books had but poorly prepared me. I kept a journal to refresh my memory of things seen and heard, approved and disapproved.

"The Western World, they tell me, turns too fast,
By European optics scanned and glassed;
But when we look at Europe, although fair,
They must have had new Joshuas working there;
For, be our eagerness just what it will,
She, spell-bound, seems to stand profoundly still."

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CHAPTER X

HARRIET MARTINEAU—1836

HARRIET MARTINEAU, the English author, visited Mackinac in 1836, where she met Schoolcraft. "Miss Martineau," he says,[1] "expressed her gratification in having visited the upper lakes and the Island. She said she had from early childhood felt an interest in them." On her return to England, in that year, she embodied her observations in the first of her three volumes, *Society in America*, published in 1837.

Born in 1802, Miss Martineau came of a family of French Huguenots, who settled in Norwich, England, only a little while before. Her father, a manufacturer, who died early, left in poor circumstances a family of eight children, and Harriet was obliged to provide for herself. Her uncle, a surgeon of some prominence, personally supervised her education, under whom she developed unusual literary ability, and determined to attempt a livelihood with her pen. Her travels in America in 1834–1836 gave her the experience for one of her best known works. Considering the literary quality of this work, together with the date of her visit to Mackinac, at the beginning of Michigan's statehood, it may be of interest to include in this sketch her account of the trip to Mackinac from Chicago. The trip was made in the last days of June and the first days of July:[2]

"While we were in Detroit," she says, "we were most

[1] *Personal Memoirs*, p. 541.
[2] *Society in America*, (Paris, 1837), I. 187-197.

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strongly urged to return thither by the Lakes, instead of by either of the Michigan roads. From place to place in my previous travelling, I had been told of the charms of the Lakes, and especially of the Island of Mackinac. Every officer's lady who has been in garrison there, is eloquent upon the delights of Mackinac. As our whole party, however, could not spare time to make so wide a circuit, we had not intended to indulge ourselves with a further variation in our travels than to take the upper road back to Detroit; having left it by the lower. On Sunday, June 27th, news arrived at Chicago, that this upper road had been rendered impassable by the rains. A sailing vessel, the only one on the lakes, and now on her first trip, was to leave Chicago for Detroit and Buffalo, the next day. The case was clear; the party must divide. Those who were obliged to hasten home must return by the road we came; the rest must proceed by water. On Charley's account, the change of plan was desirable; as the heats were beginning to be so oppressive as to render travelling in open wagons unsafe for a child. It was painful to break up our party at the extreme point of our journey; but it was clearly right. So Mr. and Mrs. L—— took their chance by land, and the rest of us went on board the *Milwaukee*, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th.

"Mrs. F—— and I were the only ladies on board; and there was no stewardess. The steward was obliging, and the ladies' cabin was clean and capacious; and we took possession of it with a feeling of comfort. Our pleasant impressions, however, were not of long duration. The vessel was crowded with persons who had come to the land sales at Chicago, and were taking their passage back to Milwaukee; a settlement on the western shore of the lake, about eighty

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miles from Chicago. Till we should reach Milwaukee, we could have the ladies' cabin only during a part of the day. I say a part of the day, because some of the gentry did not leave our cabin till near nine in the morning; and others chose to come down and go to bed, as early as seven in the evening, without troubling themselves to give us five minutes' notice, or to wait till we could put up our needles, or wipe our pens. This ship was the only place in America where I saw a prevalence of bad manners. It was the place of all others to select for the study of such; and no reasonable person would look for anything better among land speculators, and settlers in regions so new as to be almost without women. None of us had ever before seen, in America, a disregard of women. The swearing was incessant; and the spitting such as to amaze my American companions as much as myself.

"Supper was announced presently after we had sailed; and when we came to the table, it was full, and no one offered to stir, to make room for us. The captain, who was very careful of our comfort, arranged that we should be better served henceforth; and no difficulty afterwards occurred. At dinner the next day, we had a specimen of how such personages as we had on board are managed on an emergency. The captain gave notice, from the head of the table, that he did not choose our party to be intruded on in the cabin; and that any one who did not behave with civility at table should be turned out. He spoke with decision and good humour; and the effect was remarkable. Everything on the table was handed to us; and no more of the gentry came down into our cabin to smoke, or throw themselves on the cushions to sleep, while we sat at work.

"Our fare was what might be expected on Lake Michigan.

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Salt beef and pork, and sea-biscuit; tea without milk, bread, and potatoes. Charley throve upon potatoes and bread; and we all had the best results of food—health and strength.

"A little schooner which left Chicago at the same time with ourselves, and reached Milwaukee first, was a pretty object. On the 29th, we were only twenty-five miles from the settlement; but the wind was so unfavourable that it was doubtful whether we should reach it that day. Some of the passengers amused themselves by gaming, down in the hold; others by parodying a Methodist sermon, and singing a mock hymn. We did not get rid of them till noon on the 30th, when we had the pleasure of seeing our ship disgorge twenty-five into one boat and two into another. The atmosphere was so transparent as to make the whole scene appear as if viewed through an opera glass; the still, green waters, the dark boats with their busy oars, the moving passengers, and the struggles of one to recover his hat, which had fallen overboard. We were yet five miles from Milwaukee; but we could see the bright, wooded coast, with a few white dots of houses.

"While Dr. F—— went on shore, to see what was to be seen, we had the cabin cleaned out, and took, once more, complete possession of it, for both day and night. As soon as this was done, seven young women came down the companionway, seated themselves round the cabin, and began to question us. They were the total female population of Milwaukee; which settlement now contains four hundred souls. We were glad to see these ladies; for it was natural enough that the seven women should wish to behold two more, when such a chance offered. A gentleman of the place, who came on board this afternoon, told me that a printing-press had arrived a few hours before; and that a

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newspaper would speedily appear. He was kind enough to forward the first number to me a few weeks afterwards; and I was amused to see how pathetic an appeal to the ladies of more thickly-settled districts it contained, imploring them to cast a favourable eye on Milwaukee, and its hundreds of bachelors.

"Milwaukee had been settled since the preceding November. It had good stores; (to judge by the nature and quantity of goods sent ashore from our ship); it had a printing press and newspaper, before the settlers had had time to get wives; I heard these new settlements sometimes called 'patriarchal'; but what would the patriarchs have said to such an order of affairs?

"Dr. F—— returned from the town, with apple-pies, cheese, and ale, wherewith to vary our ship diet. With him arrived such a number of towns-people, that the steward wanted to turn us out of our cabin once more; but we were sturdy, appealed to the captain, and were confirmed in possession. From this time, began the delights of our voyage. The moon, with her long train of glory, was magnificent to-night; the vast body of waters on which she shone being as calm as if the winds were dead.

"The navigation of these lakes is, at present, a mystery. They have not yet been properly surveyed. Our Captain had gone to and fro on Lake Huron, but had never before been on Lake Michigan; and this was rather an anxious voyage to him. We had got aground on the sand bar before Milwaukee harbour; and on the 1st of July, all hands were busy in unshipping the cargo, to lighten the vessel, instead of carrying her up to the town. An elegant little schooner was riding at anchor near us; and we were well amused in admiring her, and in watching the bustle on

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deck, till some New England youths, and our Milwaukee acquaintance, brought us, from the shore, two newspapers, some pebbles, flowers, and a pitcher of fine strawberries.

"As soon as we were off the bar, the vessel hove round, and we cast anchor in deeper water. Charley was called to see the sailors work the windlass, and to have a ride thereon. The sailors were very kind to the boy. They dressed up their dog for him in sheep-skins and a man's hat; a sight to make older people than Charley laugh. They took him down into the forecastle to show him prints that were pasted up there. They asked him to drink rum and water with them: to which Charley answered that he should be happy to drink water with them, but had rather not have any rum. While we were watching the red sunset over the leaden waters, betokening a change of weather, the steamer *New York* came ploughing the bay, three weeks after her time; such is the uncertainty in the navigation of these stormy lakes. She got aground on the sand-bank, as we had done; and boats were going from her to the shore and back, as long as we could see.

"The next day there was rain and some wind. The captain and steward went off to make final purchases: but the fresh meat which had been bespoken for us had been bought up by somebody else; and no milk was to be had; only two cows being visible in all the place. Ale was the only luxury we could obtain. When the captain returned, he brought with him a stout gentleman, one of the proprietors of the vessel, who must have a berth in our cabin as far as Mackinac; those elsewhere being too small for him. Under the circumstances, we had no right to complain; so we helped the steward to partition off a portion of the cabin with a counterpane, fastened with four forks. This gentle-

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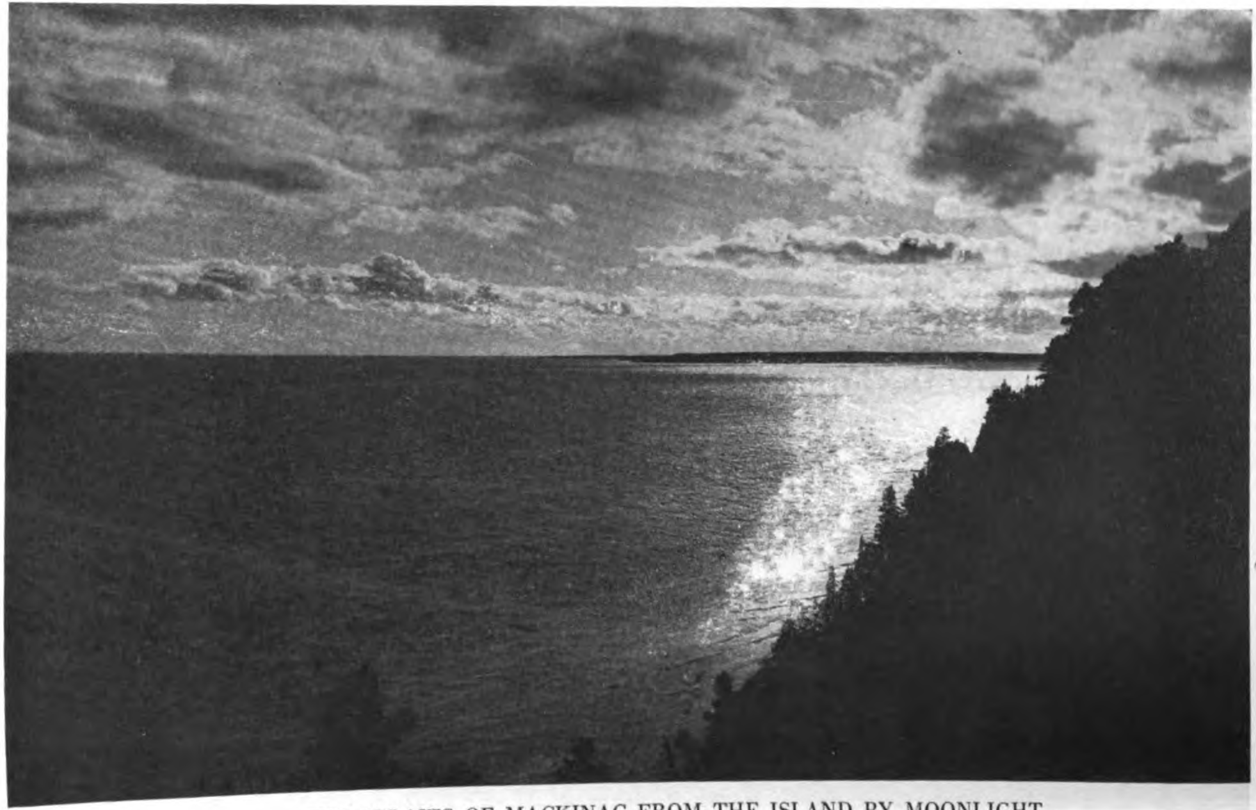

VIEW OF THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC FROM THE ISLAND BY MOONLIGHT

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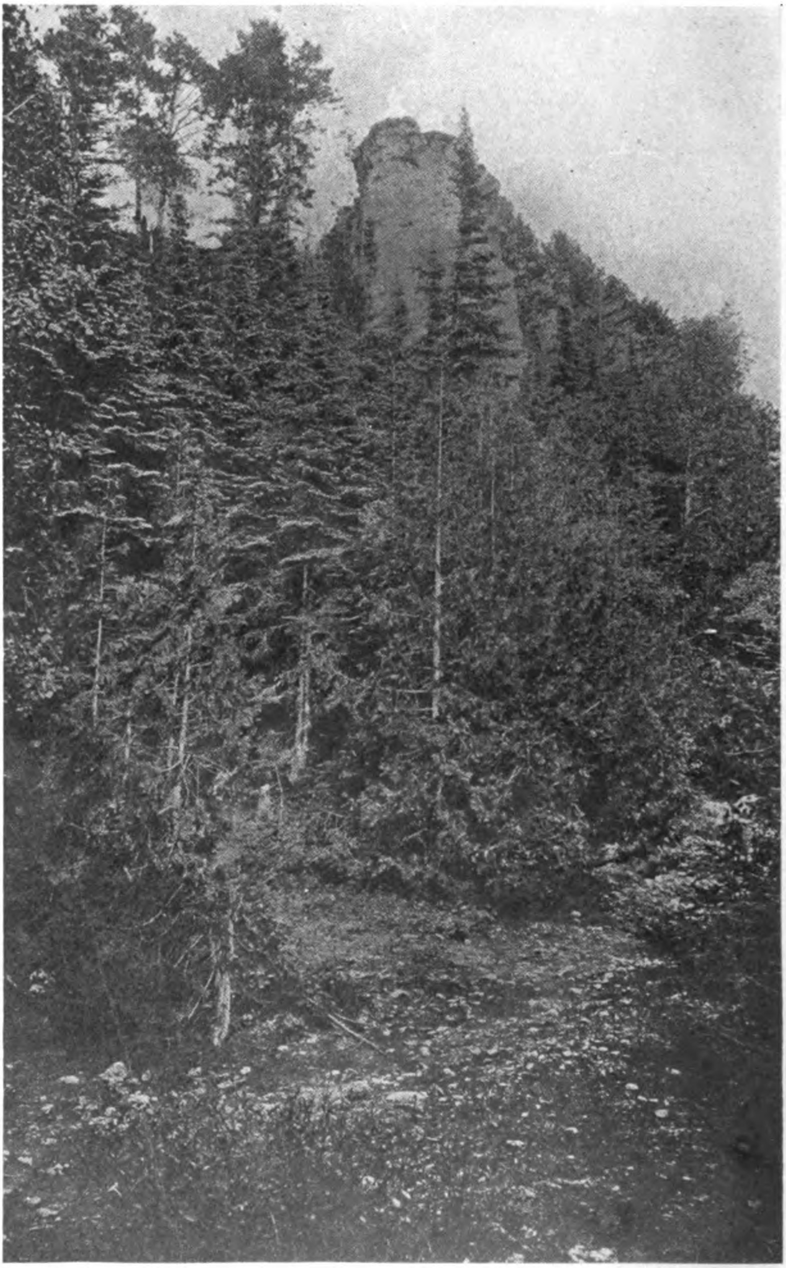

ONE OF MACKINAC ISLAND'S INTERESTING FORMATIONS

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man, Mr. D——, was engaged in the fur trade at Mackinac, and had a farm there, to which he kindly invited us.

"On Sunday, the 3rd, there was much speculation as to whether we should be at Mackinac in time to witness the celebration of the great day. All desired it; but I was afraid of missing the Manitou Isles in the dark. There was much fog; the wind was nearly fair; the question was whether it would last. Towards evening, the fog thickened, and the wind freshened. The mate would not believe we were in the middle of the lake, as every one else supposed. He said the fog was too warm not to come from near land. Charley caught something of the spirit of uncertainty, and came to me in high, joyous excitement, to drag me to the side of the ship, that I might see how fast we cut through the waves, and how steadily we leaned over the water, till Charley almost thought he could touch it. He burst out about the 'kind of feeling' that it was 'not to see a bit of land,' and not to know where we were; and to think '*if* we should upset!' and that we never did upset:—it was 'a good and a bad feeling at once;' and he should never be able to tell people at home what it was like. The boy had no fear; he was roused, as the brave man loves to be. Just as the dim light of the sunset was fading from the fog, it opened, and disclosed to us, just at hand, the high, sandy shore of Michigan. It was well that this happened before dark. The captain hastened up to the mast-head, and reported that we were off Cape Sable, forty miles from the Manitou Isles.

"Three bats and several butter-flies were seen to-day, clinging to the mainsail,—blown over from the shore. The sailors set their dog at a bat, of which it was evidently afraid. A flock of pretty pigeons flew round over the ship;

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of which six were shot. Four fell into the water; and the other two were reserved for the mate's breakfast; he being an invalid.

"We were up before five, on the morning of the 4th of July to see the Manitou Isles, which were then just coming in sight. They are the Sacred Isles of the Indians, to whom they belong. Manitou is the name of their Great Spirit, and of everything sacred. It is said that they believe these islands to be the resort of the spirits of the departed. They are two: sandy and precipitous at the south end; and clothed with wood, from the crest of the cliffs to the north extremity, which slopes down gradually to the water. It was a cool, sunny morning, and these dark islands lay still, and apparently deserted, on the bright green waters. Far behind, to the south, were two glittering white sails, on the horizon. They remained in sight all day, and lessened the feeling of loneliness which the navigators of these vast lakes cannot but have, while careering among the solemn islands and shores. On our right lay the Michigan shore, high and sandy, with the dark eminence, called the Sleeping Bear, conspicuous on the ridge. No land speculators have set foot here yet. A few Indian dwellings, with evergreen woods and sandy cliffs, are all. Just here, Mr. D—— pointed out to us a schooner of his which was wrecked, in a snow storm, the preceding November. She looked pretty and forlorn, lying on her side in that desolate place, seeming a mere plaything thrown in among the cliffs. 'Ah!' said her owner, 'she was a lovely creature, and as stiff as a church.' Two lives were lost. Two young Germans, stout lads, could not comprehend the orders given them to put on all their clothing, and keep themselves warm. They only half dressed themselves: 'the cold took them,' and they

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died. The rest tried to make fire by friction of wood; but got only smoke. Someone found traces of a dog in the snow. These were followed for three miles, and ended at an Indian lodge, where the sailors were warmed and kindly treated.

"During the bright morning of this day we passed the Fox and Beaver Islands. The captain was in fine spirits, though there was no longer any prospect of reaching Mackinac in time for the festivities of the day. This Island is chiefly known as a principal station of the great northwestern fur trade. Others know it as the seat of an Indian mission. Others, again, as a frontier garrison. It is known to me as the wildest and tenderest little piece of beauty that I have yet seen on God's earth. It is a small Island, nine miles in circumference, being in the strait between the Lakes Michigan and Huron, and between the coasts of Michigan and Wisconsin.

"Towards evening the Wisconsin coast came into view, the strait suddenly narrowed, and we were about to bid farewell to the great Lake whose length we had traversed, after sweeping round its southern extremity. The ugly light-ship, which looked heavy enough, came into view about six o'clock; the first token of our approach to Mackinac. The office of the light-ship is to tow vessels in the dark through the strait. We were too early for this; but perhaps it performed that office for the two schooners whose white specks of sails had been on our southern horizon all day. Next day we saw a white speck before us; it was the barracks of Mackinac, stretching along the side of its green hills, and clearly visible before the town came into view.

"The Island looked enchanting as we approached, as I

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think it always must, though we had the advantage of seeing it first steeped in the most golden sunshine that ever hallowed lake or shore. The colours were up on all the little vessels in the harbour. The national flag streamed from the garrison. The soldiers thronged the walls of the barracks; half-breed boys were paddling about in their little canoes, in the transparent waters; the half-French, half-Indian population of the place were all abroad in their best. An Indian lodge was on the shore, and a picturesque dark group stood beside it. The cows were coming down the steep green slopes to the milking. Nothing could be more bright and joyous.

"The houses of the old French village are shabby-looking, dusky, and roofed with bark. There are some neat yellow houses, with red shutters, which have a foreign air, with their porches and flights of steps. The better houses stand on the first of the three terraces which are distinctly marked. Behind them are swelling green knolls; before them gardens sloping down to the narrow slip of white beach, so that the grass seems to grow almost into the clear rippling waves. The gardens were rich with mountain ash, roses, stocks, currant bushes, springing corn, and a great variety of kitchen vegetables. There were two small piers with little barks alongside, and piles of wood for the steam-boats. Some way to the right stood the quadrangle of missionary buildings, and the white mission church. Still further to the right was a shrubby precipice down to the lake; and beyond, the blue waters. While we were gazing at all this, a pretty schooner sailed into the harbour after us, in fine style, sweeping round our bows so suddenly as nearly to swamp a little fleet of canoes, each with its pair of half-breed boys.

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"We had been alarmed by a declaration from the captain that he should stay only three hours at the Island. He seemed to have no intention of taking us ashore this evening. The dreadful idea occurred to us that we might be carried away from this paradise, without having set foot in it. We looked at each other in dismay. Mr. D—— stood our friend. He had some furs on board which were to be landed. He said this should not be done till the morning; and he would take care his people did it with the utmost possible slowness. He thought he could gain us an additional hour in this way. Meantime, thunder-clouds were coming up rapidly from the west, and the sun was near its setting. After much consultation, and an assurance having been obtained from the captain that we might command the boat at any hour in the morning, we decided that Dr. F—— and Charley should go ashore, and deliver our letters, and accept any arrangements that might be offered for our seeing the best of the scenery in the morning.

"Scarcely any one was left in the ship but Mrs. F—— and myself. We sat on deck, and gazed as if this were to be the last use we were ever to have of our eyes. There was growling thunder now, and the church bell, and Charley's clear voice from afar: the waters were so still. The Indians lighted a fire before their lodge; and we saw their shining red forms as they bent over the blaze; we watched Dr. F—— and Charley mounting to the garrison; we saw them descend again with the commanding officer, and go to the house of the Indian agent. Then we traced them along the shore, and into the Indian lodge; then to the church; then the parting with the commandant on the shore, and lastly, the passage of the dark boat to our ship's

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side. They brought news that the commandant and his family would be on the watch for us before five in the morning, and be our guides to as much of the Island as the captain would allow us time to see.

"Some pretty purchases of Indian manufactures were brought on board this evening; light matting of various colours, and small baskets of birch-bark, embroidered with porcupine quills, and filled with maple sugar.

"The next morning all was bright. At five o'clock we descended the ship's side, and from the boat could see the commandant and his dog hastening down from the garrison to the landing-place. We returned with him up the hill, through the barrack-yard; and were joined by three members of his family on the velvet green slope behind the garrison. No words can give an idea of the charms of this morning walk. We wound about in a vast shrubbery, with ripe straw-berries under foot, wild flowers all around, and scattered knolls and opening vistas tempting curiosity in every direction. 'Now run up,' said the commandant, as we arrived at the foot of one of these knolls. I did so, and was almost struck backwards by what I saw. Below me was the Natural Bridge of Mackinac, of which I had heard frequent mention. It is a limestone arch, about one hundred and fifty feet high in the center, with a span of fifty feet; one pillar resting on a rocky projection in the lake, the other on the hill. We viewed it from above, so that the horizon of the lake fell behind the bridge, and the blue expanse of waters filled the entire arch. Birch and ash grew around the bases of the pillars, and shrubbery tufted the sides and dangled from the bridge. The soft rich hues in which the whole was dressed seemed borrowed from the autumn sky.

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"But even this scene was nothing to the one we saw from the Fort, on the crown of the Island; old Fort Holmes, called Fort George when in possession of the British. I can compare it to nothing but to what Noah might have seen, the first bright morning after the deluge. Such a cluster of little paradises rising out of such a congregation of waters, I can hardly fancy to have been seen elsewhere. The capacity of the human eye seems here suddenly enlarged, as if it could see to the verge of the watery creation. Blue, level waters appear to expand for thousands of miles in every direction; wholly unlike any aspect of the sea. Cloud shadows, and specks of white vessels, at rare intervals, alone diversify it. Bowery islands rise out of it; bowery promontories stretch down into it; while at one's feet lies the melting beauty which one almost fears will vanish in its softness before one's eyes; the beauty of the shadowy dells and sunny mounds, with browsing cattle, and springing fruit and flowers. Thus, and no otherwise, would I fain think did the world emerge from the flood. I was never before so unwilling to have objects named. The essential unity of the scene seemed to be marred by any distinction of its parts. But this feeling, to me new, did not alter the state of the case; that it was Lake Huron that we saw stretching to the eastward; Lake Michigan opening to the west; the Island of Bois Blanc, green to the brink in front; and Round Island and others interspersed. I stood now at the confluence of those great northern lakes, the very names of which awed my childhood; calling up, as they did, images of the fearful red man of the deep pine-forest, and the music of the moaning winds, imprisoned beneath the ice of winter. How different from the scene, as actually beheld,

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dressed in verdure, flowers, and the sunshine of a summer's morning!

"It was breakfast-time when we descended to the barracks; and we despatched a messenger to the captain to know whether we might breakfast with the commandant; we sat in the piazza, and overlooked the village, the harbour, the straits, and the white beach, where there were now four Indian lodges. The Island is so healthy that, according to the commandant, people who want to die must go somewhere else. I saw only three tombstones in the cemetery. The commandant has lost but one man since he has been stationed at Mackinac; and that was by drowning. I asked about the climate; the answer was, 'We have nine months winter, and three months cold weather.'

"It would have been a pity to have missed the breakfast at the garrison, which afforded a strong contrast with any we had seen for a week. We concealed, as well as we could, our glee at the appearance of the rich cream, the new bread and butter, fresh lake trout, and pile of snow-white eggs.

"The Indians have been proved, by the success of the French among them, to be capable of civilization. Near Little Traverse, in the north-west part of Michigan, within easy reach of Mackinac, there is an Indian village, full of orderly and industrious inhabitants, employed chiefly in agriculture. The English and Americans have never succeeded with the aborigines so well as the French.

"It was with great regret that we parted with the commandant and his large young family, and stepped into the boat to return to the ship. The captain looked a little grave upon the delay which all his passengers had helped to achieve. We sailed about nine. We were in great delight

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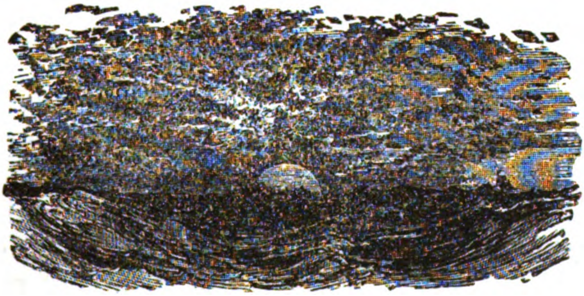
at having seen Mackinac, at having the possession of its singular imagery for life: but this delight was at present dashed with the sorrow of leaving it. I could not have believed how deeply it is possible to regret a place, after so brief an acquaintance with it. We watched the Island as we rapidly receded, trying to catch the aspect of it which had given it its name—the Great Turtle. Its flag first vanished; then its green terraces and slopes, its white barracks, and dark promontories faded, till the whole disappeared behind a headland and lighthouse of the Michigan shore."



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CHAPTER XI

MRS. JAMESON—1837

IN the year in which Michigan was admitted to the Union, Mrs. Jameson, a charming English writer living at Toronto, Canada, visited among other places, Mackinac, and later brought out an English edition of her travels entitled *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.* There was much that was merely transient and personal in these volumes, and this was eliminated in 1852, in a new edition entitled *Sketches in Canada and Rambles among the Red Men.* Among the portions considered of permanent value and retained, is her account of the trip to Mackinac. This is here reproduced, beginning with her departure from Detroit.[1]

"July 18.

"This evening the *Thomas Jefferson* arrived in the river from Buffalo, and starts early to-morrow morning for Chicago. I hastened to secure a passage as far as the Island of Mackinac; when once there, I must trust to Providence for some opportunity of going up Lake Huron to the Sault Ste. Marie to visit my friends the MacMurrays; or down the lake to the Great Manitoulin Island, where the annual distribution of presents to the Indians is to take place under the auspices of the Governor. If both these plans—wild plans they are, I am told—should fail, I have only to retrace my way and come down the lake,

[1] Pp. 163-187; 190-191; 219.

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as I went up, in a steamer; but this were horribly tedious and prosaic, and I *hope* better things. So *evviva la speranza!* and Westward Ho!

"On board the *Jefferson*,
"River St. Clair, July 19.

"This morning I came down early to the steam-boat, attended by a cortege of amiable people, who had heard of my sojourn at Detroit too late to be of any solace or service to me, but had seized this last and only opportunity of showing politeness and good-will. The sister of the Governor, two other ladies, and a gentleman, came on board with me at that early hour, and remained on deck till the paddles were in motion. The talk was so pleasant, I could not but regret that I had not seen some of these kind people earlier, or might hope to see more of them; but it was too late. Time and steam wait neither for man nor woman; all expressions of hope and regret on both sides were cut short by the parting signal, which the great bell swung out from on high; all compliments and questions "fumbled up into a loose adieu"; and these new friendly faces—seen but for a moment, then to be lost, yet not quite forgotten—were soon left far behind.

"The morning was most lovely and auspicious; blazing hot, though, and scarce a breath of air; and the magnificent machine, admirably appointed in all respects, gaily painted and gilt, with flags waving, glided over the dazzling waters with an easy, stately motion.

"I had suffered so much at Detroit, that as it disappeared and melted away in the bright southern haze like a vision, I turned from it with a sense of relief, put the past out of

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my mind, and resigned myself to the present—like a wise woman—or wiser child.

"The captain told me that last season he had never gone up the lakes wth less than four or five hundred passengers. This year, fortunately for my individual comfort, the case is greatly altered: we have not more than one hundred and eighty passengers, consequently an abundance of accommodation, and air, and space—inestimable blessings in this sultry weather, and in the enjoyment of which I did not sympathize in the lamentations of the good-natured captain as much as I ought to have done.

"We passed a large and beautifully green island, formerly called Snake Island, from the immense number of rattle snakes which infested it. These were destroyed by turning large herds of swine upon it, and it is now, in compliment to its last conquerors and possessors, the swinish multitude, called Hog Island. This was the scene of some most horrid Indian atrocities during the Pontiac war. A large party of British prisoners, surprised while they were coming up to relieve Detroit, were brought over here, and, almost within sight of their friends in the Fort, put to death with all the unutterable accompaniments of savage ferocity.

(Note: Now known as Belle Isle, in the Detroit River.)

"I have been told that since this war the custom of torturing persons to death has fallen gradually into disuse among the Indian tribes of these regions, and even along the whole frontier of the States an instance has not been known within these forty years.

"Leaving the channel of the river, and the cluster of islands at its entrance, we stretched northward across Lake St. Clair. This beautiful lake, though three times the size

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of the Lake of Geneva, is a mere pond compared with the enormous seas in its neighborhood. About one o'clock we entered the river St. Clair, (which, like the Detroit, is rather a strait or channel than a river) forming the communication between Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron. Ascending this beautiful river, we had, on the right, part of the western district of Upper Canada, and on the left the Michigan territory. The shores on either side, though low and bounded always by the line of forest, were broken into bays and little promontories, or diversified by islands, richly wooded, and of every variety of form. The bateaux of the Canadians, or the canoes of the Indians, were perpetually seen gliding among these winding channels, or shooting across the river from side to side, as if playing at hide-and-seek among the leafy recesses. Now and then a beautiful schooner, with white sails, relieved against the green masses of foliage, passed us, gracefully courtesying and sidling along. Innumerable flocks of wild fowl were disporting among the reedy islets, and here and there the great black loon was seen diving and dipping, or skimming over the waters. As usual, the British coast is here the most beautiful and fertile, and the American coast the best settled and cleared. Along the former I see a few isolated log-shanties, and groups of Indian lodges; along the latter, several extensive clearings, and some hamlets and rising villages. The facility afforded by the American steam-boats for the transport of goods and sale of produce, &c., is one reason of this. There is a boat, for instance, which leaves Detroit every morning for Fort Gratiot, stopping at the intermediate 'landings.' We are now moored at a place called 'Palmer's Landing,' for the purpose of taking in wood for the voyage. This process has already

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occupied two hours, and is to detain us two more, though there are fourteen men employed in flinging logs into the wood-hold. Meantime I have been sketching and lounging about the little hamlet, where there is a good grocery store, a sawing-mill worked by steam, and about twenty houses.

"I was amused at Detroit to find the phraseology of the people imbued with metaphors taken from the most familiar mode of locomotion. 'Will you take in wood?' signifies, will you take refreshment? 'Is your steam up?' means, are you ready? The common phrase, 'go ahead' has, I suppose, the same derivation. A witty friend of mine once wrote to me not to be lightly alarmed at the political and social ferments in America, nor mistake the *whizzing of the safety-valves for the bursting of the boilers!*

"But all this time I have not yet introduced you to my companions on board; and one of these great American steamers is really a little world, a little social system in itself, where a near observer of faces and manners may find endless subjects of observation, amusement and interest. At the other end of the vessel we have about one hundred emigrants on their way to the Illinois and the settlements to the west of Lake Michigan. Among them I find a large party of Germans and Norwegians, with their wives and families, a very respectable, orderly community, consisting of some farmers and some artisans, having with them a large quantity of stock and utensils—just the sort of people best calculated to improve and enrich their adopted country, wherever that may be. Then we have twenty or thirty poor ragged Irish emigrants, with good-natured faces, and strong arms and willing hearts. Men are smoking, women nursing, washing, sewing; children squalling and rolling about.

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"The ladies' saloon and upper deck exhibit a very different scene; there are about twenty ladies and children in the cabin and state-rooms, which are beautifully furnished and carpeted with draperies of blue silk, &c. On the upper deck, shaded by an awning, we have sofas, rocking-chairs, and people lounging up and down; some reading, some chattering, some sleeping; there are missionaries and missionaries' wives, and officers on their way to the garrisons on the Indian frontier; and settlers, and traders, and some few nondescripts—like myself.

"Also among the passengers I find the Bishop of Michigan. The Governor's sister, Miss Mason, introduced us at starting, and bespoke his good offices for me. His conversation has been a great resource and interest for me during the long day. He is still a young man, who began life as a lawyer, and afterwards from a real vocation adopted his present profession; his talents and popularity have placed him in the rank he now holds. He is on his way to visit the missions and churches in the back settlements, and at Green Bay.

"At Detroit I had purchased Miss Sedgwick's tale of 'The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man,' and this sent away two hours delightfully, as we were gliding over the expanse of Lake St. Clair. Those who glanced on my book while I was reading always smiled—a significant sympathizing smile, very expressive of that unenvious, affectionate homage and admiration which this genuine American writer inspires among her countrymen. I do not think I ever mentioned her name to any of them, that the countenance did not light up with pleasure and gratified pride. I have also a sensible little book, called 'Three Experiments in Living,' written by Mrs. Lee, of Boston: it

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must be popular, and *true* to life and nature, for the edition I bought is the tenth. I have also another book to which I must introduce you more particularly—*The Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry.* Did you ever hear of such a man? No. Listen then, and perpend.

"This Mr. Henry was a fur-trader who journeyed over these lake regions about seventy years ago, and is quoted as first-rate authority in more recent books of travels. His book, which was lent to me at Toronto, struck me so much as to have had some influence in directing the course of my present tour. Plain, unaffected, telling what he has to tell in few and simple words, and without comment—the internal evidence of truth—the natural sensibiltiy and power of fancy, betrayed rather than displayed—render not only the narrative, but the man himself, his personal character, unspeakably interesting. Wild as are the tales of his hairbreadth escapes, I never heard the slightest impeachment of his veracity. He was living at Montreal so late as 1810 or 1811, when a friend of mine saw him, and described him to me as a very old man past eighty, with white hair, and still hale-looking and cheerful, so that his hard and adventurous life, and the horrors he had witnessed and suffered, had in no respect impaired his spirits or his constitution. His book has been long out of print. I had the greatest difficulty in procuring the loan of a copy, after sending to Montreal, Quebec, and New York, in vain. Mr. Henry is to be my travelling companion. I do not know how he might have figured as a squire of dames when living, but I assure you that being dead he makes a very respectable hero of epic or romance. He is the Ulysses of these parts; and to cruise among the shores, rocks, and islands of Lake Huron without Henry's

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Travels, were like coasting Calabria and Sicily without the Odyssey in your head or hand—only here you have the Island of Mackinac instead of the Island of Circe; the land of the Ottawas instead of the shores of the Lotophagi; cannibal Chippewas, instead of man-eating Laestrigons. Pontiac figures as Polypheme; and *Wa, wa, tam* plays the part of good king Alcinous. I can find no type for the women, as Henry does not tell us his adventures among the squaws; but no doubt he might have found both Calypsos and Nausicaas, and even a Penelope, among them.

"June 20.

"Before I went down to my rest yesterday evening, I beheld a strange and beautiful scene. The night was coming on; the moon had risen round and full, like an enormous globe of fire; we were still in the channel of the river, when, to the right, I saw a crowd of Indians on a projecting point of land. They were encamping for the night, some hauling up their canoes, some building up their wigwams: there were numerous fires blazing amid the thick foliage, and the dusky figures of the Indians were seen glancing to and fro; and I heard loud laughs and shouts as our huge steamer swept past them. In another moment we turned a point, and all was dark: the whole land had vanished like a scene in a melodrama. I rubbed my eyes, and began to think I was already dreaming.

"At the entrance of the River St. Clair, the Americans have a fort and garrison (Fort Gratiot), and a light-house, which we passed in the night. On the opposite side we have no station; so that, in case of any misunderstanding between the two nations, it would be in the power of the Americans to shut the entrance of Lake Huron upon us.

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"At seven this morning, when I went on deck, we had advanced about one hundred miles into Lake Huron. We were coasting along the south shore, about four miles from the land, while, on the other side, we had about two hundred miles of open *sea*, and the same expanse before us. Soon after, we had to pass the entrance of Saginaw Bay. Here we lost sight of land for the first time. Saginaw Bay, I should suppose, is as large as the Gulf of Genoa; it runs seventy or eighty miles up into the land, and is as famous for storms as the Bay of Biscay. Here, if there be a capful of wind, or a cupful of sea, one is sure to have the benefit of it; even in the finest weather there is a considerable swell. We were about three hours crossing from the Pointe Aux Barques to Cape Thunder; and during this time a number of my companions were put *hors de combat*.

"All this part of Michigan is unsettled, and is said to be sandy and barren. Along the whole horizon was nothing visible but the dark omnipresent pine-forest. The Saginaw Indians, whose hunting-grounds extend along the shore, are, I believe, a tribe of Ottawas. I should add, that the Americans have built a lighthouse on a little island near Thunder Bay. A situation more terrific in its solitude you cannot imagine than that of the keeper of this lonely tower, among rocks, tempests, and savages. All their provisions come from a distance of at least one hundred miles, and a long course of stormy weather, which sometimes occurs, would place them in danger of starvation."

THE ISLAND OF MACKINAC

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of flecker'd clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep glowing flames,

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And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"The next morning at earliest dawn, I was awakened by an unusual noise and movement on board, and putting out my head to inquire the cause, was informed that we were arrived at the Island of Mackinac, and that the captain being most anxious to proceed on his voyage, only half an hour was allowed to make all arrangements, take out my luggage, and so forth. I dressed in all haste and ran up to the deck, and there a scene burst at once on my enchanted gaze, such as I never had imagined, such as I wish I could place before you in words—but I despair, unless words were of light, and lustrous hues, and breathing music. However, here is the picture, as well as I can paint it. We were lying in a tiny bay, crescent-shaped, of which the two horns or extremities were formed by long narrow promontories projecting into the lake. On the east the whole sky was flushed with a deep amber glow, fleckered with softest shades of rose-colour—the same intense splendour being reflected in the lake; and upon the extremity of the point, between the glory above and the glory below, stood the little Mission church, its light spire and belfry defined against the sky. On the opposite side of the heavens hung the moon, waxing paler and paler, and melting away, as it seemed, before the splendour of the rising day. Immediately in front rose the abrupt and picturesque heights of the Island, robed in richest foliage, and crowned by the lines of the little fortress, snow-white, and gleaming in the morning light. At the base of these cliffs, all along the shore, immediately on the edge of the lake, which, trans-

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parent and unruffled, reflected every form as in a mirror, an encampment of Indian lodges extended as far as my eye could reach on either side. Even while I looked, the inmates were beginning to bestir themselves, and dusky figures were seen emerging into sight from their picturesque dormitories, and stood gazing on us with folded arms, or were busied about their canoes, of which some hundreds lay along the beach.

"There was not a breath of air: and while heaven and earth were glowing with light, and colour, and life, an elysian stillness, a delicious balmy serenity wrapt and interfused the whole. O how passing lovely it was! how wondrously beautiful and strange! I cannot tell how long I may have stood, lost—absolutely lost, and fearing even to wink my eyes, lest the spell should dissolve, and all should vanish away like some air-wrought phantasy, some dream out of fairy land,—when the good Bishop of Michigan came up to me, and with a smiling benevolence waked me out of my ecstatic trance; and reminding me that I had but two minutes left, seized upon some of my packages himself, and hurried me on to the little wooden pier just in time. We were then conducted to a little inn, or boarding-house, kept by a very fat half-caste Indian woman, who spoke Indian, bad French, and worse English, and who was addressed as *Madame*. Here I was able to arrange my hasty toilette, and we sat down to an excellent breakfast of white-fish, eggs, tea and coffee, for which the charge was twice what I should have given at the first hotel in the United States, and yet not unreasonable, considering that European luxuries were placed before us in this remote spot. By the time breakfast was finished it was past six o'clock, and taking my sketch book in my hand, I sauntered

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forth alone to the beach till it should be a fitting hour to present myself at the door of the American agent, Mr. Schoolcraft, whose wife was the sister of Mrs. MacMurray.

"The first object which caught my eye was the immense steamer gliding swiftly away towards the Straits of Michilimackinac, already far, far to the West. Suddenly the thought of my extreme loneliness came over me—a momentary wonder and alarm to find myself so far from any human being who took the least interest about my fate. I had no letter to Mr. Schoolcraft; and if Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray had not passed this way, or had forgotten to mention me, what would be my reception? what should I do? Here I must stay for some days at least. All the accommodation that could be afforded by the half French, half Indian '*Madame*' had been already secured, and, without turning out the Bishop, there was not even a room for me. These thoughts and many others, some natural doubts, and fears, came across my mind, but I cannot say that they remained there long, or that they had the effect of rendering me uneasy and anxious for more than half a minute. With a sense of enjoyment keen and unanticipative as that of a child—looking neither before nor after—I soon abandoned myself to the present, and all its delicious exciting novelty, leaving the future to take care of itself,—which I am more and more convinced is the truest wisdom, the most real philosophy after all.

"The sun had now risen in cloudless glory—all was life and movement. I strayed and loitered for full three hours along the shore, I hardly knew whither, sitting down occasionally under the shadow of a cliff or cedar fence to rest, and watching the operations of the Indian families. It were endless to tell you of each individual group or picture

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as successively presented before me. But there were some general features of the scene which struck me at once. There were more than one hundred lodges, and round each of these lurked several ill-looking, half-starved, yelping dogs. The women were busied about their children, or making fires and cooking, or pounding Indian corn, in a primitive sort of mortar, formed of part of a tree hollowed out, with a heavy rude pestle which they moved up and down, as if churning. The dress of the men was very various—the cotton shirt, blue or scarlet leggings, and deer-skin moccasins and blanket coat, were most general; but many had no shirt nor vest, merely the cloth leggings, and a blanket thrown round them as drapery; the faces of several being most grotesquely painted. The dress of the women was more uniform,—a cotton shirt, and cloth leggings and moccasins, and a dark blue blanket. Necklaces, silver armlets, silver ear-rings, and circular plates of silver fastened on the breast, were the usual ornaments of both sexes. There may be a general equality of rank among the Indians; but there is evidently all that inequality of condition which difference of character and intellect might naturally produce; there were rich wigwams and poor wigwams; whole families ragged, meagre, and squalid, and others gay with dress and ornaments, fat and well-favoured: on the whole, these were beings quite distinct from any Indians I had yet seen, and realized all my ideas of the wild and lordly savage. I remember I came upon a family group, consisting of a fine tall young man and two squaws; one had a child swaddled in one of their curious bark cradles, which she composedly hung up against the side of the wigwam. They were then busied launching a canoe, and in a moment it was dancing upon the rippling waves: one woman

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guided the canoe, the other paddled: the young man stood in the prow in a striking and graceful attitude, poising his fish-spear in his hand. When they were about one hundred yards from the shore, suddenly I saw the fish-spear darted into the water, and disappear beneath it; as it sprang up again to the surface, it was rapidly seized, and a large fish was sticking to the prongs; the same process was repeated with unerring success, and then the canoe was paddled back to the land. The young man flung his spear into the bottom of the canoe, and lounged away without troubling himself farther; the women drew up the canoe, kindled a fire, and suspended the fish over it, to be cooked *à la mode Indienne.*

"There was another group which amused me exceedingly: it was a large family, and, compared with some others, they were certainly people of distinction and substance, rich in beads, blankets, and brass kettles, with 'all things handsome about them'; they had two lodges and two canoes. But I must begin by making you understand the construction of an Indian lodge,—such, at least, as those which now crowded the shore.

"Eight or twelve long poles are stuck in the ground in a circle, meeting at a point at the top, where they are all fastened together. The skeleton thus erected is covered over, thatched in some sort with mats, or large pieces of birch bark, beginning at the bottom, and leaving an opening at the top for the emission of smoke; there is a door about four feet high, before which a skin or blanket is suspended; and as it is summer time, they do not seem particular about closing the chinks and apertures.[2] As to the canoes, they

[The following notes are Mrs. Jameson's.]

[2] I learned subsequently, that the cone-like form of the wigwam is proper to the Ottawas and Pottowottomies, and that the oblong form, in which the branches or poles are bent over at top in an arch, is proper to the Chippewa tribe. But as this latter is more troublesome to erect, the

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are uniformly of birch bark, exceedingly light, flat-bottomed, and most elegant in shape, varying in size from eighteen to thirty-six feet in length, and from a foot and a half to four feet in width. The family I have mentioned were preparing to embark, and were dismantling their wigwams and packing up their goods, not at all discomposed by my vicinity, as I sat on a bank watching the whole process with no little interest. The most striking personage in this group was a very old man, seated on a log of wood, close upon the edge of the water; his head was quite bald, excepting a few gray hairs which were gathered in a tuft at the top, and decorated with a single feather—I think an eagle's feather; his blanket of scarlet cloth was so arranged as to fall around his limbs in graceful folds, leaving his chest and shoulders exposed; he held a green umbrella over his head, (a gift or purchase from some white trader) and in the other hand a long pipe—and he smoked away, never stirring, nor taking the slightest interest in anything which was going on. Then there were two fine young men, and three women, one old and hideous, with matted grizzled hair, the youngest really a beautiful girl about fifteen. There were also three children; the eldest had on a cotton shirt, the breast of which was covered with silver ornaments. The men were examining the canoes, and preparing to launch them; the women were taking down their wigwams, and as they uncovered them, I had an opportunity of observing the whole interior of their dwellings.

"The ground was spread over with mats, two or three deep, and skins and blankets, so as to form a general couch: then all around the internal circle of the wigwam

former construction is usually adopted by the Chippewas also in their temporary encampments.

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were ranged their goods and chattels in very tidy order: I observed wooden chests, of European make, bags of woven grass, baskets and cases of birch bark (called *mokkuks*) also brass kettles, pans, and to my surprise, a large coffee-pot of queen's metal.

"When all was arranged, and the canoes afloat, the poles of the wigwams were first placed at the bottom, then the mats and bundles, which served apparently to sit on, and the kettles and chests were stowed in the middle; the old man was assisted by the others into the largest canoe; women, children, and dogs followed; the young men stood in the stern with their paddles as steersmen; the women and boys squatted down, each with a paddle;—with all this weight, the elegant buoyant little canoes scarcely sank an inch deeper in the water—and in this guise away they guided with surprising swiftness over the sparkling waves, directing their course eastwards for the Manitoulin Islands, where I hope to see them again. The whole process of preparation and embarkation did not occupy an hour.

"About ten o'clock I ventured to call on Mr. Schoolcraft, and was received by him with grave and quiet politeness. They were prepared, he said, for my arrival, and then he apologized for whatever might be deficient in my reception, and for the absence of his wife, by informing me that she was ill, and had not left her room for some days.

"Much was I discomposed and shocked to find myself an intruder under such circumstances! I said so, and begged that they would not think of me—that I could easily provide for myself—and so I could and would. I would have laid myself down in one of the Indian lodges rather than have been *de trop*. But Mr. Schoolcraft said, with

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much kindness, that they knew already of my arrival by one of my fellow-passengers—that a room was prepared for me, a servant already sent down for my goods, and Mrs. Schoolcraft, who was a little better that morning, hoped to see me. Here, I am installed for the next few days—and I know not how many more—so completely am I at the mercy of 'fates, destinies, and such branches of learning!'

"I am charmed with Mrs. Schoolcraft. When able to appear, she received me with true lady-like simplicity. The damp, tremulous hand, the soft, plaintive voice, the touching expression of her countenance, told too plainly of resigned and habitual suffering. Mrs. Schoolcraft's features are more decidedly Indian than those of her sister, Mrs. MacMurray. Her accent is slightly foreign—her choice of language pure and remarkably elegant. In the course of an hour's talk, all my sympathies were enlisted in her behalf, and I thought that she, on her part, was inclined to return those benignant feelings. I promised myself to repay her hospitality by all the attention and gratitude in my power. I am here a lonely stranger, thrown upon her sufferánce; but she is good, gentle, and in most delicate health, and there are a thousand quiet ways in which woman may be kind and useful to her sister woman. Then she has two sweet children about eight and nine years old—no fear, you see, but that we shall soon be the best friends in the world!

"This day, however, I took care not to be *à charge*, so I ran about along the lovely shore, and among the Indians, inexpressibly amused, and occupied, and excited by all I saw and heard. At last I returned—O so wearied out—so spent in body and mind! I was fain to go to rest soon after sunset. A nice little room had been prepared for me,

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and a *wide* comfortable bed, into which I sank with such a feeling of peace, security, and thankfulness, as could only be conceived by one who had been living in comfortless inns and close steam-boats for the last fortnight."

"On a little platform, not quite half way up the wooded height which overlooks the bay, embowered in foliage, and sheltered from the tyrannous breathing of the north by the precipitous cliff, rising almost perpendicularly behind, stands the house in which I find myself at present a grateful and contented inmate. The ground in front sloping down to the shore, is laid out in a garden, with an avenue of fruit trees, the gate at the end opening on the very edge of the lake. From the porch I look down upon the scene I have endeavoured—how inadequately!—to describe to you: the little crescent bay; the village of Mackinac; the beach thickly studded with Indian lodges; canoes fishing, or darting hither and thither, light and buoyant as sea-birds: a tall, graceful schooner swinging at anchor. Opposite rises the Island of Bois-blanc, with its tufted and most luxuriant foliage. To the east we see the open lake, and in the far western distance the promontory of Michilimackinac, and the strait of that name, the portal of Lake Michigan. The exceeding beauty of this little paradise of an island, the attention which has been excited by its enchanting scenery, and the salubrity of its summer climate, the facility of communication lately afforded by the lake steamers, and its situation half way between Detroit and the newly settled regions of the west, are likely to render Mackinac a sort of watering-place for the Michigan and Wisconsin fashionables, or, as the Bishop expressed it, the 'Rockaway of the west'; so at least it is anticipated. How far such an acces-

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sion of fashion and reputation may be desirable, I know not; I am only glad it has not yet taken place, and that I have beheld this lovely Island in all its wild beauty.

"When I left my room this morning, I remained for some time in the parlour, looking over the *Wisconsin Gazette*, a good sized, well printed newspaper, published on the west shore of Lake Michigan. I was reading a most pathetic and serious address from the new settlers in Wisconsin to *the down-east girls* (*i.e.* the women of the eastern states) who are invited to the relief of these hapless hard-working bachelors in the backwoods. They are promised affluence and love—the 'picking and choosing among a set of the finest young fellows in the world,' who are ready to fall at their feet, and make the most adoring and most obedient of husbands! Can you fancy what a pretty thing a Wisconsin pastoral might be? Only imagine one of these despairing backwoodsmen inditing an Ovidian epistle to his unknown mistress—'*down east,*'—wooing her to come and be wooed! Well, I was enjoying this comical effusion, and thinking that women must certainly be at a premium in these parts, when suddenly the windows were darkened, and looking up, I beheld a crowd of faces, dusky, wild, grotesque—with flashing eyes and white teeth, staring in upon me. I quickly threw down the paper and hastened out. The porch, the little lawn, the garden walks, were crowded with Indians, the elder chiefs and warriors sitting on the ground, or leaning silently against the pillars; the young men, women, and boys lounging and peeping about, with eager and animated looks, but all perfectly well conducted, and their voices low and pleasing to the ear. They were chiefly Ottawas and Pottowottomies, two tribes which 'call brother,' that is, claim relationship, and are usually in

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alliance, but widely different. The Ottawas are the most civilized, the Pottowottomies the least so of all the lake tribes. The Ottawa I soon distinguished by the decency of his dress, and the handkerchief knotted round the head—a custom borrowed from the early French settlers, with whom they have had much intercourse: the Pottowottomie by the more savage finery of his costume, his tall figure, and a sort of swagger in his gait. The dandyism of some of these Pottowottomie warriors is inexpressibly amusing and grotesque: I defy all Regent Street and Bond Street to go beyond them in the exhibition of self-decoration and self-complacency. One of these exquisites, whom I called *Beau Brummel,* was not indeed much indebted to the tailor, seeing he had neither a coat nor anything else that gentlemen are accustomed to wear; but then his face was most artistically painted, the upper half of it being vermilion, with a black circle round one eye, and a white circle round the other; the lower half of a bright green, except the tip of his nose, which was also vermilion. His leggings of scarlet cloth were embroidered down the sides, and decorated with tufts of hair. The band, or garter, which confines the leggings, is always an especial bit of finery; and his were gorgeous, all embroidered with gay beads, and strings and tassels of the liveliest colours hanging down to his ankle. His moccasins were also beautifully worked with porcupine quills; he had armlets and bracelets of silver: and round his head a silver band stuck with tufts of moosehair dyed blue and red; and, conspicuous above all, the eagle feather in his hair, showing he was a warrior, and had taken a scalp —*i.e.* killed his man. Over his shoulders hung a blanket of scarlet cloth, very long and ample, which he had thrown back a little, so as to display his chest, on which a large

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outspread hand was painted in white. It is impossible to describe the air of perfect self-complacency with which this youth strutted about. Seeing my attention fixed upon him he came up and shook hands with me, repeating '*bojou! bojou!*'[8] Others immediately pressed forward also to shake hands, or rather take my hand, for they do not *shake* it; and I was soon in the midst of a crowd of perhaps thirty or forty Indians, all holding out their hands to me, or snatching mine, and repeating '*bojou*' with every expression of delight and good-humour.

"This must suffice in the way of description, for I cannot further particularize dresses; they were very various, and few so fine as that of my young Pottowottomie. I remember another young man, who had a common black beaver hat, all round which, in several silver bands, he had stuck a profusion of feathers, and long tufts of dyed hair, so that it formed a most gorgeous helmet. Some wore their hair hanging loose and wild in elf-locks, but others again had combed and arranged it with much care and pains.

"The men seemed to engross the finery; none of the women that I saw were painted. Their blankets were mostly dark blue; some had strings of beads round their necks, and silver armlets. The hair of some of the young women was very prettily arranged, being parted smooth upon the forehead and twisted in a knot behind, very much *à la Grecque*. There is, I imagine, a very general and hearty aversion to cold water."

"This morning, there was a 'talk' held in the commissioner's office, and he kindly invited me to witness the proceedings. About twenty of their principal men, including

[8] This universal Indian salutation is merely a corruption of *bon jour*.

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DEVIL'S KITCHEN
West Shore Boulevard

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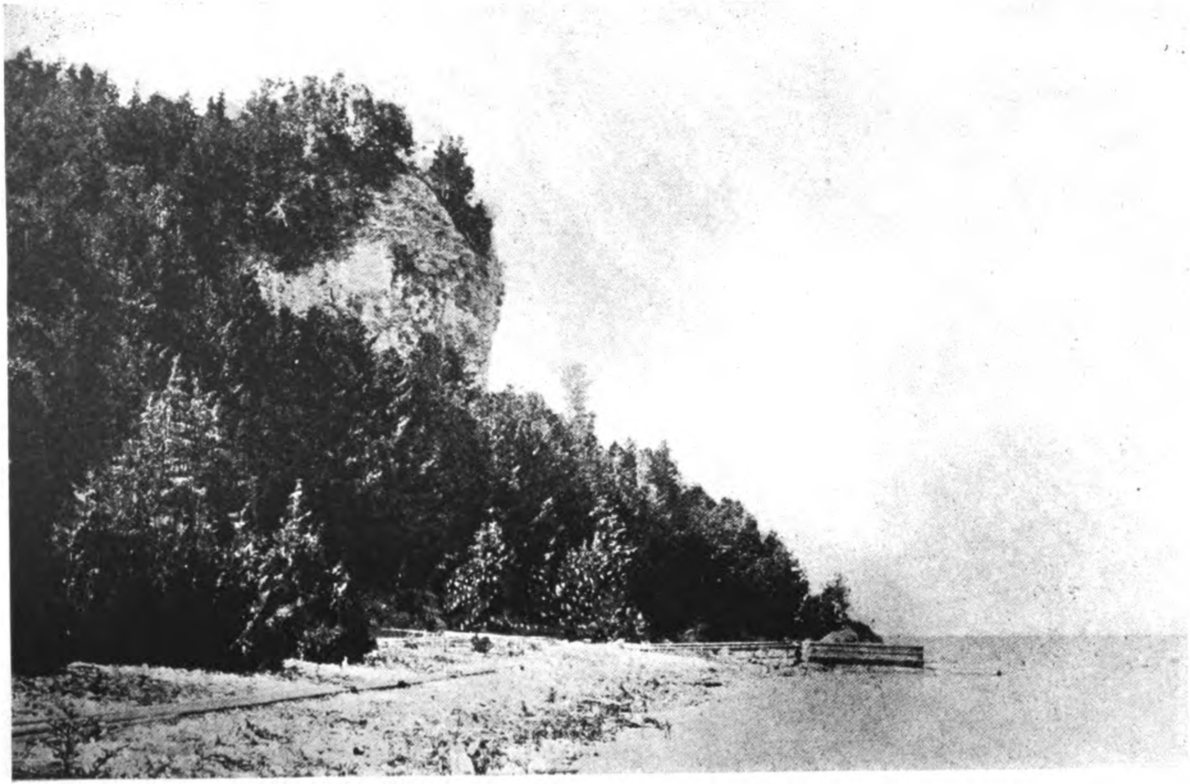

ROBINSON'S FOLLY

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a venerable old chief, were present; the rest stood outside, crowding the doors and windows, but never attempting to enter, nor causing the slightest interruption. The old chief wore a quantity of wampum, but was otherwise undistinguished, except by his fine head and acute features. His gray hair was drawn back, and tied on the top of his head with a single feather. All, as they entered, took me by the hand with a quiet smile and a '*bojou,*' to which I replied as I had been instructed, '*bojou, neeje!*' (good day, friend). They then sat down upon the floor, all round the room. Mr. Johnston, Mrs. Schoolcraft's brother, acted as interpreter, and the business proceeded with the utmost gravity.

"After some whispering among themselves, an orator of the party addressed the commissioner with great emphasis. Extending his hand and raising his voice, he began: 'Father, I am come to tell you a piece of my mind.' But when he had uttered a few sentences, Mr. Schoolcraft desired the interpreter to tell him that it was useless to speak further on *that* subject, (I understood it to relate to some land-payments). The orator stopped immediately, and then, after a pause, he went up and took Mr. Schoolcraft's hand with a friendly air, as if to show he was not offended. Another orator then arose, and proceeded to the object of the visit, which was to ask an allowance of corn, salt, and tobacco, while they remained on the Island, a request, which I presume was granted, as they departed with much apparent satisfaction.

"There was not a figure among them that was not a study for a painter; and how I wished that my hand had been readier with the pencil to snatch some of those picturesque heads and attitudes. But it was all so new. I was so lost

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in gazing, listening, observing, and trying to comprehend, that I could not make a single sketch, except the above, in most poor and inadequate words."

"The Indians here—and fresh parties are constantly arriving—are chiefly Ottawas, from Arbre Croche, on the east of Lake Michigan; Pottowottomies; and Winnebagos from the west of the lake; a few Menomonies and Chippewas from the shores north-west of us; the occasion of this assemblage being the same with all. They are on the way to the Manitoulin Islands, to receive the presents annually distributed by the British government to all those Indian tribes who were friendly to us during the wars with America, and call themselves our allies and our children, though living within the bounds of another state. Some of them make a voyage of five hundred miles to receive a few blankets and kettles; coasting along the shores, encamping at night, and paddling all day from sunrise to sunset, living on the fish or game they may meet, and the little provision they can carry with them, which consists chiefly of parched Indian corn and bear's fat. Some are out on this excursion during six weeks, or more, every year; returning to their hunting grounds by the end of September, when the great hunting season begins, which continues through October and November; they then return to their villages and wintering grounds. This applies generally to the tribes I find here, except the Ottawas of Arbre Croche, who have a good deal of land in cultivation, and are more stationary and civilized than the other Lake Indians. They have been for nearly a century under the care of the Jesuit missions; but do not seem to have made much advance since Henry's time, and the days when they were organized under Pontiac; they

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were even then considered superior in humanity and intelligence to the Chippewas and Pottowotomies, and more inclined to agriculture.

"After some most sultry weather, we have had a grand storm. The wind shifted to the north-east, and rose to a hurricane. I was then sitting with my Irish friend in the mission-house; and while the little bay lay almost tranquil, gleam and shadow floating over its bosom, the expanse of the main lake was like the ocean lashed to a fury. On the east side of the Island, the billows came 'rolling with might,' flinging themselves in wrath and foam far up the land. It was a magnificent spectacle. Returning home, I was anxious to see how the Indian establishment had stood out the storm, and was surprised to find that little or no damage had been done. I peeped into several, with a nod and a *bojou*, and found the inmates very snug. Here and there a mat was blown away, but none of the poles were displaced or blown down, which I had firmly expected.

"Though all these lodges seem nearly alike to a casual observer, I was soon aware of differences and gradations in the particular arrangements, which are amusingly characteristic of the various inhabitants. There is one lodge, a little to the east of us, which I call the Château. It is rather larger and loftier than the others; the mats which cover it are whiter and of a neater texture than usual. The blanket which hangs before the opening is new and clean. The inmates, ten in number, are well and handsomely dressed; even the women and children have abundance of ornaments; and as for the gay cradle of the baby, I quite covet it—it is so gorgeously elegant. I supposed at first that this must be the lodge of a chief; but I have since understood that the chief is seldom either so well lodged or so well

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dressed as the others, it being a part of his policy to avoid everything like ostentation, or rather to be ostentatiously poor and plain in his apparel and possessions. This wigwam belongs to an Ottawa, remarkable for his skill in hunting, and for his habitual abstinence from the 'fire-water.' He is a baptized Roman Catholic belonging to the mission of Arbre Croche, and is reputed a rich man.

"Not far from this, and almost immediately in front of our house, stands another wigwam, a most wretched concern. The owners have not mats enough to screen them from the weather; and the bare poles are exposed on every side. The woman, with her long neglected hair, is always seen cowering despondingly over the embers of her fire, as if lost in sad reveries. Two naked children are scrambling among the pebbles on the shore. The man wrapt in a dirty ragged blanket, without a single ornament, looks the image of savage inebriety and ferocity. Observe that these are two extremes, and that between them are many gradations of comfort, order and respectability. An Indian is respectable in his own community, in proportion as his wife and children look fat and well fed; this being a proof of his prowess and success as a hunter, and his consequent riches.

"I was loitering by the garden gate this evening, about sunset, looking at the beautiful effects which the storm of the morning had left in the sky and on the lake. I heard the sound of the Indian drum, mingled with the shouts and yells and shrieks of the intoxicated savages, who were drinking in front of the village whiskey store; when at this moment a man came slowly up, whom I recognized as one of the Ottawa chiefs, who had often attracted my attention. His name is Kim,e,wun, which signifies the Rain, or rather, 'it rains.' He now stood before me, one of the noblest fig-

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ures I ever beheld, above six feet high, erect as a forest pine. A red and green handkerchief was twined round his head with much elegance, and knotted in front, with the two ends projecting; his black hair fell from beneath it, and his small black piercing eyes glittered from among its masses, like stars glancing through the thunder clouds. His ample blanket was thrown over his left shoulder, and brought under his right arm, so as to leave it free and exposed; and a sculptor might have envied the disposition of the whole drapery—it was so felicitous, so richly graceful. He stood in a contemplative attitude evidently undecided whether he should join his drunken companions in their night revel, or return, like a wise man, to his lodge and his mat. He advanced a few steps, then turned, then paused and listened—then turned back again. I retired a little within the gate, to watch, unseen the issue of the conflict. Alas! it was soon decided—the fatal temptation prevailed over better thoughts. He suddenly drew his blanket round him, and strided onwards in the direction of the village, treading the earth with an air of defiance, and a step which would have become a prince.

"On returning home, I mentioned this scene to Mr. and Mrs. Schoolcraft, as I do everything which strikes me, that I may profit by their remarks and explanation. Mr. S—— told me a laughable anecdote.

"A distinguished Pottowottomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed—and a good friend to the Longknives (the Americans) requested a dram of whisky. The agent replied, that he never gave whisky to *good* men—*good* men never asked for whisky; and never drank it. It was only *bad* Indians who asked for whisky,

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or liked to drink it. 'Then,' replied the Indian quickly in his broken English, 'me damn rascal!' "

"The revel continued far through the night, for I heard the wild yelling and whooping of the savages long after I had gone to rest. I can now conceive what it must be to hear that shrill prolonged cry (unlike any sound I ever heard in my life before), in the solitude of the forest, and when it is the certain harbinger of death.

"It is surprising to me, considering the number of savages congregated together, and the excess of drunkenness, that no mischief is done; that there has been no fighting, no robberies committed, and that there is a feeling of perfect security around me. The women, they tell me, have taken away their husbands' knives and tomahawks, and hidden them—wisely enough. At this time there are about twelve hundred Indians here. The Fort is empty—the garrison having been withdrawn as useless; and perhaps there are not a hundred white men in the Island,—rather unequal odds! And then that fearful Michilimackinac in full view, with all its horrid, murderous associations! [4] But do not for a moment imagine that I feel *fear*, or the slightest doubt of security; only a sort of thrill which enhances the enjoyment I have in these wild scenes—a thrill such as one feels in the presence of danger when most safe from it—such as I felt when bending over the rapids of Niagara.

"The Indians, apparently, have no idea of correcting or restraining their children; personal chastisement is unheard

[4] Michilimackinac was one of the forts surprised by the Indians at the breaking out of the Pontiac war, when seventy British soldiers and their officers were murdered and scalped. Henry gives a most vivid description of this scene of horror in few words. He was present, and escaped, through the friendship of an Indian (Wa, wa, tam) who, in consequence of a dream in early youth, had adopted him as his brother.

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of. They say that before a child has any understanding there is no use in correcting it; and when old enough to understand, no one has a right to correct it. Thus the fixed, inherent sentiment of personal independence grows up with the Indians from earliest infancy. The will of an Indian child is not forced; he has nothing to learn but what he sees done around him, and he learns by imitation. I hear no scolding, no tones of command or reproof; but I see no evil results from this mild system, for the general reverence and affection of children for parents is delightful; where there is no obedience exacted, there can be no rebellion; they dream not of either, and all live in peace in the same lodge.

"I observe, while loitering among them, that they seldom raise their voices, and they pronounce several words much more softly than we write them. Wigwam, a house, they pronounce *wee-ga-waum;* moccasin, a shoe, *muck-a-zeen;* manito, spirit, *mo-nee-do*—lengthening the vowels, and softening the aspirates. *Chippewa* is properly *O'jîb-wày; ab,bin,no,jee* is a little child. The accent of the women is particularly soft, with a sort of plaintive modulation, reminding me of recitative. Their low laugh is quite musical, and has something infantine in it. I sometimes hear them sing, and the strain is generally in a minor key; but I cannot succeed in detecting or retaining an entire or distinct tune."

"We have taken several delicious drives over this lovely little Island, and traversed it in different directions. It is not more than three miles in length, and wonderfully beautiful. There is no large or lofty timber upon it, but a perpetual succession of low, rich groves, 'alleys green, dingles, and bosky dells.' There is on the eastern coast a nat-

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ural arch or bridge, where the waters of the lake have undermined the rock, and left a fragment thrown across a chasm two hundred feet high. Strawberries, raspberries, whortleberries, and cherries, were growing everywhere wild, and in abundance. The whole Island, when seen from a distance, has the form of a turtle sleeping on the water: hence its Indian appellation, Michilimackinac, which signifies the great turtle. The same name is given to a spirit of great power and might, 'a spirit who never lies,' whom the Indians invoke and consult before undertaking any important or dangerous enterprise; [5] and this Island, as I apprehend, has been peculiarly dedicated to him; at all events, it has been from time immemorial a place of note and sanctity among the Indians. Its history, as far as the Europeans are connected with it, may be told in a few words.

"After the destruction of the Fort at Michilimackinac, and the massacre of the garrison in 1763, the English removed the fort and the trading post to this Island, and it continued for a long time a station of great importance. In 1796 it was ceded, with the whole of the Michigan territory, to the United States. The Fort was then strengthened, and garrisoned by a detachment of General Wayne's army.

"In the War of 1812 it was taken and garrisoned by the British, who added to the strength of the fortifications. The Americans were so sensible of its importance, that they fitted out an expensive expedition in 1814 for the purpose of retaking it, but were repulsed with the loss of one of their bravest commanders and a great number of men, and forced to retreat to their vessels. After this, Michilimack-

[5] See Henry's *Travels*, Bain's Edition, George N. Morang & Co., Toronto, p. 117.

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inac remained in possession of the British, till at the peace it was again quietly ceded, one hardly knows why, to the Americans, and in their possession it now remains. The garrison, not being required in time of profound peace, has been withdrawn. The pretty little fort remains."

"Mackinac, as seen from hence, has exactly the form its name implies, that of a large turtle sleeping on the water. I believe Mackinac is merely the abbreviation of Michilimackinac, *the great turtle.* It was a mass of purple shadow; and just at one extremity the sun plunged into the lake, leaving its reflection on the water, like the skirts of a robe of fire, floating. This too vanished, and we returned in the soft calm twilight, singing as we went."

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CHAPTER XII

THE INDIANS AT MACKINAC—1837

MRS. JAMESON gives the following very sympathetic and appreciative account of the Indians about her on the Island, mainly Ojibways, her interest deriving something, doubtless, from her fondness for Mrs. Schoolcraft.

"The most delightful as well as most profitable hours I spent here," [1] she says, "are those passed in the society of Mrs. Schoolcraft. Her genuine refinement and simplicity, and native taste for literature, are charming; and the exceeding delicacy of her health, and the trials to which it is exposed, interest all my womanly sympathies. While in conversation with her, new ideas of the Indian character suggest themselves; new sources of information are opened to me, such as are granted to few, and such as I gratefully appreciate. She is proud of her Indian origin; she takes an enthusiastic and enlightened interest in the welfare of her people, and in their conversion to Christianity, being herself most unaffectedly pious. But there is a melancholy and pity in her voice, when speaking of them, as if she did indeed consider them a doomed race. We were conversing to-day of her grand-father, Waub-ojeeg, (the White Fisher), a distinguished Chippewa chief and warrior, of whose life and exploits she has promised to give me some connected particulars. Of her mother, O,shah,gush,ko,da,wa,qua, she

[1] Mrs. Jameson's *Sketches in Canada*, pp. 191-219.

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speaks with fond and even longing affection, as if the very sight of this beloved mother would be sufficient to restore her to health and strength. 'I should be well if I could see my mother,' seems the predominant feeling. Nowhere is the instinctive affection between parent and child so strong, so deep, so sacred, as among these people.

"Celibacy in either sex is almost unknown among the Indians; equally rare is all profligate excess. One instance I heard of a woman who had remained unmarried from choice, not from accident or necessity. In consequence of a dream in early youth (the Indians are great dreamers), she not only regarded the sun as her manito or tutelary spirit (this had been a common case), but considered herself especially dedicated, or in fact, married, to the luminary. She lived alone; she had built a wigwam for herself, which was remarkably neat and commodious; she could use a rifle, hunt, and provide herself with food and clothing. She had carved a rude image of the sun, and set it up in her lodge; the husband's place, the best mat, and a portion of food, were always appropriated to this image. She lived to a great age, and no one ever interfered with her mode of life, for that would have been contrary to all their ideas of individual freedom. Suppose that, according to our most approved European notions, the poor woman had been burnt at the stake, corporeally or metaphorically, or hunted beyond the pale of the village, for deviating from the law of custom, no doubt there would have been directly a new female sect in the nation of the Chippewas, an order of *wives of the sun,* and Chippewa vestal virgins; but these wise people trusted to nature and common sense. The vocation apparently was not generally admired, and found no imitators.

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"Their laws, or rather their customs, command certain virtues and practices, as truth, abstinence, courage, hospitality; but they have no prohibitory laws whatever that I could hear of. In this respect their moral code has something of the spirit of Christianity, as contrasted with the Hebrew dispensation. Polygamy is allowed, but it is not common; the second wife is considered as subject to the first, who remains mistress of the household, even though the younger wife should be the favourite. Jealousy, however, is a strong passion among them. Not only has a man been known to murder a woman whose fidelity he suspected, but Mr. Schoolcraft mentioned to me an instance of a woman, who, in a transport of jealousy, had stabbed her husband. But these extremes are very rare.

"Some time ago, a young Chippewa girl conceived a violent passion for a hunter of a different tribe, and followed him from his winter hunting-ground to his own village. He was already married, and the wife, not being inclined to admit the rival, drove this love-sick damsel away, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The girl, in desperation, offered herself as a slave to the wife, to carry wood and water, and lie at her feet—anything to be admitted within the same lodge and only look upon the object of her affection. She prevailed at length. Now, the mere circumstance of her residing within the same lodge made her also the wife of the man, according to the Indian custom; but apparently she was content to forego all the privileges and honours of a wife. She endured, for several months, with uncomplaining resignation, every species of ill usage and cruelty on the part of the first wife, till at length this woman, unable any longer to suffer even the presence of a rival, watched an opportunity as the other entered the wig-

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wam with a load of fire-wood, and cleft her skull with the husband's tomahawk.

" 'And did the man permit all this?' was the natural question.

"The answer was remarkable. 'What could *he* do? he could not help it: a woman is always absolute mistress in her own wigwam!'

"In the end, the murder was not punished. The poor victim having fled from a distant tribe, there were no relatives to take vengeance, or do justice, and it concerned no one else. She lies buried at a short distance from the Sault-Ste-Marie, where the murderess and her husband yet live.

"Women sometimes perish of grief for the loss of a husband or a child, and men have been known to starve themselves on the grave of a beloved wife. Men have also been known to give up their wives to the traders for goods and whiskey; but this, though forbidden by no law, is considered disreputable, or, as my informant expressed it, 'only bad Indians do so.'

"I should doubt, from all I see and hear, that the Indian squaw is that absolute slave, drudge, and nonentity in the community, which she has been described. She is despotic in her lodge, and every thing it contains is hers; even the game her husband kills, she has the uncontrolled disposal. If her husband does not please her, she scolds, and even cuffs him; and it is in the highest degree unmanly to answer or strike her. I have seen here a woman scolding and quarreling with her husband, seize him by the hair, in a style that might have become civilized Billingsgate, or christian St. Giles's, and the next day I have beheld the same couple sit lovingly together on the sunny side of the

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wigwam, she kneeling behind him, and combing and arranging the hair she had been pulling from his head the day before; just such a group as I remember to have seen about Naples, or the Campagna di Roma, with very little obvious difference either in costume or complexion.

"There is no law against marrying near relations; but it is always avoided; it is contrary to their customs: even first cousins do not marry. The tie of blood seems considered as stronger than that of marriage. A woman considers that she belongs more to her own relatives than to her husband or his relatives; yet, notwithstanding this and the facility of divorce, separations between husband and wife are very rare. A couple will go on 'squabbling and making it up' all their lives, without having recourse to this expedient. If from displeasure, satiety, or any other cause, a man sends his wife away, she goes back to her relations, and invariably takes her children with her. The indefeasible right of the mother to her offspring is Indian law, or rather, the contrary notion does not seem to have entered their minds. A widow remains subject to her husband's relations for two years after his death; this is the decent period of mourning. At the end of two years, she returns some of the presents made to her by her late husband, goes back to her own relatives, and may marry again.

"These particulars, and others which may follow, apply to the Chippewas and Ottawas around me; other tribes have other customs. I speak merely of those things which are brought under my own immediate observation and attention.

"During the last American War of 1812, the young widow of a chief who had been killed in battle, assumed his

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arms, ornaments, wampum, medal, and went out with several war parties, in which she distinguished herself by her exploits. Mrs. Schoolcraft, when a girl of eleven or twelve years old, saw this woman, who was brought into the Fort at Mackinac and introduced to the commanding officer; and retains a lively recollection of her appearance, and the interest and curiosity she excited. She was rather below the middle size, slight and delicate in figure, like most of the squaws:—covered with rich ornaments, silver armlets, with the scalping-knife, pouch, medals, tomahawk—all the insignia, in short, of an Indian warrior, except the war-paint and feathers. In the room hung a large mirror, in which she surveyed herself with evident admiration and delight, turning round and round before it, and laughing triumphantly. She was invited to dine at the officers' mess, perhaps as a joke, but conducted herself with so much intuitive propriety and decorum, that she was dismissed with all honour and respect, and with handsome presents. I could not learn what became of her afterwards.

"Heroic women are not rare among the Indians, women who can bravely suffer—bravely die; but Amazonian women, female amateur warriors, are very extraordinary; I never heard but of this one instance. Generally, the squaws around me give me the impression of exceeding feminine delicacy and modesty, and of the most submissive gentleness. Female chiefs, however, are not unknown in Indian history. There was a famous *Squaw Sachem*, or chief, in the time of the early settlers. The present head chief of the Ottawas, a very fine old man, succeeded a female, who, it is further said, abdicated in his favor.

"Even the standing rule or custom that women are never admitted to councils has been evaded. At the treaty of

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Butte des Morts, in 1827, an old Chippewa woman, the wife of a superannuated chief, appeared in place of her husband, wearing his medal, and to all intents and purposes representing him. The American commissioners treated her with studied respect and distinction, and made her rich presents in cloth, ornaments, tobacco, &c. On her return to her own village, she was waylaid and murdered by a party of Menomonies. The next year two Menomonie women were taken and put to death by the Chippewas; such is the Indian law of retaliation.

"The language spoken around me is the Chippewa tongue, which, with little variation, is spoken also by the Ottawas, Pottowottomies and Missasaguas, and diffused all over the country of the lakes, and through a population of about seventy thousand. It is in these countries what the French is in Europe, the language of trade and diplomacy, understood and spoken by those tribes, with whom it is not vernacular. In this language Mrs. Schoolcraft generally speaks to her children and Indian domestics. It is not only very sweet and musical to the ear, with its soft inflections and lengthened vowels, but very complex and artificial in its construction, and subject to strict grammatical rules; this, for an unwritten language—for they have no alphabet—appears to me very curious. The particulars which follow I have from Mr. Schoolcraft, who has deeply studied the Chippewa language, and what he terms, not without reason, the philosophy of its syntax.

"The great division of all words, and the pervading principle of the language, is the distinction into animate and inanimate objects; not only nouns, but adjectives, verbs, pronouns, are inflected in accordance with this principle. The

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distinction, however, seems as arbitrary as that between masculine and feminine nouns in some European languages. Trees, for instance, are of the animate gender. The sun, moon, thunder and lightning, a canoe, a pipe, a water-fall, are all animate. The verb is not only modified to agree with the subject, it must be farther modified to agree with the subject spoken of, whether animate or inanimate: an Indian cannot say simply, I love, I eat; the word must express by its inflection what he loves or eats, whether it belong to the animate or inanimate gender.

"What is curious enough is, that the noun or name can be conjugated like a verb; the word *man*, for instance, can be inflected to express, I *am* a man, thou *art* a man, he *is* a man, I *was* a man, I *will be* a man, and so forth; and the word *husband* can be so inflected as to signify by a change of syllables, *I have* a husband, and *I have not* a husband.

"They have three numbers, like the Greek, but of different signification; they have the singular, and two plurals, one indefinite and general like ours, and one including the persons or things present, and excluding those which are absent; and distinct inflections are required for these two plurals.

"There are distinct words to express certain distinctions of sex, as with us; for instance, man, woman, father, mother, sister, brother, are distinct words, but more commonly sex is distinguished by a masculine or feminine syllable or termination. The word *equay*, a woman, is thus used as a feminine termination where persons are concerned. Ogima, is a chief, and Ogimquay a female chief.

"There are certain words and expressions which are in a manner masculine and feminine by some prescriptive right, and cannot be used indifferently by the two sexes. Thus,

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one man addressing another says, 'nichi,' or 'neejee,' *my friend*. One woman addressing another woman says, 'Nin,-dong,quay' (as nearly as I can imitate the sound), *my friend*, or rather, I believe, *female relation;* and it would be indelicacy in one sex, and arrogance in the other, to exchange these terms between man and woman. When a woman is surprised at anything she sees or hears, she exclaims, 'N'ya!' When a man is surprised he exclaims, 'T'ya!' and it would be contrary to all Indian notions of propriety and decorum, if a man condescended to say 'N'ya!' or if a woman presumed to use the masculine interjection 'T'ya!' I could give you other curious instances of the same kind. They have different words for eldest brother, eldest sister, and for brother and sister in general. *Brother* is a common expression of kindness, *father* of respect, and *grand-father* is a title of very great respect.

"They have no form of imprecation or swearing. Closing the hand, then throwing it forth and opening it suddenly with a jerk, is the strongest gesture of contempt, and the words 'bad dog' the strongest expression of abuse and vituperation; both are unpardonable insults, and used sparingly.

"A mother's term of endearment to her child is 'My bird —my young one,' and sometimes playfully, 'My old man.' When I asked what words were used of reproach or menace, I was told that Indian children were *never* scolded—*never* menaced.

"The form of salutation in common use between the Indians and the whites is the *bo-jou*, borrowed from the early French settlers, the first Europeans with whom the Northwest Indians were brought in contact. Among themselves there is no set form of salutation; when two friends meet

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after a long absence, they take hands, and exclaim, 'We see each other!'

"I have been 'working like a beaver,' to borrow an Indian phrase. This has been a rich and busy day. What with listening, learning, scribbling, transcribing, my wits as well as my pen are well nigh worn to a stump. But I am not going to tell here of well-known Indian customs, and repeat anecdotes to be found in all the popular books of travel. With the general characteristics of Indian life and manners I suppose the reader already familiar, from the works of Cooper, Washington Irving, Charles Hoffman, and others. I can add nothing to these sources of information; only bear testimony to the vigour, and liveliness and truth of the pictures they have drawn. I am amused at every moment by the coincidence between what I see and what I have read; but I must confess I never read anything like the Indian fictions I have just been transcribing from the first and highest authority.

"We can easily understand that among a people whose objects in life are few and simple, society cannot be very brilliant, nor conversation very amusing. The taciturnity of the Indians does not arise from any ideas of gravity, decorum, or personal dignity, but rather from the dearth of ideas and of subjects of interest. Henry mentions the dulness of the long winters, when he was residing in the wigwam of his brother, Wa,wa,tam, whose family were yet benevolent and intelligent. He had nothing to do but to smoke. Among the Indians, he says, the topics of conversation are few, and are limited to the transactions of the day and the incidents of the chase. The want of all variety in their lives, of all intellectual amusement, is one cause of

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their passion for gambling and for ardent spirits. The chase is to them a severe toil, not a recreation—the means of existence, not the means of excitement. They have, however, an amusement which I do not remember to have seen noticed anywhere. Like the Arabians, they have among them story-tellers by profession, persons who go about from lodge to lodge, amusing the inmates with traditional tales, histories of the wars and exploits of their ancestors, or inventions of their own, which are sometimes in the form of allegories or parables, and are either intended to teach them some moral lesson, or are extravagant inventions, having no other aim or purpose but to excite wonder or amusement. The story-tellers are estimated according to their eloquence and powers of invention, and are always welcome, sure of the best place in the lodge, and the choicest mess of food wherever they go. Some individuals, not story-tellers by profession, possess and exercise these gifts of memory and invention. Mrs. Schoolcraft mentioned an Indian living at the Sault-Ste-Marie, who in this manner amuses and instructs his family almost every night before they go to rest. Her own mother is also celebrated for her stock of traditional lore, and her poetical and inventive faculties, which she inherited from her father, Waub-ojeeg, who was the greatest poet and story-teller, as well as the greatest warrior of his tribe.

"The stories I give you from Mrs. Schoolcraft's translation have at least the merit of being genuine. Their very wildness and childishness, and dissimilarity to all other fictions, will recommend them. The first story was evidently intended to inculcate domestic union and brotherly love.

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THE FORSAKEN BROTHER

"It was a fine summer evening; the sun was scarcely an hour high, its departing rays shone through the leaves of the tall elms that skirted a little green knoll, whereon stood a solitary Indian lodge. The deep, deep silence that reigned around seemed to the dwellers in that lonely hut like the long sleep of death which was now about to close the eyes of the chief of this poor family; his low breathing was answered by the sighs and sobs of his wife and three children; two of the children were almost grown up, one was yet a mere child. These were the only human beings near the dying man: the door of the lodge [2] was thrown aside to admit the refreshing breeze of the lake on the banks of which it stood, and when the cool air visited the brow of the poor man, he felt a momentary return of strength. Raising himself a little, he thus addressed his weeping family:

" 'I leave ye—I leave ye! thou who hast been my partner in life, thou wilt not stay long behind me, thou wilt soon join me in the pleasant land of spirits; therefore thou hast not long to suffer in this world. But O my children, my poor children, you have just commenced life, and unkindness, and ingratitude, and all wickedness, is in the scene before you. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves for many years, and you will find that my motive for separating myself from other men has been to preserve you from evil example. But I die content, if you, my children, promise me to love each other, and on no account to forsake your youngest brother. Of him I give you both particular charge—love him and cherish him.'

"The father then became exhausted, and taking a hand of each of his elder children, he continued—'My daughter, never forsake your little brother! my son, never forsake your little brother! —'Never! never!' they both exclaimed:—'Never! never!' repeated the father, and expired.

"The poor man died happy, because he thought that his com-

[The following notes are Mrs. Jameson's.]

[2] The skin or blanket suspended before the opening.

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mands would be obeyed; the sun sank down behind the trees and left a golden sky, which the family were wont to behold with pleasure; but now no one heeded it. The lodge, so still an hour before, was now filled with loud cries and lamentations.

"Time wore heavily away. Five long moons had passed, and the sixth was nearly full, when the mother also died. In her last moments, she pressed upon her children the fulfillment of their promise to their departed father. They readily renewed this promise, because they were as yet free from any selfish motives to break it. The winter passed away and spring came. The girl being the eldest, directed her brothers and seemed to feel a more tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed signs of selfishness, and thus addressed his sister:—

" 'My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world? Must I be deprived of the pleasure of associating with men? I go to seek the villages of my brothers and my tribe. I have resolved, and you prevent me.'

"The girl replied:—'My brother, I do not say no to what you desire. We were not forbidden to associate with men, but we were commanded to cherish and never forsake each other—if we separate to follow our own selfish desire, will it not oblige us to forsake him, our brother, who we are both bound to support?'

"The young man made no answer to this remonstrance, but taking up his bow and arrows, he left the wigwam and returned no more.

"Many moons had come and gone after the young man's departure, and still the girl ministered kindly and constantly to the wants of her little brother. At length, however, she too began to weary of solitude and her charge. Years added to her strength and her power of providing for the household wants, but also brought the desire of society, and made her solitude more and more irksome. At last she became quite impatient; she thought only of herself, and cruelly resolved to abandon her little brother, as her elder brother had done before.

"One day, after having collected all the provisions she had set apart for emergencies, and brought a quantity of wood to the

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door, she said to her little brother, 'My brother, you must not stray far from the lodge. I am going to seek our brother, I shall soon be back.' Then taking her bundle, she set off in search of the habitations of men. She soon found them, and became so much occupied with the pleasures of her new life, that all affection and remembrance of her brother were by degrees effaced from her heart. At last she was married, and after *that* she never more thought of her poor helpless little brother, whom she had abandoned in the woods.

"In the mean time the eldest brother had also settled on the shores of the same lake, near which reposed the bones of his parents, and the abode of his forsaken brother.

" 'Now, as soon as the little boy had eaten all the provisions left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots for food. Winter came on, and the poor child was exposed to all its rigor; the snow covered the earth; he was forced to quit the lodge in search of food, and strayed about without shelter or home; sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees, and ate the fragments left by the wolves. Soon he had no other resource; and in seeking for food he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close to them while they devoured their prey, and the fierce, hungry wolves themselves seemed to pity his condition, and would always leave something for him. Thus he lived on the bounty of the wolves till the spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new friends and companions to the shore. Now it happened that his brother was fishing in his canoe, out far on the lake, when he thought he heard a cry as of a child, and wondered how any one could exist on the bleak shore. He listened again more attentively, and heard the cry repeated, and he paddled towards the shore as quickly as possible, and there he beheld his little brother, whom he heard singing in a plaintive voice:—

"Neesya, neesya, shyegwich gushuh!
Ween, ne myeeguniwh!"

That is, 'My brother, my brother, I am now turning into a wolf, I am turning into a wolf.' At the end of his song he howled like

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a wolf, and his brother approaching was dismayed to find him half a wolf and half a human being. He, however, leaped to the shore, strove to catch him in his arms, and said, soothingly, 'My brother, my brother, come to me!' But the boy eluded his grasp and fled, still singing as he fled, 'I am turning into a wolf! I am turning into a wolf!' and howled frightfully at the end of his song.

"His elder brother, conscious-struck, and feeling all his love return, exclaimed in anguish, 'My brother, O my brother, come to me!' but the nearer he approached the child the more rapidly the transformation proceeded. Still he sung, and howling called upon his brother and sister alternately in his song, till the change was complete, and he fled towards the wood a perfect wolf. At last he cried, 'I am a wolf!' and bounded out of sight.

"The young man felt the bitterness of remorse all his days; and the sister when she heard the fate of her little brother whom she had promised to protect and cherish, wept many tears, and never ceased to mourn him till she died.

"The next story seems intended to admonish parental ambition and inculcate filial obedience. The bird here called the robin is three times as large as the English robin redbreast, but in its form and habits very similar.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN

"An old man had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had arrived at that age when the Chippewas thought it proper to make the long and final fast which is to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adversity are to depend, and who forms the character to great and noble deeds.[3]

[3] This custom is universal among the Chippewas and their kindred tribes. At a certain age, about twelve or fourteen, the youth or girl is shut up in a separate lodge to fast and dream. The usual term is from three to five or six days, or even longer. The object which during this time is most frequently presented in sleep—the disturbed feverish sleep of an exhausted frame and excited imagination—is the tutelary spirit or manito of the future life: it is the sun or moon or evening star; an eagle, a moose, deer, a crane, a bat, &c. Wawatam, the Indian friend of Henry

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"This old man was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great among his tribe; and to this effect he thought it necessary that his son should fast a much longer time than any of those persons celebrated for their uncommon power or wisdom, and whose fame he envied.

"He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony for the important event; after he had been in the bath several times, he ordered him to lie down on a clean mat in a little lodge, expressly prepared for him, telling him at the same time to bear himself like a man, and that at the expiration of twelve days he should receive food and his father's blessing.

"The youth carefully observed these injunctions, lying with his face covered, with perfect composure, awaiting those spiritual visitations which were to seal his good or evil fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly to encourage him to perseverance,—expatiating on the renown and honour which would attend him through life, if he accomplished the full term prescribed. To these exhortations the boy never replied, but lay still without a murmur till the ninth day, when he thus addressed his father—'My father, my dreams are ominous of evil. May I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time make a new fast?'

"The father answered—'My son, you know not what you ask; if you rise now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer, you have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire: You know it is for your own good.'

"The son assented, and covering himself up close, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. But the same answer was given by the old man, who, however, added that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, and lay like death. No one could have known he was living, but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

"The next morning, the father, elate at having gained his ob-

the traveller, had dreamed of a white man, whom the Great Spirit brought to him in his hand and presented as his brother. This dream saved Henry's life.

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ject, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself; he stooped to listen, and looking through a small aperture, he was more astonished when he saw his son painted with vermilion on his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying at the same time, 'My father has destroyed me as a man—he would not listen to my request—he will now be the loser, while I shall be forever happy in my new state, since I have been obedient to my parent. He alone will be a sufferer, for the Spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me pity, and now I must go!'

"At that moment the father, in despair, burst into the lodge, exclaiming, 'My son, my son, do not leave me!' But his son, with the quickness of a bird, had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched upon the highest pole, a beautiful Robin Redbreast. He looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him he should always love to be near man's dwellings—that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant sprightliness and joy he would display—and that he would ever strive to cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation to him for the loss of the glory he had expected—and that although no longer a man, he would ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.

"It is a mistake to suppose that these Indians are idolaters; heathens and pagans you may call them if you will; but the belief in one Great Spirit, who created all things, and is paramount to all things, and the belief in the distinction between body and soul, and the immortality of the latter—these two sublime principles pervade their wildest superstitions; but though none doubt of a future state, they have no distinct or universal tenets with regard to the condition of the soul after death. Each individual seems to have his own thoughts on the subject, and some doubtless never

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VIEW OF MARQUETTE PARK FROM FORT MACKINAC

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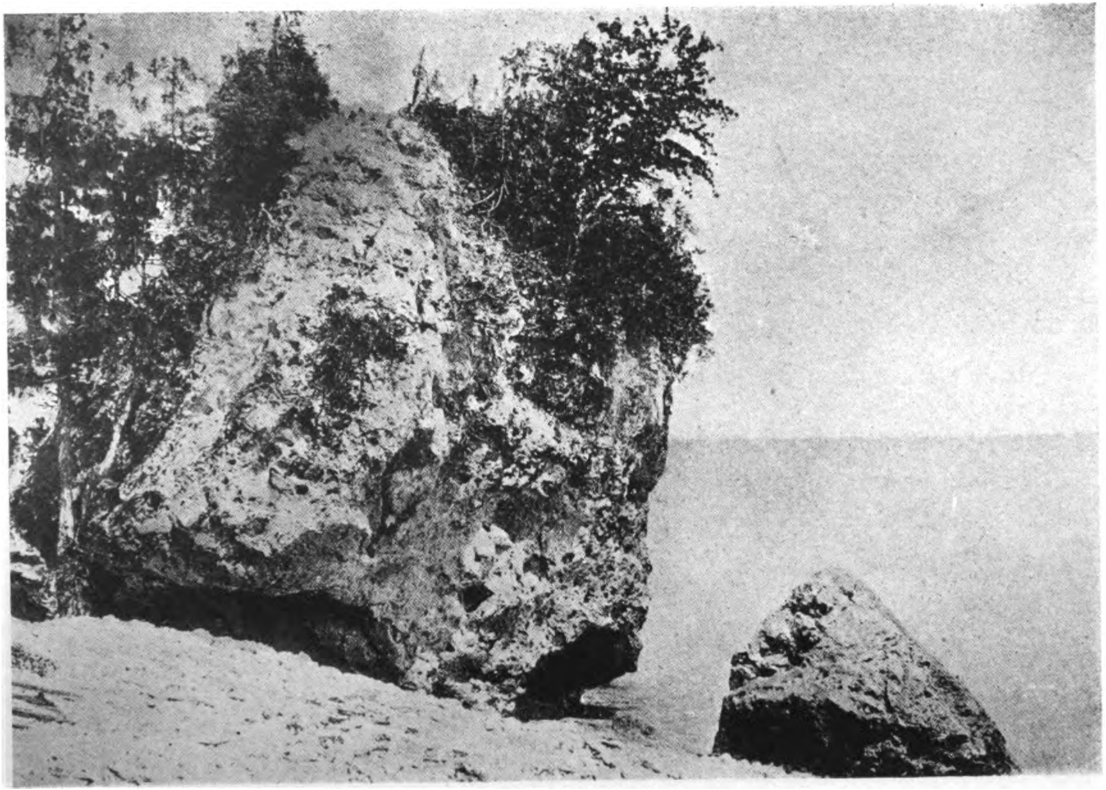

GITCHI MANITOU
East Shore Boulevard, underneath Arch Rock

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think about it at all. In general, however, their idea of a paradise, (the land of spirits) is some far off country towards the south-west, abounding in sun-shine, and placid lakes, and rivers full of fish, and forest full of game, whither they are transported by the Great Spirit, and where those who are separated on earth meet again in happiness, and part no more.

"Not only man, but everything animate, is spirit, and destined to immortality. According to the Indians, (and Sir Humphry Davy) nothing dies, nothing is destroyed; what we look upon as death and destruction is only transition and change. The ancients, it is said—for I cannot speak from my own knowledge—without telescopes or logarithms, divined the grandest principles of astronomy, and calculated the revolutions of the planets; and so these Indians, who never heard of philosophy or chemistry, have contrived to hit upon some of the profoundest truths in physics and metaphysics; but they seem content, like Jaques, 'to praise God, and make no boast of it.'

"In some things, it is true, they are as far as possible from orthodox. Their idea of a hell seems altogether vague and negative. It consists in a temporary rejection from the land of good spirits, in a separation from lost relatives, and friends, in being doomed to wander up and down desolately, having no fixed abode, weary, restless, and melancholy. To how many is the Indian hell already realized on this earth? Physical pain, or any pain which calls for the exercise of courage, and which it is manliness to meet and endure, does not apparently enter into their notions of *punishment*. They believe in evil spirits, but the idea of *the Evil Spirit*, a permitted agency of evil and mischief who divides with the Great Spirit the

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empire of the universe—who contradicts or renders nugatory His will, and takes especially in hand the province of tormenting sinners—of the devil, in short, they certainly had not an idea, till it was introduced by Europeans. Those Indians whose politeness will not allow them to contradict this article of the white man's faith, still insist that the place of eternal torment was never intended for the Red-skins, the especial favourites of the Great Spirit, but for white men *only*.

"Formerly it was customary with Chippewas to bury many articles with the dead, such as would be useful on their journey to the land of spirits.

"Henry describes in a touching manner the interment of a young girl, with an axe, snow-shoes, a small kettle, several pairs of moccasins, her own ornaments, and strings of beads; and, because it was a female—destined, it seems, to toil and carry burthens in the other world as well as this—the *carrying-belt* and the paddle. The last act before the burial, performed by the poor mother, crying over the dead body of the child, was that of taking from it a lock of hair for a memorial. 'While she did this,' says Henry, 'I endeavored to console her by offering the usual arguments, that the child was happy in being released from the miseries of this life, and that she should forbear to grieve, because it would be restored to her in another world, happy and everlasting. She answered, that she knew it well, and that by the lock of hair she would know her daughter in the other world, for she would *take it with her*—alluding to the time when this relic, with the carrying-belt and axe, would be placed in her own grave.

"This custom of burying property with the dead was formerly carried to excess from the piety and generosity

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of surviving friends, until a chief greatly respected and admired among them for his bravery and talents, took an ingenious method of giving his people a lesson. He was seized with a fit of illness, and after a few days expired, or seemed to expire. But after lying in this death-trance for some hours, he came to life again, and recovering his voice and senses, he informed his friends, that he had been half-way to the land of spirits; that he found the road thither crowded with the souls of the dead, all so heavily laden with the guns, kettles, axes, blankets, and other articles buried with them, that their journey was retarded, and they complained grievously of the burthens which the love of their friends had laid on them. 'I will tell you,' said Gitchee Gauzinee, for that was his name, 'our fathers have been wrong; they have buried too many things with the dead. It is too burthensome to them, and they have complained to me bitterly. There are many who, by reason of the heavy loads they bear, have not yet reached the land of spirits. Clothing will be very acceptable to the dead, also his moccasins to travel in, and his pipe to refresh him on the way; but let his other possessions be divided among his relatives and friends.'

"This sensible hint was taken in good part. The custom of kindling a fire on the grave, to light the departed spirit on its road to the land of the dead, is very general, and will remind you of the oriental customs.

"A Chippewa chief, heading his war party against the Sioux, received an arrow in his breast, and fell. No warrior, thus slain, is ever buried. According to ancient custom, he was placed in a sitting posture, with his back against a tree, his face towards his flying enemies; his head-dress, ornaments, and all his war-equipments, were

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arranged, with care, and thus he was left. But the chief was not dead; though he could neither move nor speak, he was sensible to all that passed. When he found himself abandoned by his friends as one dead, he was seized with a paroxysm of rage and anguish. When they took leave of him, lamenting, he rose up and followed them, but they saw him not. He pursued their track, and wheresoever they went, he went; when they ran, he ran; when they camped and slept, he did the like; but he could not eat with them, and when he spoke they heard him not. 'Is it possible,' he cried, exalting his voice, 'that my brothers do not see me—do not hear me? Will you suffer me to bleed to death without stanching my wounds? will you let me starve in the midst of food? have my fellow-warriors already forgotten me? is there none who will recollect my face, or offer me a morsel of flesh?' Thus he lamented and upbraided, but the sound of his voice reached them not. If they heard it at all they mistook it for that of the summer wind rustling among the leaves.

"The war party returned to the village; the women and children came out to welcome them. The chief heard the inquiries for himself, and the lamentations of his friends and relatives over his death. 'It is not true!' he shrieked with a loud voice, 'I am not dead,—I was not left on the field: I am here! I live! I move! see me! touch me! I shall again raise my spear in the battle, and sound my drum at the feast!' But no one heeded him; they mistook his voice for the wind rising and whistling among the boughs. He walked to his wigwam, and found his wife tearing her hair, and weeping for his death. He tried to comfort her, but she seemed insensible to his presence. He besought her to bind up his wounds—she moved not.

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He put his mouth close to her ear, and shouted, 'I am hungry, give me food!' She thought she heard a mosquito buzzing in her ear. The chief, enraged past endurance, now summoned all his strength, and struck her a violent blow on the temple; on which she raised her hand to her head, and remarked, 'I feel a slight aching here!'

"When the chief beheld these things, he began to reflect that possibly his body might have remained on the field of battle, while only his spirit was among his friends; so he determined to go back and seek his body. It was four days' journey thither, and on the last day, just as he was approaching the spot, he saw a flame in the path before him; he endeavored to step aside and pass it, but was still opposed; whichever way he turned, still it was before him. 'Thou spirit,' he exclaimed in anger, 'why dost thou oppose me? knowest thou not that I too am a spirit, and seek only to re-enter my body? thinkest thou to make me turn back? Know that I was never conquered by the enemies of my nation, and will not be conquered by thee!' So saying, he made an effort, and leapt through the opposing flame. He found himself seated under a tree on the field of battle, in all his warlike array, his bow and arrows at his side, just as he had been left by his friends, and looking up, beheld a great war-eagle seated on the boughs; it was the manitou of whom he had dreamed in his youth, his tutelary spirit who had kept watch over his body for eight days, and prevented the ravenous beasts and carrion birds from devouring it. In the end, he bound up his wounds and sustained himself by his bow and arrows, until he reached his village; there he was received with transport by his wife and friends, and concluded his account of his adventures by telling them that it is four days' journey to the land of

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spirits, and that the spirit stood in need of a fire every night; therefore the friends and relatives should build the funeral fire for four nights upon the grave, otherwise the spirit would be obliged to build and tend the fire himself, —a task which is always considered slavish and irksome.

"Such is the tradition by which the Chippewas account for the custom of lighting the funeral fire.

"The Indians have a very fanciful mythology, which would make exquisite machinery for poetry. It is quite distinct from the polytheism of the Greeks. The Greek mythology personified all nature, and materialized all abstractions: the Indians spiritualize all nature. They do not indeed place dryads and fauns in their woods, nor naiads in their streams; but every tree has a spirit, every rock, every river, every star that glistens, every wind that breathes, has a spirit; every thing they cannot comprehend is a spirit: this is the ready solution of every mystery, or rather makes every thing around them a mystery as great as the blending of soul and body in humanity. A watch, a compass, a gun, have each their spirit. The thunder is an angry spirit; the aurora borealis, dancing and rejoicing spirits. Birds, perhaps from their aerial movements, they consider as in some way particularly connected with the invisible world of spirits. Not only all animals have souls, but it is the settled belief of the Chippewa Indians that their souls will fare the better in another world, in the precise ratio that their lives and enjoyments are curtailed in this: hence, they have no remorse in hunting; but when they have killed a bear or rattle-snake, they solemnly beg his pardon, and excuse themselves on the plea of necessity.

"Besides the general *spiritualization* of the whole universe, which to an Indian is all spirit in diversity of forms

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(how delighted Bishop Berkeley would have been with them!), they have certain mythologic existences. Manabozho is a being very analogous to the Seeva of the Hindoo mythology. The four cardinal points are spirits, the West being the oldest and the father of the others, by a beautiful girl, who, one day, while bathing, suffered the west wind to blow upon her. Weeng is the spirit of sleep, with numerous little subordinate spirits, his emissaries, whose employment is to close the eyes of mortals, and by tapping their foreheads *knock* them to sleep. Then they have Weendigos—great giants and cannibals, like the Ascaparts and Morgantes of the old romances; and little tiny spirits or fairies, which haunt the woods and cataracts. The Nibanàba, half human half fish, dwell in the waters of Lake Superior. Ghosts are plentiful, and so are transformations, as you have seen. The raccoon was once a shell lying on the lake shore, and vivified by the sun-beams: the Indian name of the raccoon, *aisebun,* is literally, *he was a shell.* The brains of a wicked adultress, whose skull was beaten to pieces against the rocks, as it tumbled down a cataract, became the white fish. As to the belief in sorcery, spells, talismans, incantations, all which go by the general name of *medicine,* it is unbounded. Henry mentions, that among the goods which some traders took up the country to exchange for furs, they had a large collection of the little rude prints, published for children, at a halfpenny a piece —I recollect such when I was a child. They sold these at a high price, for *medicines* (*i.e* talismans), and found them a very profitable and popular article of commerce. One of these, a little print of a sailor kissing his sweetheart, was an esteemed *medicine* among the young, and eagerly purchased for a love spell. A soldier presenting his gun, or

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brandishing his sabre, was a medicine to promote warlike courage—and so on.

"The medicines and manitos of the Indians will remind you of the fetishes of the negroes.

"With regard to the belief in omens and incantations, I should like to see it ascertained how far we civilized Christians, with all our schools, our pastors, and our masters, are in advance of these (so-called) savages? [4]

" 'Who would believe that with a smile, whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, as caressing.
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower;
With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil,
That e'er clench'd fingers in captive's hair!'

HALLECK.

"Mr. Johnston tells me, what pleases me much, that the Indians like me, and are gratified by my presence, and the interest I express for them, and that I am the subject of much conversation and speculation. Being in manners and complexion unlike the European women they have been accustomed to see, they have given me, he says, a name among themselves expressive of the most obvious charac-

[4] One of the most distinguished men of the age, who has left a reputation which will be as lasting as it is great, was, when a boy, in constant care of a very able but unmerciful schoolmaster, and in the state of mind which that constant fear produced, he fixed upon a great spider for his fetish (or manito), and used every day to pray to it that he might not be flogged. *The Doctor,* vol. V.

When a child, I was myself taken to a witch (or medicine woman) to be cured of an accidental burn by charms and incantations. I was then about six years old, and have a very distinct recollection of the whole scene, which left a strong and frightful impression on my childish fancy.

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teristics in my appearance, and call me the *white* or *fair English chieftainess* (Ogima-quay). I go among them quite familiarly, and am always received with smiling good humour. With the assistance of a few words, as *ninni*, a man; *minno*, good; *mudjee*, bad; *mee gwedge*, thank you; *maja*, good-bye; with nods, signs, smiles, and friendly hand-shaking,—we hold most eloquent conversations. Even the little babies smile at me out of their comical cradles, slung at their mothers' backs, and with the help of beads and lolly-pops from the village store, I get on amazingly well; only when asked for some 'English milk' (rum or whisky), I frown as much as I can, and cry *Mudjee! Mudjee!* bad! bad! then they laugh, and we are friends again.

"The scenes I at first described are of constant reiteration. Every morning when I leave my room and come out into the porch, I have to exchange *bo-jou!* and shake hands with some twenty or thirty of my dingy, dusky, greasy, painted, blanketed smiling friends: but today we have had some new scenes.

"First, however, I forgot to tell you that yesterday afternoon there came in a numerous fleet of canoes, thirty or forty at least; and the wind blowing fresh from the West, each with its square blanket sail came scudding over the waters with astonishing velocity; it was a beautiful sight. Then there was the usual bustle, and wigwam building, fire-lighting and cooking, all along the shore, which is now excessively crowded; and yelling, shouting, drinking and dancing at the whisky store. But all this I have formerly described to you.

"I presume it was in consequence of these new arrivals

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that we had a grand *talk* or council after breakfast this morning, at which I was permitted to be present, or, as the French say, to *assist*.

"There were fifty-four of their chiefs, or rather chief men, present, and not less than two hundred Indians round the house, their dark eager faces filling up the windows and door-ways; but they were silent, quiet, and none but those first admitted attempted to enter. All as they came up took my hand: some I had seen before, and some were entire strangers, but there was no look of surprise, and all was ease and grave self-possession: a set of more perfect gentlemen, in *manner*, I never met with.

"The council was convened to ask them if they would consent to receive goods instead of dollars in payment of the pensions due to them on the sale of their lands, and which, by the conditions of sale, were to be paid in money. So completely do the white men reckon on having everything their own way with the poor Indians, that a trader had contracted with the government to supply the goods which the Indians had not yet consented to receive, and was actually now on the Island, having come with me in the steamer.

"As the chiefs entered, they sat down on the floor. The principal person was a venerable old man with a bald head, who did not speak. The orator of the party wore a long, gray, blanket coat, crimson sash, and black neck-cloth, with leggings and moccasins. There was also a well-looking young man dressed in the European fashion, and in black; he was of mixed blood, French and Indian; he had been carried early to Europe by the Catholic priests, had been educated in the Propaganda College at Rome, and was lately come out to settle as a teacher and interpreter

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among his people. He was the only person besides Mr. Schoolcraft who was seated on a chair, and he watched the proceedings with great attention. On examining one by one the assembled chiefs, I remarked five or six who had good heads—well developed, intellectual, and benevolent. The old chief, and my friend the Rain, were conspicuous among them, and also an old man with a fine square head and lofty brow, like the picture of Red-jacket,[5] and a young man with a pleasing countenance, and two scalps hung as ornaments to his belt. Some faces were mild and vacant, some were stupid and coarse, but in none was there a trace of insolence or ferocity, or of that vile expression I have seen in a depraved European of the lower class. The worst physiognomy was that of a famous medicine-man—it was mean and cunning. Not only the countenances, but the features differed; even the distinct characteristics of the Indian, the small deep-set eye, breadth of face and high cheek-bones, were not universal: there were among them regular features, oval faces, aquiline noses. One chief had a head and face which reminded me strongly of the Marquis Wellesley. All looked dirty, grave, and picturesque, and most of them, on taking their seats on the ground, pulled out their tobacco-pouches and lighted their wooden pipes.

"The proposition made to them was evidently displeas-

[5] The picture by Weir, in the possession of Samuel Ward, Esq., of New York, which see—or rather see the beautiful lines of Halleck:—

"'If he were with me, King of Tuscarora!
  Gazing as I upon thy portrait now,
In all its medalled, fring'd, and beaded glory,
  Its eyes' dark beauty and its tranquil brow—
Its brow, half martial, and half diplomatic,
  Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings—
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,
  Outrival Europe, even in our kings!'"

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ing. The orator, after whispering with the chief, made a long and vehement speech in a loud, emphatic voice, and at every pause the auditors exclaimed, 'Hah!' in sign of approbation. I remarked that he sometimes made a jest which called forth a general smile, even from the interpreter and Mr. Schoolcraft. Only a few sentences were translated: from which I understood that they all considered this offer as a violation of the treaty which their great father at Washington, the President, had made with them. They did not want goods—they wanted the stipulated dollars. Many of their young men had procured goods from the traders on credit, and depended on the money due to them to discharge their debts; and, in short, the refusal was distinct and decided. I am afraid, however, it will not avail them much.[6] The mean petty-trader style in which the American officials make (and *break*) their treaties with the Indians is shameful. I met with none who attempted to deny it or excuse it. Mr. Schoolcraft told me that during the time he had been Indian agent (five-and-twenty years) he had never known the Indians to violate a treaty or break a promise. He could not say the same of his government, and the present business appeared most distasteful to him; but he was obliged to obey the order from the head of his department.

"The Indians make witty jests on the bad faith of the 'Big Knives!'[7] 'My father!' said a distinguished Pottowot-

[6] Since my return to England I found the following passage in the *Morning Chronicle*, extracted from the American papers:—The Indians of Michigan have committed several shocking murders, in consequence of the payments due to them on land-treaties being made in goods instead of money. Serious alarm on that subject prevails in the State.

The wretched individuals murdered were probably settlers, quite innocent in this business, probably women and children; but such is the *well-known* Indian law of retaliation.

[7] The Indians gave the name of Cheemokomaun (Long Knives, or

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tomie chief at the treaty of Chicago—'my father, you have made several promises to your red children, and you have put the money down upon the table; but as fast as you put it upon the top, it has slipped away to the bottom, in a manner that is incomprehensible to us. We do not know what becomes of it. When we get together, and divide it among ourselves, it is nothing! and we remain as poor as ever. My father, I only explain to you the words of my brethren. We can only see what is before our eyes, and are unable to comprehend all things.' Then pointing to a newspaper which lay on the table—'you see that paper on the table before you—it is double. You can see what is upon the upper sheet, but you cannot see what is below. We cannot tell how our money goes!'

"On the present occasion, two orators spoke, and the council lasted above two hours; but I left the room long before the proceedings were over. I must needs confess it to you—I cannot overcome one disagreeable obstacle to a near communion with these people. The genuine Indian has a very peculiar odour, unlike anything of the kind that ever annoyed my fastidious senses. One ought to get over these things; and after all it is not so offensive as it is peculiar. You have probably heard that horses brought up in the white settlements can smell an Indian at a great distance, and show evident signs of perturbation and terror whenever they snuff an Indian in the air. For myself, on passing over the place on which a lodge has stood, and whence it has been removed several hours, though it was the hard pebbly beach on the water edge, I could scent the Indian in the atmosphere. You can imagine, therefore,

Big Knives) to the Americans at the time they were defeated by General Wayne, near the Miami River, in 1795, and suffered so severely from the *sabres* of the cavalry.

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that fifty of them in one room, added to the smell of their tobacco, which is detestable, and the smoking and all its unmentionable consequences, drove me from the spot. The truth is, that a woman of very delicate and fastidious habits must learn to endure some very disagreeable things, or she had best stay at home.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Johnston informed me that the Indians were preparing to dance, for my particular amusement. I was, of course, most thankful and delighted. Almost in the same moment, I heard their yells and shrieks resounding along the shore, mingled with the measured monotonous drum. We had taken our place on an elevated platform behind the house—a kind of little lawn on the hill-side:—the precipitous rocks, clothed with trees and bushes, rose high like a wall above us; the glorious sunshine of a cloudless summer's day was over our heads—the dazzling blue lake and its islands at our feet. Soft and elysian in its beauty was all around. And when these wild and more than half-naked figures came up, leaping, whooping, drumming, shrieking, hideously painted, and flourishing clubs, tomahawks, javelins, it was like a masque of fiends breaking into paradise! The rabble of Comus might have boasted themselves comely in comparison, even though no self-deluding potion had bleared their eyes and intellect. It was a grotesque and horrible phantasmagoria. Of their style of clothing, I say nothing—for, as it is wisely said, nothing can come of *nothing:*—only if 'all symbols be clothes,' according to a great modern philosopher—my Indian friends were as little symbolical as you can dare to imagine:—*passons par là.* If the blankets and leggings were thrown aside, all the resources of the Indian toilette, all their store of feathers, and bears' claws, hawks' bells,

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vermilion, soot, and verdigris, were brought into requisition as decoration: and no two were alike. One man wore three or four heads of hair, composed of the manes and tails of animals; another wore a pair of deers' horns; another was *coiffé* with the skins and feathers of a crane or some such bird—its long bill projecting from his forehead; another had the shell of a small turtle suspended from his back, and dangling behind; another used the skin of a polecat for the same purpose. One had painted his right leg with red bars, and his left leg with green lines; parti-coloured eyes and faces, green noses, and blue chins, or *vice versâ*, were general. I observed that in this grotesque deformity, in the care with which every thing like symmetry or harmony in form or colours was avoided, there was something evidently studied and artistical. The orchestra was composed of two drums and two rattles, and a chorus of voices. The song was without melody—a perpetual repetition of three or four notes, melancholy, harsh, and monotonous. A flag was stuck in the ground, and round this they began their dance—if dance it could be called,—the movements consisting of the alternate raising of one foot, then the other, and swinging the body to and fro. Every now and then they paused, and set forth that dreadful, prolonged, tremulous yell, which re-echoed from the cliffs, and pierced my ears and thrilled along my nerves. The whole exhibition was of that finished barbarism, that it was at least *complete* in its way, and for a time I looked on with curiosity and interest. But that innate loathing which dwells within me for all that is discordant and deformed, rendered it anything but pleasant to witness. It grated horribly upon all my perceptions. In the midst, one of those odd and unaccountable transitions of thought caused by some mental or physical reaction

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—the law which brings extremes in contrast together—came across me. I was reminded that even on this very day last year I was seated in a box at the opera, looking at Carlotta Grisi and Perrot dancing, or rather flying through the galoppe in 'Benyowsky.' The oddity of this sudden association made me laugh, which being interpreted into the expression of my highest approbation, they became every moment more horribly ferocious and animated; redoubled the vigour of their detestably awkward movements and the shrillness of their savage yells, till I began involuntarily to look about for some means of escape—but this would have been absolutely rude, and I restrained myself.

"I should not forget to mention that the figures of most of the men were superb; more agile and elegant, however, than muscular, more fitted for the chase than for labour, with small and well-formed hands and feet. When the dance was ended, a young warrior, leaving the group, sat himself down on a little knoll to rest. His spear lay across his knees, and he reposed his head upon his hand. He was not painted, except with a little vermilion on his chest, and on his head he wore only the wing of the osprey. He sat there, a model for a sculptor. The perfection of his form, the graceful abandonment of his attitude, reminded me of a young Mercury, or of Thorwaldsen's 'Shepherd Boy.' I went up to speak to him, and thanked him for his exertions in the dance, which indeed had been conspicuous; and then, for want of something else to say, I asked him if he had a wife and children? The whole expression of his face suddenly changed, and with an air as tenderly coy as that of a young girl listening to the first whisper of a lover, he looked down and answered softly, 'Kah-ween!'—No, indeed! Feeling that I had for the first time embarrassed

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an Indian, I withdrew, really as much out of countenance as the youth himself. I did not ask him his name, for that were a violation of the Indian form of good breeding, but I learn that he is called *the Pouncing Hawk.* West's comparison of the Apollo Belvedere to a young Mohawk warrior has more of likelihood and reasonableness than I ever believed or acknowledged before.

"A keg of tobacco and a barrel of flour were given to them, and they dispersed as they came, drumming, and yelling and leaping, and flourishing their clubs and war hatchets."

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CHAPTER XIII

A CANOE VOYAGE FROM MACKINAC TO THE "SOO" IN 1837

THIS delightful sketch is a continuation of Mrs. Jameson's account of her visit to the North.[1] It is dated July 29:

"Where was I? Where did I leave off four days ago? O—at Mackinac! that Fairy Island, which I shall never see again, and which I should have dearly liked to filch from the Americans, and carry home to you in my dressing box, or, perdie, in my tooth-pick case; but, good lack, to see the ups and downs of this (new) world. I take up my tale a hundred miles from it; but before I tell you where I am now, I must take you over the ground, or rather over the water, in a proper and journal-like style.

"I was sitting last Friday, at sultry noon-tide, under the shadow of a schooner which had just anchored alongside the little pier—sketching and dreaming—when up came a messenger, breathless, to say that a boat was going off for the Sault-Sainte-Marie, in which I could be accommodated with a passage. Now this was precisely what I had been wishing and waiting for, and yet I heard the information with an emotion of regret. I had become every day more attached to the society of Mrs. Schoolcraft, more interested about her; and the idea of parting, and parting suddenly, took me by surprise, and was anything but agreeable. On

[1] Mrs. Jameson's *Sketches in Canada*, pp. 219-242; 262-263

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reaching the house, I found all in movement, and learned, to my inexpressible delight, that my friend would take the opportunity of paying a visit to her mother and family, and, with her children, was to accompany me on my voyage.

"We had but one hour to prepare packages, provisions, everything,—and in one hour all was ready.

"This voyage of two days was to be made in a little Canadian bateau, rowed by five *voyageurs* from the Sault. The boat might have carried fifteen persons, hardly more, and was rather clumsy in form. The two ends were appropriated to the rowers, baggage, and provisions; in the centre there was a clear space, with a locker on each side, on which we sat or reclined, having stowed away in them our small and more valuable packages. This was the internal arrangement.

"The distance to the Sault, or as the Americans call it, the *Soo,* is not more than thirty miles overland as the bird flies; but the whole region being one mass of tangled forest and swamp, infested with bears and mosquitoes, it is seldom crossed but in winter, and in snow-shoes. The usual route by water is ninety-four miles.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, with a favourable breeze, we launched forth on the lake, and having rowed about a mile from the shore, the little square sail was hoisted, and away we went merrily over the blue waters.

"For a detailed account of the *voyageurs,* or Canadian boatmen, their peculiar condition and mode of life, I refer you to Washington Irving's *Astoria.* What he describes them to *have been,* and what Henry represents them in his time, they are even now, in these regions of the upper lakes. But the *voyageurs* in our boat were not favourable specimens of their very amusing and peculiar class. They were

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fatigued with rowing for three days previous, and had only two helpless women to deal with. As soon, therefore, as the sail was hoisted, two began to play cards on the top of a keg, the other two went to sleep. The youngest and most intelligent of the set, a lively half-breed boy of eighteen, took the helm. He told us with great self-complacency that he was *captain*, and that it was already the third time that he had been elected by his comrades to this dignity; but I cannot say he had a very obedient crew.

"About seven o'clock we landed to cook our supper on an island which is commemorated by Henry as the Isle des Outardes, and is now Goose Island. Mrs. Schoolcraft undertook the general management with all the alertness of one accustomed to these impromptu arrangements, and I did my best in my new vocation—dragged one or two blasted boughs to the fire, the least of them twice as big as myself, and laid the cloth upon the pebbly beach. The enormous fire was to keep off the mosquitoes, in which we succeeded pretty well, swallowing, however, as much smoke as would have dried us externally into hams or red herrings. We then returned to the boat, spread a bed for the children (who were my delight) in the bottom of it with mats and blankets, and disposed our own, on the lockers on each side, with buffalo skins, blankets, shawls, cloaks, and whatever was available, with my writing case for a pillow.

"After sunset, the breeze fell; the men were urged to row, but pleaded fatigue, and that they were hired for the day and not for the night (which is the custom). One by one they sulkily abandoned their oars, and sunk to sleep under their blankets, all but our young captain: like Ulysses when steering away from Calypso—

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> "'Placed at the helm, he sat, and watched the skies,
> Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.'

"He kept himself awake by singing hymns, in which Mrs. Schoolcraft joined him. I lay still, looking up at the stars and listening: when there was a pause in the singing, we kept up the conversation, fearing lest sleep should overcome our only pilot and guardian. Thus we floated on beneath that divine canopy—'which love had spread to curtain the sleeping world': it was a most lovely and blessed night, bright and calm and warm, and we made some little way, for both wind and current were in our favour.

"As we were coasting a little shadowy island, our captain mentioned a strange circumstance, very illustrative of Indian life and character. A short time ago a young Chippewa hunter, whom he knew, was shooting squirrels on this spot, when by some chance a blighted pine fell upon him, knocking him down and crushing his leg, which was fractured in two places. He could not rise, he could not remove the tree which was lying across his broken leg. He was in a little uninhabited island, without the slightest probability of passing aid; and to lie there and starve in agonies, seemed all that was left to him. In this dilemma, with all the fortitude and promptitude of resource of a thorough-bred Indian, he took out his knife, cut off his own leg, bound it up, dragged himself along the ground to his hunting canoe, and paddled himself home to his wigwam on a distant island, where the cure of his wound was completed. The man is still alive.

"Perhaps this story appears incredible. I believe it firmly. At the time, and since then, I heard other instances of Indian fortitude, and of their courage and skill in performing some of the boldest and most critical operations in

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surgery, which I really cannot venture to set down. But I will mention two of the least marvellous. There was a young chief, and famous hunter, whose arm was shattered by the bursting of his rifle. No one would venture the amputation, and it was bound up with certain herbs and dressings, accompanied with many magical ceremonies. The young man, who seemed aware of the inefficacy of such expedients, waited till the moment when he should be left alone. He had meantime, with pain and difficulty, hacked one of his knives into a saw; with this he completed the amputation of his own arm; and when his relations appeared they found the arm lying at one end of the wigwam, and the patient sitting at the other, with his wound bound up, and smoking with great tranquility.

. . . .

"We remained in conversation till long after midnight; then the boat was moored to a tree, but kept off shore, for fear of the mosquitoes, and we addressed ourselves to sleep. I remember lying awake for some minutes, looking up at the quiet stars, and around upon the dark weltering waters, and at the faint waning moon, just suspended on the very edge of the horizon. I saw it sink—sink into the bosom of the lake as if to rest, and then with a thought of far-off friends, and a most fervent thanksgiving, I dropped to sleep. It is odd that I did not think of praying for protection, and that no sense of fear came over me; it seemed as if the eye of God himself looked down upon me; that I *was* protected. I do not say I *thought* this any more than the unweaned child in its cradle; but I had some such feeling of unconscious trust and love, now I recall those moments.

"I slept, however, uneasily, not being yet accustomed to

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a board and a blanket; *ça viendra avec le temps.* About dawn I awoke in a sort of stupor, but after bathing my face and hands over the boat side, I felt refreshed. The *voyageurs,* after a good night's rest, were in better humour, and took manfully to their oars. Soon after sunrise, we passed round that very conspicuous cape, famous in the history of north-west adventure, called the 'Grand Détour,' half-way between Mackinac and the Sault. Now, if you look at the map you will see that our course was henceforth quite altered; we had been running down the coast of the mainland towards the east; we had now to turn short round the point, and steer almost due west; hence its most fitting name, the Grand Détour. The wind, hitherto favourable, was now dead against us. This part of Lake Huron is studded with little islands, which, as well as the neighboring mainland, are all uninhabited, yet clothed with the richest, loveliest, most fantastic vegetation, and no doubt swarming with animal life.

"I cannot, I dare not, attempt to describe to you the strange sensation one has, thus thrown for a time beyond the bounds of civilized humanity, or, indeed, any humanity; nor the wild yet solemn reveries which come over one in the midst of this wilderness of woods and waters. All was so solitary, so grand in its solitude, as if nature unviolated sufficed to herself. Two days and nights the solitude was unbroken; not a trace of social life, not a human being, not a canoe, not even a deserted wigwam, met our view. Our little boat held on its way over the placid lake, and among green tufted islands; and we its inmates, two women, differing in clime, nation, complexion, strangers to each other but a few days ago, might have fancied ourselves alone in a new-born world.

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"We landed to boil our kettle, and breakfast on a point of the island of St. Joseph's. This most beautiful island is between thirty and forty miles in length, and nearly a hundred miles in circumference, and towards the centre the land is high and picturesque. They tell me that on the other side of the island there is a settlement of whites and Indians. Another large island, Drummond's Isle, was for a short time in view. We had also a settlement here, but it was unaccountably surrendered to the Americans. If now you look at the map, you will wonder, as I did, that in retaining St. Joseph's and the Manitoulin Islands, we gave up Drummond's Island. Both these islands had forts and garrisons during the war.

"By the time breakfast was over, the children had gathered some fine strawberries; the heat had now become almost intolerable, and unluckily we had no awning. The men rowed languidly, and we made but little way; we coasted along the south shore of St. Joseph's, through fields of rushes, miles in extent, across Lake George, and Muddy Lake (the name, I thought, must be a libel, for it was as clear as crystal and as blue as heaven; but they say that, like a sulky temper, the least ruffle of wind turns it as black as ditchwater, and it does not subside again in a hurry), and then came a succession of openings spotted with lovely islands, all solitary. The sky was without a cloud, a speck—except when the great fish-eagle was descried sailing over its blue depths—the water without a wave. We were too hot and too languid to converse. Nothing disturbed the deep noon-tide stillness, but the dip of the oars, or the spring and splash of a sturgeon as he leapt from the surface of the lake, leaving a circle of little wavelets spreading around. All the islands we passed were so

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woody, and so infested with mosquitoes, that we could not land and light our fire, till we reached the entrance of St. Mary's River, between Neebish Island and the mainland.

"Here was a well-known spot, a sort of little opening on a flat shore, called the *Encampment,* because a party of boatmen coming down from Lake Superior, and camping here for the night, were surprised by the frost, and obliged to remain the whole winter till the opening of the ice, in the spring. After rowing all this hot day till seven o'clock against the wind (what there was of it), and against the current coming rapidly and strongly down from Lake Superior, we did at length reach this promised harbour of rest and refreshment.

"I offered an extra gratuity to the men, if they would keep to their oars without interruption; and then, fairly exhausted, lay down on my locker and blanket. But whenever I woke from uneasy, restless slumbers, *there* was Mrs. Schoolcraft, bending over her sleeping children, singing all the time a low, melancholy Indian song; while the northern lights were streaming and dancing in the sky, and the fitful moaning of the wind, the gathering clouds, and chilly atmosphere foretold a change of weather. This would have been the *comble de malheur.* When daylight came, we passed Sugar Island, where immense quantities of maple sugar are made every spring, and just as the rain began to fall in earnest we arrived at the Sault-Sainte-Marie. On one side of the river, Mrs. Schoolcraft was welcomed by her mother; and on the other, my friends, the MacMurrays, received me with delighted and delightful hospitality. I went to bed—oh! the luxury!—and slept for six hours.

. . . .

"Enough of solemn reveries on star-lit lakes—enough—

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too much—of self and self-communings; I turn over a new leaf, and this shall be a chapter of geography, and topography, natural philosophy, and such wise-like things. Draw the curtain first, for if I look out any longer on those surging rapids, I shall certainly turn giddy—forget all the memoranda I have been collecting for you, lose my reckoning, and become unintelligible to you and myself too.

"This River of St. Mary is, like the Detroit and the St. Clair, already described, properly a strait, the channel of communication between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. About ten miles higher up, the great ocean-lake narrows to a point; then, forcing a channel through the high lands, comes rushing along till it meets with a downward ledge, or cliff, over which it throws itself in foam and fury, tearing a path for its billows through the rocks. The descent is about twenty-seven feet in three quarters of a mile, but the rush begins above, and the tumult continues below the fall, so that, on the whole, the eye embraces an expanse of white foam measuring about a mile each way, the effect being exactly that of the ocean breaking on a rocky shore: not so terrific, nor on so large a scale, as the rapids of Niagara, but quite as beautiful—quite as animated.

"What the French call a *saut* (leap), we term a *fall;* the Sault-Sainte-Marie is translated into the falls of St. Mary. By this name the rapids are often mentioned, but the village on their shore still retains its old name, and is called the Sault. I do not know why the beautiful river and its glorious cataracts should have been placed under the peculiar patronage of the Blessed Virgin; perhaps from the union of exceeding loveliness with irresistible power; or, more probably, because the first adventurers reached the spot on some day hallowed in the calendar.

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"The French, ever active and enterprising, were the first who penetrated to this wild region. They had an important trading post here early in the last century, and also a small fort. They were ceded, with the rest of the country, to Great Britain, in 1762.[2] I wonder whether, at that time, the young king or any of his ministers had the least conception of the value and immensity of the magnificent country thrown into our possession, or gave a thought to the responsibilities it brought with it!—to be sure they made good haste, both king and ministers, to get rid of most of the responsibility. The American war began, and at its conclusion the south shore of St. Mary's, and the fort, were surrendered to the Americans.

"The rapids of Niagara, as I once told you, reminded me of a monstrous tiger at play, and threw me into a sort of ecstatic terror; but these rapids of St. Mary suggest quite another idea: as they come fretting and fuming down, curling up their light foam, and wreathing their glancing billows round the opposing rocks, with a sort of passionate self-will, they remind me of an exquisitely beautiful woman in a fit of rage, or of Walter Scott's simile—'one of the Graces possessed by a Fury;'—there is no terror in their anger, only the sense of excitement and loveliness; when it has spent this sudden, transient fit of impatience, the beautiful river resumes all its placid dignity, and holds on its course, deep and wide enough to float a squadron of seventy-fours, and rapid and pellucid as a mountain trout-stream.

"Here, as everywhere else, I am struck by the difference

[The following notes are Mrs. Jameson's.]

[2] The first British commandant of the fort was Lieutenant Jemette, who was scalped at the massacre at Michilimackinac.

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between the two shores. On the American side there is a settlement of whites, as well as a large village of Chippewas; there is also a mission (I believe of the Methodists), for the conversion of the Indians. The fort, which has been lately strengthened, is merely a strong and high enclosure, surrounded with pickets of cedar-wood; within the stockade are the barracks, and the principal trading store. This fortress is called Fort Brady, after that gallant officer whom I have already mentioned to you. The garrison may be very effective for aught I know, but I never beheld such an unmilitary-looking set. When I was there to-day, the sentinels were lounging up and down in their flannel jackets and shirt sleeves, with muskets thrown over their shoulders—just for all the world like ploughboys going to shoot sparrows; however, they are in keeping with the fortress of cedar-posts, and no doubt both answer their purpose very well. The village is increasing into a town, and the commercial advantages of its situation must raise it ere long to a place of importance.

"On the Canada side we have not even these demonstrations of power or prosperity. Nearly opposite to the American fort there is a small factory belonging to the North-west Fur Company; below this, a few miserable log huts, occupied by some French Canadians and *voyageurs* in the service of the company, a set of lawless *mauvais sujets*, from all I can learn. Lower down stands the house of Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, with the Chippewa village under their care and tuition; but most of the wigwams and their inhabitants are now on their way down the lake, to join the congress at the Manitoulin Islands. A lofty eminence, partly cleared and partly clothed with forest, rises behind the house, on which stand the little mission church and

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TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT MACKINAC ISLAND

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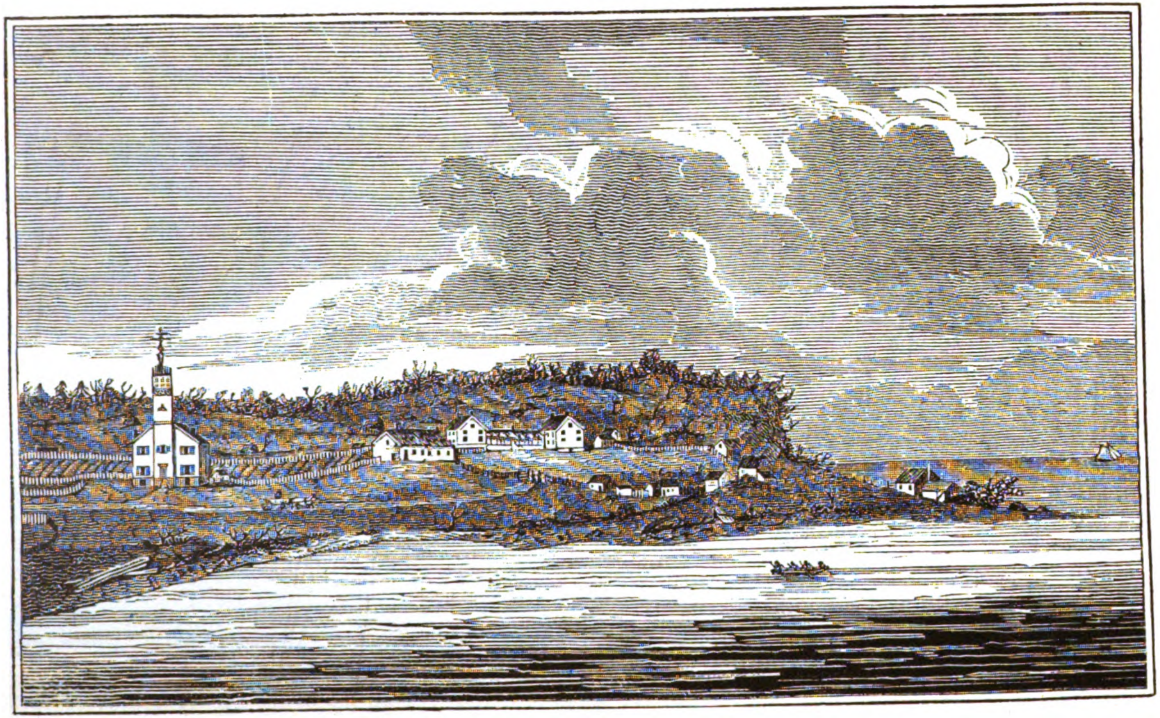

MISSION HOUSE AND SCHOOL AT MACKINAC ISLAND

From an old print appearing in Quarterly Paper of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. No. XX. 1835.

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school-house for the use of the Indian converts. From the summit of this hill you look over the traverse into Lake Superior, and the two giant capes which guard its entrance. One of these capes is called Gros-Cap, from its bold and lofty cliffs, the yet unviolated haunt of the eagle. The opposite cape is more accessible, and bears an Indian name, which I cannot pretend to spell, but which signifies 'the place of the Iroquois' bones': it was the scene of a wild and terrific tradition. At the time that the Iroquois (or Six Nations) were driven before the French and Hurons up to the western lakes, they endeavored to possess themselves of the hunting-grounds of the Chippewas, and hence a bitter and lasting feud between the two nations. The Iroquois, after defeating the Chippewas, encamped, a thousand strong, upon this point, where, thinking themselves secure, they made a war feast to torture and devour their prisoners. The Chippewas, from the opposite shore, beheld the sufferings and humiliation of their friends, and, roused to sudden fury by the sight, collected their warriors, only three hundred in all, crossed the channel, and at break of day fell upon the Iroquois, now sleeping after their horrible excesses, and massacred every one of them, men, women and children. Of their own party they lost but one warrior, who was stabbed with an awl by an old woman who was sitting at the entrance of her wigwam, stitching moccasins: thus runs the tale. The bodies were left to bleach on the shore, and they say that bones and skulls are still found there.

"Here, at the foot of the rapids, the celebrated white-fish of the lakes is caught in its highest perfection. The people down below,[3] who boast of the excellence of the white-fish,

[3] That is, in the neighborhood of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

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really know nothing of the matter. There is no more comparison between St. Mary's than between plaice and turbot, or between a clam and a Sandwich oyster. I ought to be a judge, who have eaten them fresh out of the water four times a day, and I declare to you that I never tasted anything of the fish kind half so exquisite. If the Roman Apicius had lived in these latter days, he would certainly have made a voyage up Lake Huron to breakfast on the white-fish of St. Mary's river, and would *not* have returned in dudgeon, as he did, from the coast of Africa. But the epicures of our degenerate times have nothing of that gastronomical enthusiasm which inspired their ancient models, else we should have them all coming here to eat white-fish at the Sault, and scorning cockney white-bait. Henry declares that the flavour of the white-fish is 'beyond any comparison whatever' and I add my testimony thereto —*probatum est!*

"I have eaten tunny in the gulf of Genoa, anchovies fresh out of the bay of Naples, and trout of the Salz-kammergut, and divers other fishy dainties rich and rare—but the exquisite, the refined white-fish exceeds them all; concerning those cannibal fish (mullets were they, or lampreys?) which Lucullus fed in his fish-ponds, I cannot speak, never having tasted them; but even if *they* could be resuscitated, I would not degrade the refined, the delicate white-fish by a comparison with any such barbarian luxury.

"But seriously, and badinage apart, it is really the most luxurious delicacy that swims the waters. It is said that people never tire of them. Mr. MacMurray tells me that he has eaten them every day of his life for seven years, and that his relish for them is undiminished. The enormous quantities caught here, and in the bays and creeks

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round Lake Superior, remind me of herrings in the lochs of Scotland; besides subsisting the inhabitants, whites and Indians, during a great part of the year, vast quantities are cured and barrelled every fall, and sent down to the eastern states. Not less than eight thousand barrels were shipped last year.

"These enterprising Yankees have seized upon another profitable speculation here; there is a fish found in great quantities in the upper part of Lake Superior, called the skevát,[4] so exceedingly rich, luscious, and oily, when fresh, as to be quite uneatable. A gentleman here told me that he had tried it, and though not very squeamish at any time, and then very hungry, he could not get beyond the first two or three mouthfuls; but it has been lately discovered that this fish makes a most luxurious pickle. It is very excellent, but so rich even in this state, that, like tunny *marinée*, it is necessary either to taste abstemiously, or die heroically of indigestion. This fish is becoming a fashionable luxury, and in one of the stores here I saw three hundred barrels ready for embarkation. The Americans have several schooners on the lakes employed in these fisheries; we have not one. They have besides planned a ship canal through the portage here, which will open a communication for large vessels between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, as our Welland Canal has united Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The ground has already been surveyed for this purpose. When this canal is completed, a vessel may load in the Thames, and discharge her burthen at the upper end of Lake Superior. I hope you have a map before you, that you may take in at a glance this wonderful extent of inland navigation. Ought a country possessing it, and all

[4] I spell the word as pronounced, never having seen it written.

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the means of life beside, to remain poor, oppressed, uncultivated, unknown?

"But to return to my beautiful river and glorious rapids, which are to be treated, you see, as a man treats a beautiful passionate beauty—he does not oppose her, for that were madness—but he gets *round her*. Well, on the American side, further down the river, is the house of Tanner, the Indian interpreter, of whose story you may have heard—for, as I remember, it excited some attention in England. He is a European, of unmixed blood, with the language, manners, habits of a Red-skin. He had been kidnapped somewhere on the American frontiers when a mere boy, and brought up among the Chippewas. He afterwards returned to civilized life, and having re-learned his own language, drew up a very entertaining and valuable account of his adopted tribe. He is now in the American service here, having an Indian wife, and is still attached to his Indian mode of life.

"Just above the fort is the ancient burial-place of the Chippewas. I need not tell you of the profound veneration with which all the Indian tribes regard the places of their dead. In all their treaties for the cession of their lands, they stipulate with the white man for the inviolability of their sepulchres. They did the same with regard to this place, but I am sorry to say that it has not been attended to, for in enlarging one side of the fort, they have considerably encroached on the cemetery. The outrage excited both the sorrow and indignation of some of my friends here, but there is no redress. Perhaps it was this circumstance that gave rise to the allusion of the Indian chief here, when in speaking of the French he said, '*They* never molested the places of our dead!'

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"The view of the rapids from this spot is inexpressibly beautiful, and it has besides another attraction, which makes it to me a frequent lounge whenever I cross the river; —but of this by-and-bye. To complete my sketch of the localities, I will only add, that the whole country around is in its primitive state, covered with the interminable swamp and forest, where the bear and the moose-deer roam—and lakes and living streams where the beaver builds his hut.[5] The cariboo, or rein-deer, is still found on the northern shores.

"The hunting-grounds of the Chippewas are in the immediate neighborhood and extended all round Lake Superior. Beyond these, on the north, are the Chippewyans; and on the south, the Sioux, Ottagamis, and Pottowottomies.

"I might here multiply facts and details, but I have been obliged to throw these particulars together in haste, just to give you an idea of my present situation. Time presses, and my sojourn in this remote and interesting spot is like to be of short duration.

"Oue of the gratifications I had anticipated in coming hither—my strongest inducement perhaps—was an introduction to the mother of my two friends, of whom her children so delighted to speak, and of whom I had heard much from other sources. A woman of pure Indian blood, of a race celebrated in these regions as warriors and chiefs from generation to generation, who had never re-

[5] The beaver is, however, becoming rare in these regions. It is a curious fact connected with the physiology and psychology of instinct, that the beaver is found to change its instincts and modes of life, as it has been more and more persecuted, and, instead of being a gregarious, it is now a solitary animal. The beavers, which are found living in solitary holes instead of communities and villages, the Indian call by a name which signifies *Old Bachelor.*

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sided within the pale of what we call civilized life, whose habits and manners were those of a genuine Indian squaw, and whose talents and domestic virtues commanded the highest respect, was, as you may suppose, an object of the deepest interest to me. I observed that not only her own children, but her two sons-in-law, Mr. MacMurray and Mr. Schoolcraft, both educated in good society, the one a clergyman and the other a man of science and literature, looked up to this remarkable woman with sentiments of affection and veneration.

"As soon, then, as I was a little refreshed after my two nights on the lake, and my battles with the mosquitoes, we paddled over the river to dine with Mrs. Johnston; she resides in a large log-house close upon the shore; there is a little portico in front with seats, and the interior is most comfortable. The old lady herself is rather large in person, with the strongest marked Indian features, a countenance open, benevolent, and intelligent, and a manner perfectly easy—simple, yet with something of motherly dignity, becoming the head of her large family. She received me most affectionately, and we entered into conversation—Mrs. Schoolcraft, who looked all animation and happiness, acting as interpreter. Mrs. Johnston speaks no English, but can understand it a little, and the Canadian French still better; but in her own language she is eloquent, and her voice, like that of her people, low and musical; many kind words were exchanged, and when I said anything that pleased her, she laughed softly like a child. I was not well and much fevered, and I remember she took me in her arms, laid me down on a couch, and began to rub my feet, soothing and caressing me. She called me Nindannis, daughter, and I called her Neengai,

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mother (though how different from my own fair mother, I thought, as I looked up gratefully in her dark Indian face!). She set before us the best dressed and best served dinner I had seen since I left Toronto, and presided at her table, and did the honours of her house with unembarrassed, unaffected propriety. My attempts to speak Indian caused, of course, considerable amusement; if I do not make progress, it will not be for want of teaching and teachers.

"After dinner we took a walk to visit Mrs. Johnston's brother, Wayish,ky, whose wigwam is at a little distance, on the verge of the burial-ground. The lodge is of the genuine Chippewa form, like an egg cut in half lengthways. It is formed of poles stuck in the ground, and bent over at top, strengthened with a few wattles and boards; the whole is covered over with mats, birch-bark, and skins; a large blanket formed the door or curtain, which was not ungracefully looped aside. Wayish,ky, being a great man, has also a smaller lodge hard by, which serves as a store house and kitchen.

"Rude as was the exterior of Wayish,ky's hut, the interior presented every appearance of comfort, and even *elegance*, according to the Indian notions of both. It formed a good-sized room: a raised couch ran all round like a Turkish divan, serving both for seats and beds, and covered with very soft and beautiful matting of various colours and patterns. The chests and baskets of birch-bark, containing the family ward-robe and property; the rifles, the hunting and fishing tackle, were stowed away all round very tidily; I observed a coffee-mill nailed up to one of the posts or stakes; the floor was trodden down hard and perfectly clean, and there was a place for a fire in the middle: there was no

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window, but quite sufficient light and air were admitted through the door, and through an aperture in the roof. There was no disagreeable smell, and everything looked neat and clean. We found Wayish,ky and his wife and three of their children seated in the lodge, and as it was Sunday, and they are all Christians, no work was going forward. They received me with genuine and simple politeness, each taking my hand with a gentle inclination of the head, and some words of welcome murmured in their own soft language. We then sat down.

"The conversation became very lively; and, if I might judge from looks and tones, very affectionate. I *sported* my last new words and phrases with great effect, and when I had exhausted my vocabulary—which was very soon—I amused myself with looking and listening.

"Mrs. Wayish,ky (I forgot her proper name) must have been a very beautiful woman. Though now no longer young, and the mother of twelve children, she is one of the handsomest Indian women I have yet seen. The number of her children is remarkable, for in general there are few large families among the Indians. Her daughter, Zah,-gah,see,ga,quay (*the sunbeams breaking through a cloud*) is a very beautiful girl, with eyes that are a warrant for her poetical name—she is about sixteen. Wayish,ky himself is a grave, dignified man about fifty. He told me that his eldest son had gone down to the Manitoulin Island to represent his family, and receive his quota of presents. His youngest son he had sent to a college in the United States, to be educated in the learning of the white men. Mrs. Schoolcraft whispered me that this poor boy is now dying of consumption, owing to the confinement and change of living, and that the parents knew it. Wayish,ky seemed

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aware that we were alluding to his son, for his eye at that moment rested on me, and such an expression of keen pain came suddenly over his fine countenance, it was as if a knife had struck him, and I really felt it in my heart, and see it still before me—that look of misery.

"After about an hour we left this good and interesting family. I lingered for a while on the burial-ground, looking over the rapids, and watching with a mixture of admiration and terror several little canoes which were fishing in the midst of the boiling surge, dancing and popping about like corks. The canoe used for fishing is very small and light; one man, (or woman more commonly) sits in the stern, and steers with a paddle; the fisher places himself upright on the prow, balancing a long pole with both hands, at the end of which is a scoop-net. This he every minute dips into the water, bringing up at each dip a fish, and sometimes two. I used to admire the fishermen on the Arno, and those on the Lagune, and above all the Neapolitan fishermen, hauling in their nets, or diving like ducks, but I never saw anything like these Indians. The manner in which they keep their position upon a footing of a few inches, is to me as incomprehensible as the beauty of their forms and attitudes, swayed by every movement and turn of their dancing, fragile barks, is admirable.

"George Johnston, on whose arm I was leaning (and I had much ado to *reach* it), gave me such a vivid idea of the delight of coming down the cataract in a canoe, that I am half resolved to attempt it. Terrific as it appears, yet in a good canoe, and with experienced guides, there is no absolute danger, and it must be a glorious sensation.

"Mr. Johnston had spent the last fall and winter in the regions beyond Lake Superior, towards the forks of the

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Mississippi, where he had been employed as American agent to arrange the boundary line between the country of the Chippewas and that of their neighbours and implacable enemies, the Sioux. His mediation appeared successful for the time, and he smoked the pipe of peace with both tribes; but during the spring this ferocious war has again broken out, and he seems to think that nothing but the annihilation of either one nation or the other will entirely put an end to their conflicts; 'for there is no point at which the law of retaliation stops, short of the extermination of one of the parties.'

"I asked him how it is that in their wars the Indians make no distinction between the warriors opposed to them and helpless women and children?—how could it be with a brave and manly people, that the scalps taken from the weak, the helpless, the unresisting, were as honourable as those torn from the warrior's skull? And I described to him the horror which this custom inspired—this, which of all their customs, most justifies the name of *savage!*

"He said it was inseparable from their principles of war and their mode of warfare; the first consists of inflicting the greatest possible insult and injury on their foe with the least possible risk to themselves. This truly savage law of honour we might call cowardly, but that, being associated with the bravest contempt of danger and pain, it seems nearer to the natural law. With regard to the mode of warfare, they have rarely pitched battles, but skirmishes, surprises, ambuscades, and sudden forays into each other's hunting-grounds and villages. The usual practice is to creep stealthily on the enemy's village or hunting-encampment, and wait till just after the dawn; then, at the moment the sleepers in the lodges are rising, the ambushed warriors

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stoop and level their pieces about two feet from the ground, which thus slaughter indiscriminately. If they find one of the enemy's lodges undefended they murder its inmates, that when the owner returns he may find his hearth desolate; for this is exquisite vengeance! But outrage against the chastity of women is absolutely unknown under any degree whatever of furious excitement.[6]

"This respect for female honour will remind you of the ancient Germans, as described by Julius Caesar; he contrasts in some surprise their forbearance with the very opposite conduct of the Romans; and even down to this present day, if I recollect rightly, the history of our European wars and sieges will bear out this early and characteristic distinction between the Latin and the Teutonic nations. Am I right, or am I not?

"To return to the Indians. After telling me some other particulars, which gave me a clearer view of their notions and feelings on these points than I ever had before, my informant mildly added,—'It is a constant and favourite subject of reproach against the Indians—this barbarism of their desultory warfare; but I should think more women and children had perished in *one* of your civilized sieges, and that in late times, than during the whole war between the Chippewas and Sioux, and *that* has lasted a century.'

"I was silent, for there is a sensible proverb about taking care of our own glass windows; I wonder if any of the recorded atrocities of Indian warfare or Indian vengeance, or all of them together, ever exceeded Massena's retreat

[6] "The whole history of Indian warfare," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "might be challenged in vain for a solitary instance of this kind. The Indians believe that to take a dishonourable advantage of their female prisoners would destroy their luck in hunting; it would be considered as effeminate and degrading in a warrior, and render him unfit for, and unworthy of, all manly achievement."

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from Portugal—and the French call themselves civilized. A war party of Indians, perhaps two or three hundred (and that is a very large number), dance their war dance, go out and burn a village, and bring back twenty or thirty scalps. *They* are savages and heathens. We Europeans fight a battle, leave fifty thousand dead or dying by inches on the field, and a hundred thousand to mourn them, desolate; but *we* are civilized and Christians. Then only look into the motives and causes of our bloodiest European wars as revealed in the private history of courts:—the miserable, puerile, degrading intrigues which set man against man—so horribly disproportioned to the horrid result! and then see the Indian take up his war-hatchet in vengeance for some personal injury, or from motives that rouse all the natural feelings of the natural man within him! Really I do not see that an Indian warrior, flourishing his tomahawk, and smeared with his enemy's blood, is so very much a greater savage than the pipe-clayed, padded, embroidered personage, who, without cause or motive, has sold himself to slay or be slain: one scalps his enemy, the other rips him open with a sabre; one smashes his brains with a tomahawk, and the other blows him to atoms with a cannon-ball: and to me, femininely speaking, there is not a needle's point difference between the one and the other. If war be unchristian and barbarous, then war as a *science* is more absurd, unnatural, unchristian than war as a *passion.*

"This, perhaps, is putting it all too strongly, and a little exaggerated—

"God forbid that I should think to disparage the blessings of civilization! I am a woman, and to the progress of civilization alone can we women look for release from many pains and penalties and liabilities, which now lie

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heavily upon us. Neither am I greatly in love with savage life, with all its picturesque accompaniments and lofty virtues. I see no reason why these virtues should be necessarily connected with dirt, ignorance, and barbarism. I am thankful to live in a land of literature and steam-engines. Chatsworth is better than a wigwam, and a seventy-four is a finer thing than a bark canoe. I do not *positively* assert that Taglioni dances more gracefully than the Little-Pure tobacco-smoker, nor that soap and water are preferable cosmetics to tallow and charcoal; for these are matters of taste, and mine may be disputed. But I do say, that if our advantages of intellect and refinement are not to lead on to farther moral superiority, I prefer the Indians on the score of consistency; they are what they profess to be. They profess to be warriors and hunters, and are so; we profess to be Christians and civilized—are we so?

"Then as to the mere point of cruelty:—there is something to be said on this point too. Ferocity, when the hot blood is up, and all the demon in man is roused by every conceivable excitement, I can understand better than the Indian can comprehend the tender mercies of our law. Owyawatta, better known by his English name, Red-Jacket, was once seen hurrying from the town of Buffalo, with rapid strides, and every mark of disgust and consternation on his face. Three malefactors were to be hung that morning, and the Indian warrior had not nerve to face the horrid spectacle, although—

> " 'In sober truth the veriest devil
> That ere clinched fingers in a captive's hair.'

. . . .

"The more I looked upon those glancing, dancing rapids, the more resolute I grew to venture myself in the midst of

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them. George Johnston went to seek a fit canoe and a dexterous steersman, and meantime I strolled away to pay a visit to Wayish,ky's family, and make a sketch of their lodge, while pretty Zah,gah,see,gah,qua, held the umbrella to shade me.

"The canoe being ready, I went up to the top of the portage, and we launched into the river. It was a small fishing canoe about ten feet long, quite new, and light and elegant and buoyant as a bird on the waters. I reclined on a mat at the bottom, Indian fashion (there are no seats in a genuine Indian canoe); in a minute we were within the verge of the rapids, and down we went, with a whirl and a splash!—the white surge leaping around me —over me. The Indian with astonishing dexterity kept the head of the canoe to the breakers, and somehow or other we danced through them. I could see, as I looked over the edge of the canoe, that the passage between the rocks was sometimes not more than two feet in width, and we had to turn sharp angles—a touch of which would have sent us to destruction—all this I could see through the transparent eddying waters, but I can truly say, I had not even a momentary sensation of fear, but rather of giddy, breathless, delicious excitement. I could even admire the beautiful attitude of a fisher, past whom we swept as we came to the bottom. The whole affair, from the moment I entered the canoe till I reached the landing place, occupied seven minutes, and the distance is about three-quarters of a mile.[7]

[7] "The total descent of the Fall of St. Mary's has been ascertained to be twenty-two and a half perpendicular feet. It has been found impracticable to ascend the rapid; but canoes have ventured down, though the experiment is extremely nervous and hazardous, and avoided by a portage, two miles long, which connects the navigable parts of the strait."—*Bouchette's Canada.*

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"My Indians were enchanted, and when I reached *home*, my good friends were not less delighted at my exploit: they told me I was the first European female who had ever performed it, and assuredly I shall not be the last. I recommended it as an exercise before breakfast. As for my Neengai, she laughed, clapped her hands, and embraced me several times. I was declared duly initiated, and adopted into the family by the name of Wah, sàh, ge, wah, nó, quà. They had already called me among themselves, in reference to my complexion and my travelling propensities, O, daw, yaun, gee, *the fair changing moon*, or rather, *the fair moon which changes her place*: but now, in compliment to my successful achievement, Mrs. Johnston bestowed this new appellation, which I much prefer. It signifies *the bright foam*, or more properly, with the feminine adjunct, *qua*, *the woman of the bright foam;* and by this name I am henceforth to be known among the Chippewas.

"July 31.

"This last evening of my so-journ at the Sault-Sainte-Marie, is very melancholy—we have been all very sad. Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray are to accompany me on my voyage down the lake to the Manitoulin Islands, having some business to transact with the Governor:—so you see Providence *does* take care of me! how I could have got there alone, I cannot tell, but I must have tried. At first we had arranged to go in a bark canoe; the very canoe which belonged to Captain Back, and which is now lying in Mr. MacMurray's court-yard: but our party will be large, and we shall be encumbered with much baggage and provisions —not having yet learned to live on the portable maize and fat: our voyage is likely to take three days and a half, even

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if the weather continues favourable, and if it do not, why we shall be obliged to put up into some creek or harbour, and pitch our tent, gipsy fashion, for a day or two. There is not a settlement nor a habitation on our route, nothing but lake and forest. The distance is about one hundred and seventy miles, rather more than less; Mr. MacMurray therefore advises a bateau, in which, if we do not get on so quickly, we shall have more space and comfort—and thus it is to be.

"I am sorry to leave these kind, excellent people, but most I regret Mrs. Schoolcraft.[8]

"August 1.

"The morning of our departure rose bright and beautiful, and the loading and arranging our little boat was a scene of great animation. I thought I had said all my adieus the night before, but at early dawn my good Neengai came paddling across the river with various kind offerings for her daughter, Wa,sàh,ge,wo,nò,quá, which she thought might be pleasant or useful, and more *last* affectionate words from Mrs. Schoolcraft. We then exchanged a long farewell embrace, and she turned away with tears, got into her little canoe, which could scarcely contain two persons, and handling her paddle with singular grace and dexterity, shot over the blue water, without venturing once to look back! I leaned over the side of our boat, and strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the white spray of the rapids, and her little canoe skimming over the expanse between, like a black dot: and this was the last I saw of my dear good Chippewa mamma!"

[8] This amiable and interesting woman died a few years ago.

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CHAPTER XIV

MARGARET FULLER'S *SUMMER ON THE LAKES* —1843

MARGARET FULLER, born in 1810, was the eldest of eight children. "She derived her first teaching from her father, studied Latin at the age of six, and injured her health by over-application." [1]

She began the study of Greek at thirteen. When her father died, "Margaret vowed that she would do her whole duty toward her brothers and sisters, and she faithfully kept the vow, teaching school in Boston and Providence, and afterward taking private pupils, for whom she was paid at the rate of two dollars an hour." She was an intimate friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Channing, "in the company of whom she was very brilliant, meeting them as equals." She conducted the philosophical magazine known as the *Dial*, translated works from the German, and served as literary critic for the New York *Tribune*, then under the management of Horace Greeley, in whose home she lived for a time. "While in New York she visited the prisons, penitentiaries, asylums, theatres, opera-houses, music halls, picture galleries, and lecture-rooms, writing about everything in the *Tribune*, and doing much to move the level of thought on philanthropic, literary and artistic matters."

When by unremitting labours she had saved enough money, she went to Europe, where she met the foremost people in every phase of life, and travelled, especially

[1] Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, II, 561, from which the biographical sketch is taken. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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in Switzerland and Italy, establishing herself in Rome. There she married, in 1847, the Marquis Ossoli, "was a mother in 1848, and entered with zeal into the Italian struggle for independence in 1849. Her conduct during the siege of the city by the French was of the most heroic, disinterested, humane, and tender kind. Her service in the hospitals won the heartiest praise." On the capture of Rome, she escaped with her family, and later took passage for America on the merchant vessel *Elizabeth.* In a storm the vessel was wrecked off Fire Island, and all on board were lost. The lifeless body of the little son was cast on the beach, but neither mother nor father was heard of more.

In the summer of 1843, three years before sailing for Europe, she visited the Great Lakes, and the little volume, *Summer on the Lakes,* is the pleasing memorial of these travels and reflections.

"Late at night," she says,[2] "we reached this Island, so famous for its beauty, and to which I proposed a visit of some length. It was the last week in August, when a large representation from the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes were here to receive their annual payments from the American government. As their habits make travelling easy and inexpensive to them, neither being obliged to wait for steamboats, or write to see whether hotels are full, they come hither by thousands, and those thousands in families, secure of accommodation on the beach, and food from the lake, to make a long holiday out of the occasion. There were near two thousand encamped on the Island already, and more arriving every day.

[2] Pp. 169–176.

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"As our boat came in, the captain had some rockets let off. This greatly excited the Indians, and their yells and wild cries resounded along the shore. Except for the momentary flash of the rockets, it was perfectly dark, and my sensations as I walked with a stranger to a strange hotel, through the midst of these shrieking savages, and heard the pants and snorts of the departing steamer, which carried away all my companions, were somewhat of the dismal sort; though it was pleasant, too, in the way that everything strange is; everything that breaks in upon the routine that so easily incrusts us.

"I had reason to expect a room to myself at the hotel, but found none, and was obliged to take up my rest in the common parlor and eating-room, a circumstance which insured my being an early riser.

"With the first rosy streak, I was out among my Indian neighbors, whose lodges honey-combed the beautiful beach, that curved away in long, fair outline on either side the house. They were already on the alert, the children creeping out from beneath the blanket door of the lodge; the women pounding corn in their rude mortars, the young men playing on their pipes. I had been much amused, when the strain proper to the Winnebago courting flute was played to me on another instrument, at any one fancying it a melody; but now, when I heard the notes in their true tone and time, I thought it not unworthy comparison, in its graceful sequence, and the light flourish, at the close, with the sweetest bird-songs; and this, like the bird-song, is only practised to allure a mate. The Indian, become a citizen and a husband, no more thinks of playing the flute than one of the 'settled down' members of our society would

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of choosing the 'purple light of love' as dye-stuff for a surtout.

"Mackinac has been fully described by able pens, and I can only add my tribute to the exceeding beauty of the spot and its position. It is charming to be on an island so small that you can sail round it in an afternoon, yet large enough to admit of long secluded walks through its gentle groves. You can go round it in your boat; or, on foot, you can tread its narrow beach, resting at times, beneath the lofty walls of stone, richly wooded, which rise from it in various architectural forms. In this stone, caves are continually forming, from the action of the atmosphere; one of these is quite deep, and with a fragment left at its mouth, wreathed with little creeping plants, that looks, as you sit within, like a ruined pillar.

"The arched rock surprised me, much as I had heard of it, from the perfection of the arch. It is perfect, whether you look up through it from the lake, or down through it to the transparent waters. We both ascended and descended, no very easy matter, the steep and crumbling path, and rested at the summit, beneath the trees, and at the foot, upon the cool mossy stones beside the lapping wave. Nature has carefully decorated all this architecture with shrubs that take root within the crevices, and small creeping vines. These natural ruins may vie for beautiful effect with the remains of European grandeur, and have, beside, a charm as of a playful mood in nature.

"The Sugar Loaf rock is a fragment of the same kind as the pine rock we saw in Illinois. It has the same air of a helmet, as seen from an eminence at the side, which you descend by a long and steep path. The rock itself may be ascended by the bold and agile. Half way up is a

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niche, to which those, who are neither, can climb by a ladder. A very handsome young officer and lady who were with us did so, and then, facing round, stood there side by side, looking in the niche, if not like saints or angels wrought by pious hands in stone, as romantically, if not as holily, worthy the gazer's eye.

"The woods which adorn the central ridge of the Island are very full in foliage, and, in August, showed the tender green and pliant leaf of June elsewhere. They are rich in beautiful mosses and the wild raspberry.

"From Fort Holmes, the old fort, we had the most commanding view of the lake and straits, opposite shores, and fair islets. Mackinac, itself, is best seen from the water. Its peculiar shape is supposed to have been the origin of its name, Michilimackinac, which means the Great Turtle. One person whom I saw, wished to establish another etymology, which he fancied to be more refined; but, I doubt not, this is the true one, both because the shape might suggest such a name, and that the existence of an island in this commanding position, which did so, would seem a significant fact to the Indians. For Henry gives the details of peculiar worship paid to the Great Turtle, and the oracles received from this extraordinary Apollo of the Indian Delphos.

"It is crowned most picturesquely, by the white Fort, with its gay flag. From this, on one side, stretches the town. How pleasing a sight, after the raw, crude, staring assemblage of houses, everywhere else to be met in this country, an old French town, mellow in its coloring, and with the harmonious effect of a slow growth, which assimilates, naturally, with objects round it. The people in its streets, Indian, French, half-breeds, and others, walked

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with a leisure step, as of those who live a life of taste and inclination, rather than of the hard press of business, as in American towns elsewhere.

"On the other side, along the fair, curving beach, below the white houses scattered on the declivity, clustered the Indian lodges, with their amber brown matting, so soft, and bright of hue, in the late afternoon sun. The first afternoon I was there, looking down from a near height, I felt that I never wished to see a more fascinating picture. It was an hour of the deepest serenity; bright blue and gold, rich shadows. Every moment the sunlight fell more mellow. The Indians were grouped and scattered among the lodges; the women preparing food, in the kettle or frying pan, over the many small fires; the children, half-naked, wild as little goblins, were playing both in and out of the water. Here and there lounged a young girl, with a baby at her back, whose bright eyes glanced, as if born into a world of courage and of joy, instead of ignominious servitude and slow decay. Some girls were cutting wood, a little way from me, talking and laughing, in the low musical tone, so charming in the Indian women. Many bark canoes were upturned upon the beach, and, by that light, of almost the same amber as the lodges. Others, coming in, their square sails set, and with almost arrowy speed, though heavily laden with dusky forms, and all the apparatus of their household. Here and there a sail-boat glided by, with a different, but scarce less pleasing motion.

"It was a scene of ideal loveliness, and these wild forms adorned it, as looking so at home in it. All seemed happy, and they were happy that day, for they had no fire-water to madden them, as it was Sunday, and the shops were shut.

"From my window, at the boarding-house, my eye was

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constantly attracted by these picturesque groups. I was never tired of seeing the canoes come in, and the new arrivals set up their temporary dwellings. The women ran to set up the tentpoles, and spread the mats on the ground. The men brought the chests, kettles, &c.; the mats were then laid on the outside, the cedar boughs strewed on the ground, the blanket hung up for a door, and all was completed in less than twenty minutes. Then they began to prepare the night meal, and to learn of their neighbors the news of the day.

"The habit of preparing food out of doors gave all the gipsy charm and variety to their conduct. Continually I wanted Sir Walter Scott to have been there. If such romantic sketches were suggested to him, by the sight of a few gipsies, not a group near one of these fires but would have furnished him material for a separate canvas. I was so taken up with the spirit of the scene, that I could not follow out the stories suggested by these weather-beaten, sullen, but eloquent figures.

"They talked a great deal, and with much variety of gesture, so that I often had a good guess at the meaning of their discourse. I saw that, whatever the Indian may be among the whites, he is anything but taciturn with his own people. And he often would declaim, or narrate at length, as indeed it is obvious, that these tribes possess a great power that way, if only from the fables taken from their stores, by Mr. Schoolcraft.

"I liked very much to walk or sit among them. With the women I held much communication by signs. They are almost invariably coarse and ugly, with the exception of their eyes, with a peculiarly awkward gait, and forms bent by burthens. This gait, so different from the steady and

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noble step of the men, marks the inferior position they occupy. I had heard much contradiction of this. Mrs. Schoolcraft had maintained to a friend, that they were in fact as nearly on a par with their husbands as the white woman with hers. 'Although,' said she, 'on account of inevitable causes, the Indian woman is subjected to many hardships of a peculiar nature, yet her position, compared with that of the man, is higher and freer than that of the white woman.' Why will people look only on one side? They either exalt the Red man into a Demigod or degrade him into a beast. They say that he compels his wife to do all the drudgery, while he does nothing but hunt and amuse himself; forgetting that, upon his activity and power of endurance as a hunter, depends the support of his family; that this is labor of the most fatiguing kind, and that it is absolutely necessary that he should keep his frame unbent by burdens and unworn by toil, that he may be able to obtain the means of subsistence. I have witnessed scenes of conjugal and parental love in the Indian's wigwam from which I have often, often thought the educated white man, proud of his superior civilization, might learn an useful lesson. When he returns from hunting, worn out with fatigue, having tasted nothing since dawn, his wife, if she is a good wife, will take off his moccasins and replace them with dry ones, and will prepare his game for their repast, while his children will climb upon him, and he will caress them with all the tenderness of a woman; and in the evening the Indian wigwam is the scene of the purest domestic pleasures. The father will relate for the amusement of the wife, and for the instruction of the children, all the events of the day's hunt, while they will treasure

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MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER

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DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE

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up every word that falls, and thus learn the theory of the art, whose practice is to be the occupation of their lives.

. . . .

"More[8] weariness than anguish, no doubt, falls to the lot of most of these women. They inherit submission, and the minds of the generality accommodate themselves more or less to any posture. Perhaps they suffer less than their white sisters, who have more aspiration and refinement, with little power of self-sustenance. But their place is certainly lower, and their share of the human inheritance less.

"Their decorum and delicacy are striking, and show that when these are native to the mind, no habits of life make any difference. Their whole gesture is timid, yet self-possessed. They used to crowd round me, to inspect little things I had to show them, but never press near; on the contrary, would reprove and keep off the children. Anything they took from my hand was held with care, then shut or folded, and returned with an air of lady-like precision. They would not stare, however curious they might be, but cast side-long glances.

"A locket that I wore, was an object of untiring interest; they seemed to regard it as a talisman. My little sun-shade was still more fascinating to them; apparently they had never before seen one. For an umbrella they entertain profound regard, probably looking upon it as the most luxurious superfluity a person can possess, and therefore a badge of great wealth. I used to see an old squaw, whose sullied skin and coarse, tanned locks, told that she had braved sun and storm, without a doubt or care, for sixty

[8] Pp. 179–181.

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years at the least, sitting gravely at the door of her lodge, with an old green umbrella over her head, happy for hours together in the dignified shade. For her happiness pomp came not, as it often does, too late; she received it with grateful enjoyment.

"One day, as I was seated on one of the canoes, a woman came and sat beside me, with her baby in its cradle set up at her feet. She asked me by a gesture, to let her take my sun-shade, and then to show her how to open it. Then she put it into her baby's hand, and held it over its head, looking at me the while with a sweet, mischievous laugh, as much as to say, 'you carry a thing that is only fit for a baby': her pantomime was very pretty. She, like the other women, had a glance, and shy, sweet expression in the eye; the men have a steady gaze.

. . . .

"Nine[4] days I passed alone at Mackinac, except for occasional visits from kind and agreeable residents at the Fort, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Mr. A., long engaged in the fur trade, is gratefully remembered by many travelers. From Mrs. A., also, I received kind attentions, paid in the vivacious and graceful manner of her nation.

"The society of the boarding-house entertained, being of a kind entirely new to me. There were many traders from the remote stations, such as La Pointe, Arbre Croche, —men who had become half wild and wholly rude, by living in the wild; but good-humored, observing, and with a store of knowledge to impart, of the kind proper to their place.

"There were two little girls here, that were pleasant companions for me. One gay, frank, impetuous, but sweet

[4] Pp. 237–238.

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and winning. She was an American, fair, and with bright brown hair. The other, a little French Canadian, used to join me in my walks, silently take my hand, and sit at my feet when I stopped in beautiful places. She seemed to understand without a word; and I never shall forget her little figure, with its light, but pensive motion, and her delicate, grave features, with the pale, clear complexion and soft eye. She was motherless, and much left alone by her father and brothers, who were boatmen. The two little girls were as pretty representatives of Allegro and Penseroso, as one would wish to see.

"I had been wishing that a boat would come in to take me to Sault Ste. Marie, and several times started to the window at night in hopes that the pant and dusky-red light crossing the waters belonged to such an one; but they were always boats for Chicago or Buffalo, till, on the 28th of August, Allegro, who shared my plans and wishes, rushed in to tell me that the *General Scott* had come, and, in this little steamer, accordingly, I set out the next morning. . . .

"Our voyage back was all pleasure.[5] It was the fairest day. I saw the river, the islands, the clouds to the greatest advantage.

"On board was an old man, an Illinois farmer, whom I found a most agreeable companion. He had just been with his son, and eleven other young men, on an exploring expedition to the shores of Lake Superior. He was the only man of the party, but he had enjoyed, most of any, the journey. He had been the counsellor and playmate, too, of the young ones. He was one of those parents,—why so rare?—who understand and live a new life in that

[5] Pp. 247-252.

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of their children, instead of wasting time and young happiness in trying to make them conform to an object and standard of their own. The character and history of each child may be a new and poetic experience to the parent, if he will let it. Our farmer was domestic, judicious, solid; the son, inventive, enterprising, superficial, full of follies, full of resources, always liable to failure, sure to rise above it. The father conformed to, and learnt from, a character he could not change, and won the sweet from the bitter.

"His account of his life at home, and of his late adventures among the Indians, was very amusing, but I want talent to write it down. I have not heard the slang of these people intimately enough. There is a good book about Indiana, called the *New Purchase,* written by a person who knows the people of the country well enough to describe them in their own way. It is not witty, but penetrating, valuable for its practical wisdom and good-humored fun.

"There are many sportsman stories told, too, by those from Illinois and Wisconsin. I do not retain any of these well enough, nor any that I heard earlier, to write them down, though they always interested me from bringing wild, natural scenes before the mind. It is pleasant for the sportsman to be in countries so alive with game; yet it is so plenty that one would think shooting pigeons or grouse would seem more like slaughter, than the excitement of skill to a good sportsman. Hunting the deer is full of adventure, and needs only a Scrope to describe it to invest the western woods with *historic* associations.

"How pleasant it was to sit and hear rough men tell pieces out of their own common lives, in place of the frippery talk of some fine circle with its conventional sentiment,

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and timid, second-hand criticism. Free blew the wind, and boldly flowed the stream, named for Mary, mother mild.

"A fine thunder shower came on in the afternoon. It cleared at sunset, just as we came in sight of beautiful Mackinac, over which a rainbow bent in promise of peace.

"I have always wondered, in reading travels, at the childish joy travellers felt at meeting people they knew, and their sense of loneliness when they did not, in places where there was everything new to occupy the attention. So childish, I thought, always to be longing for the new in the old, and the old in the new. Yet just such sadness I felt, when I looked on the Island, glittering in the sunset, canopied by the rainbow, and thought no friend would welcome me there; just such childish joy I felt, to see unexpectedly on the landing, the face of one whom I called friend.

"The remaining two or three days were delightfully spent, in walking or boating, or sitting at the window to see the Indians go. This was not quite so pleasant as their coming in, though accomplished with the same rapidity; a family not taking half an hour to prepare for departure, and the departing canoe a beautiful object. But they left behind, on all the shore, the blemishes of their stay—old rags, dried boughs, fragments of food, the marks of their fires. Nature likes to cover up and gloss over spots and scars, but it would take her some time to restore that beach to the state it was in before they came.

"S. and I had a mind for a canoe excursion, and we asked one of the traders to engage us two good Indians, that would not only take us out, but be sure and bring us back, as we could not hold converse with them. Two others offered their aid, beside the chief's son, a fine looking

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youth of about sixteen, richly dressed in blue broad-cloth, scarlet sash and leggins, with a scarf of brighter red than the rest, tied around his head, its ends falling gracefully on one shoulder. They thought it, apparently, fine amusement to be attending two white women; they carried us into the path of the steamboat, which was going out, and paddled with all their force,—rather too fast, indeed, for there was something of a swell on the lake, and they sometimes threw water into the canoe. However, it flew over the waves, light as a sea-gull. They would say, 'Pull away,' and 'Ver' warm,' and, after these words, would laugh gaily. They enjoyed the hour, I believe, as much as we.

"The house where we lived belonged to the widow of a French trader, an Indian by birth, and wearing the dress of her country. She spoke French fluently, and was very ladylike in her manners. She is a great character among them. They were all the time coming to pay her homage, or to get her aid and advice; for she is, I am told, a shrewd woman of business. My companion carried about her sketch-book with her, and the Indians were interested when they saw her using her pencil, though less so than about the sun-shade. This lady of the tribe wanted to borrow the sketches of the beach, with its lodges and wild groups, 'to show to the *savages,*' she said.

"Of the practical ability of the Indian women, a good specimen is given by McKenney, in an amusing story of one who went to Washington, and acted her part there in the 'first circles,' with a tact and sustained dissimulation worthy of Cagliostro. She seemed to have a thorough love of intrigue for its own sake, and much dramatic talent. Like the chiefs of her nation, when on an expedition among the foe, whether for revenge or profit, no impulses of van-

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ity or wayside seductions had power to turn her aside from carrying out her plan as she had originally projected it.

"Although I have little to tell, I feel that I have learnt a great deal of the Indians, from observing them even in this broken and degraded condition. There is a language of eye and motion which cannot be put into words, and which teaches what words never can. I feel acquainted with the soul of this race; I read its nobler thought in their defaced figures. There *was* a greatness, unique and precious, which he who does not feel will never duly appreciate the majesty of nature in this American continent.

"I have mentioned that the Indian orator, who addressed the agents on this occasion, said, the difference between the white man and the red man is this: 'The white man no sooner came here, than he thought of preparing the way for his posterity; the red man never thought of this.' I was assured this was exactly his phrase; and it defines the true difference. We get the better because we do

" 'Look before and after.'

"But, from the same cause, we

" 'Pine for what is not.'

The red man, when happy, was thoroughly happy; when good, was simply good. He needed the medal, to let him know that he *was* good.

"These evenings we were happy, looking over the old-fashioned gardens over the beach, over the waters and pretty island opposite, beneath the growing moon; and we did not stay to see it full at Mackinac. At two o'clock, one night, or rather morning, the *Great Western* came snort-

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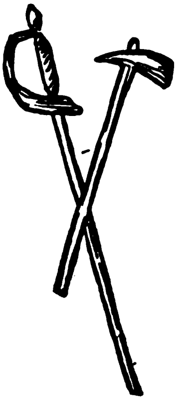
ing in, and we must go; and Mackinac, and all the north-west summer, is now to me no more than picture and dream:—

" 'A dream within a dream.'

These last days at Mackinac have been pleasanter than the 'lonesome' nine, for I have recovered the companion with whom I set out from the East, one who sees all, prizes all, enjoys much, interrupts never."



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CHAPTER XV

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S *LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER*—1846

BORN at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794, William Cullen Bryant came of a line of illustrious antecedents. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, and his life and works reflect all that was best in Puritan New England. He was as a boy unusually precocious, writing at thirteen a satirical poem, *The Embargo*, on Jefferson's policy of restricting New England commerce, which was published and well received. At sixteen he entered Williams College, at seventeen he wrote *Thanatopsis*, and at eighteen he began the study of law. In *Thanatopsis* Bryant struck a note of deep religious feeling and love of nature that was characteristic of the man. The young poet had found himself. In quick succession followed *The Yellow Violet*, the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, and the exquisite lines, *To a Waterfowl*, whose concluding lesson sinks deep into the heart:

> "He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright."

Another element in Bryant's thought and feeling is revealed in *The Indian Girl's Lament, An Indian Story, An Indian at the Burial Place of his Fathers.*

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The impression that the great West was making on his mind is seen in the series of poem pictures entitled *The Prairies*. In the meantime he had forsaken the "dregs of men," as he called his clients at the bar, for the more congenial work of journalism, becoming editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Ere long, the growing desire to travel led him to Europe and to the Great Lakes, and the readers of the *Evening Post* enjoyed the letters which he wrote home for its columns. In 1850 some of these letters, collected into a volume, were published as *The Letters of a Traveller*. This volume contains the account of his trip to Mackinac, in July, 1846. In the beginning of the portion here given, the steamer is well on its way up from Detroit. The day has been rainy, but gives promise of a fair close.[1]

"In fact, the sun soon melted away the clouds, and before ten o'clock I was shown, to the north of us, the dim shore of the Great Manitoulin Island, with the faintly descried opening called the West Strait, through which a throng of speculators in copper mines are this summer constantly passing to the Sault de Ste. Marie. On the other side was the sandy isle of Bois Blanc, the name of which is commonly corrupted into Bob Low Island, thickly covered with pines, and showing a tall light-house on the point nearest us. Beyond another point lay like a cloud the Island of Mackinac. I had seen it once before, but now the hazy atmosphere magnified it into a lofty mountain; its limestone cliffs impending over the water seemed larger; the white Fort—white as snow—built from the quarries of the Island, looked more commanding, and the rocky crest above it seemed almost to rise to the clouds. There was a good

[1] *Letters of a Traveller*, pp. 253–255.

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deal of illusion in all this, as we were convinced as we came nearer, but Mackinac with its rocks rising from the most transparent waters that the earth pours out from her springs, is a stately object in any condition of the atmosphere. The captain of our steamer allowed us but a moment at Mackinac; a moment to gaze into the clear waters, and count the fish as they played about without fear twenty or thirty feet below our steamer, as plainly as if they lay in the air; a moment to look at the Fort on the heights, dazzling the eyes with its new whiteness; a moment to observe the inhabitants of the ancient village, some of which show you roofs and walls of red-cedar bark confined by horizontal strips of wood, a kind of architecture between the wigwam and the settler's cabin. A few baskets of fish were lifted on board, in which I saw trout of enormous size, trout a yard in length, and white-fish smaller, but held perhaps in higher esteem, and we turned our course to the straits which lead into Lake Michigan.

"I remember hearing a lady say she was tired of improvements, and only wanted to find a place that was finished, where she might live in peace. I think I shall recommend Mackinac to her. I saw no change in the place since my visit to it five years ago. It is so lucky as to have no *back-country*, it offers no advantages to speculation of any sort; it produces, it is true, the finest potatoes in the world, but none for exportation. It may, however, on account of its very cool summer climate, become a fashionable watering-place, in which case it must yield to the common fate of American villages and improve, as the phrase is."

This was not the end of Bryant's visit to Mackinac in this year. He had stopped here on his way to the Illinois

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country, and was back in August. The trip down Lake Michigan has many points of interest.

"Soon after leaving the Island of Mackinac,"[2] he writes, "we entered the straits and passed into Lake Michigan. The odor of burnt leaves continued to accompany us, and from the western shore of the lake, thickly covered with wood, we saw large columns of smoke, several miles apart, rising into the hazy sky. The steamer turned towards the eastern shore, and about an hour before sunset stopped to take in wood at the upper Maneto Island, where we landed and strolled into the forest. Part of the island is high, but this, where we went on shore, consists of hillocks and hollows of sand, like the waves of the lake in one of its storms, and looking as if successive storms had swept them up from the bottom. They were covered with an enormous growth of trees which must have stood for centuries. We admired the astonishing transparency of the water on this shore, the clean sands without any intermixture of mud, the pebbles of almost chalky whiteness, and the stones in the edge of the lake, to which adhered no slime, nor green moss, nor aquatic weed. In the light-green depths, far down, but distinctly seen, shoals of fish, some of them of large size, came quietly playing about the huge hull of our steamer.

"On the shore were two log-houses inhabited by woodmen, one of whom drew a pail of water for the refreshment of some of the passengers, from a well dug in the sand by his door. 'It is not so good as the lake water,' said I, for I saw it was not so clear. 'It is colder, though,' answered the man; 'but I must say that there is no purer or sweeter water in the world than that of our lake.'

[2] Pp. 256–260.

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"Next morning we were coasting the western shore of Lake Michigan, a high bank presenting a long line of forest. This was broken by the little town of Sheboygan, with its light-house among the shrubs of the bank, its cluster of houses just built, among which were two hotels, and its little schooner lying at the mouth of a river. You probably never heard of Sheboygan before; it has just sprung up in the forests of Wisconsin; the leaves have hardly withered on the trees that were felled to make room for its houses; but it will make a noise in the world yet. 'It is the prettiest place on the lake,' said a passenger, whom we left there, with three chubby and healthy children, a lady who had already lived long enough at Sheboygan to be proud of it.

"Further on we came to Milwaukee, which is rapidly becoming one of the great cities of the West. It lies within a semicircle of green pastoral declivities sprinkled with scattered trees, where future streets are to be built. We landed at a kind of wharf, formed by a long platform of planks laid on piles, under which the water flows, and extending to some distance into the lake, and along which a car, running on a railway, took the passengers and their baggage, and a part of the freight of the steamer to the shore.

" 'Will you go up to town, sir?' was the question with which I was saluted by the drivers of a throng of vehicles of all sorts, as soon as I reached the land. They were ranged along a firm sandy beach between the lake and the river of Milwaukee. On one side the light-green waters of the lake, of crystalline clearness, came rolling in before the wind, and on the other the dark, thick waters of the river lay still and stagnant in the sun. We did not get up

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to the town but we could see that it was compactly built, and in one quarter nobly. A year or two since that quarter had been destroyed by fire, and on the spot several large and lofty ware-houses had been erected, with an hotel of the largest class. They were of a fine, light-brown color, and when I learned that they were of brick, I inquired of a by-stander if that was the natural color of the material. 'They are Milwaukee brick,' he answered, 'and neither painted nor stained; and are better brick besides than are made at the eastward.' Milwaukee is said to contain, at present, about ten thousand inhabitants. Here the belt of the forest that borders the lake stretches back for several miles to the prairies of Wisconsin. 'The Germans,' said a passenger, 'are already in the woods hacking at the trees and will soon open the country to the prairies.'

"We made a short stop at Racine, prettily situated on the bank among the scattered trees of an oak opening, and another at Southport, a rival town eleven miles further south. It is surprising how many persons travel, as way-passengers, from place to place on the shores of these lakes. Five years ago the number was very few, now they comprise, at least, half the number on board a steam-boat plying between Buffalo and Chicago. When all who travel from Chicago to Buffalo shall cross the peninsula of Michigan by the more expeditious route of the railway, the Chicago and Buffalo line of steamers, which its owners claim to be the finest line in the world, will still be crowded with people taken up or to be set down at some of the intermediate towns.

"When we awoke the next morning our steamer was at Chicago. Any one who had seen this place, as I had done five years ago, when it contained less than five thousand

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people, would find some difficulty in recognizing it now when its population is more than fifteen thousand. It has its long row of ware-houses and shops, its bustling streets; its huge steamers, and crowds of lake-craft, lying at the wharves; its villas embowered with trees; and its suburbs, consisting of the cottages of German and Irish laborers, stretching northward along the lake, and westward into the prairies, and widening every day. The slovenly and raw appearance of a new settlement begins in many parts to disappear. The Germans have already a garden in a little grove for their holidays, as in their towns in the old country, and the Roman Catholics have just finished a college for the education of those who are to labor in the West.

"The day was extremely hot, and at sunset we took a little drive along the belt of firm sand which forms the border of the lake. Light-green waves came to the shore in long lines, with a crest of foam, like a miniature surf, rolling in from that inland ocean, and as they dashed against the legs of the horses, and the wheels of our carriage, the air that played over them was exceedingly refreshing."

After a short visit to northern Illinois, Bryant was again on Lake Michigan, headed for Mackinac and the Sault.

"It was a hot August morning,[8] as the steamer *Wisconsin,* an unwieldy bulk, dipping and bobbing upon the small waves, and trembling at every stroke of the engine, swept out into the lake. The southwest wind during the warmer portion of the summer months is a sort of Sirocco in Illinois. It blows with a considerable strength, but passing over an immense extent of heated plains it brings no coolness. It was such an air that accompanied us on our way

[8] Pp. 270–271.

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north from Chicago; and as the passengers huddled into the shady places outside of the state-rooms on the upper deck, I thought of the flocks of quails I had seen gasping in the shadow of the rail-fences on the prairies.

"People here expose themselves to a draught of air with much less scruple than they do in the Atlantic states. 'We do not take cold by it,' they said to me, when I saw them sitting in a current of wind, after perspiring freely. If they do not take cold, it is odds that they take something else, a fever perhaps, or what is called a bilious attack. The vicissitudes of climate at Chicago and its neighborhood are more sudden and extreme than with us, but the inhabitants say that they are not often the cause of catarrh, as in the Atlantic States. Whatever may be the cause, I have met with no person since I came to the West, who appeared to have a catarrh. From this region perhaps will hereafter proceed singers with the clearest pipes.

"Some forty miles beyond Chicago we stopped for half an hour at Little Fort, one of those flourishing little towns which are springing up on the lake shore, to besiege future Congresses for money to build their harbors. This settlement has started up in the woods within the last three or four years, and its cluster of roofs, two of the broadest of which cover respectable-looking hotels, already makes a considerable figure when viewed from the lake. We passed to the shore over a long platform of planks framed upon two rows of posts or piles planted in the sandy shallows. 'We make a port in this manner on any part of the western shore of the lake,' said a passenger, 'and convenient ports they are, except in very high winds. On the eastern shore, the coast of Michigan, they have not this advantage; the ice and the northwest winds would rend such

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a wharf as this in pieces. On this side, too, the water of the lake, except when an east wind blows, is smoother than on the Michigan coast, and the steamers therefore keep under the shelter of this bank.' . . .

"It was not [4] till about one o'clock of the second night after leaving Chicago, that we landed at Mackinac, and after an infinite deal of trouble in getting our baggage together, and keeping it together, we were driven to the Mission House, a plain, comfortable old wooden house, built thirty or forty years since, by a missionary society, and now turned into an hotel. Beside the road, close to the water's edge, stood several wigwams of the Pottowottomies, pyramids of poles wrapped around with rush matting, each containing a family asleep. The place was crowded with people on their way to the mining region of Lake Superior, or returning from it, and we were obliged to content ourselves with narrow accommodations for the night.

"At half-past seven the next morning we were on our way to the Sault Ste. Marie, in the little steamer *General Scott*. The wind was blowing fresh, and a score of persons who had intended to visit the Sault were withheld by fear of seasickness, so that half a dozen of us had the steamer to ourselves. In three or four hours we found ourselves gliding out of the lake, through smooth water, between two low points of land covered with firs and pines into the west strait. We passed Drummond's Island, and then coasted St. Joseph's Island, on the woody shore of which I was shown a solitary house. There I was told lives a long-nosed Englishman, a half-pay officer, with two wives, sisters, each the mother of a numerous off-spring. This English polygamist has been more successful in seek-

[4] Pp. 273–286.

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ing solitude than in avoiding notoriety. The very loneliness of his habitation on the shore causes it to be remarked, and there is not a passenger who makes the voyage to the Sault, to whom his house is not pointed out, and his story related. It was hinted to me that he had a third wife in Toronto, but I have my private doubts of this part of the story, and suspect that it was thrown in to increase my wonder.

"Beyond the island of St. Joseph we passed several islets of rock with fir-trees frowning from the clefts. Here, in summer, I was told, the Indians often set up their wigwams, and subsist by fishing. There were none in sight as we passed, but we frequently saw on either shore the skeletons of the Chippewa habitations. These consist, not like those of the Pottowottomies, of a circle of sticks placed in the form of a cone, but of slender poles bent into circles, so as to make an almost regular hemisphere, over which, while it serves as a dwelling, birch-bark and mats of bulrushes are thrown.

"On the western side of the passage, opposite to St. Joseph's Island, stretches the long coast of Sugar Island, luxuriant with an extensive forest of the sugar-maple. Here the Indians manufacture maple-sugar in the spring. I inquired concerning their agriculture.

" 'They plant no corn nor squashes,' said a passenger, who had resided for some time at the Sault; 'they will not ripen in this climate; but they plant potatoes in the sugar-bush, and dig them when the spring comes. They have no other agriculture; they plant no beans as I believe the Indians do elsewhere.'

"A violent squall of wind and rain fell upon the water just as we entered that broad part of the passage which

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bears the name of Muddy Lake. In ordinary weather the waters here are perfectly pure and translucent, but now their agitation brought up the loose earth from the shallow bottom, and made them as turbid as the Missouri, with the exception of a narrow channel in the midst where the current runs deep. Rocky hills now begin to show themselves to the east of us; we passed the sheet of water known by the name of Lake George, and came to a little river which appeared to have its source at the foot of a precipitous ridge on the British side. It is called Garden River, and a little beyond it, on the same side, lies Garden Village, inhabited by the Indians. It was now deserted, the Indians having gone to attend a great assemblage of their race, held on one of the Manitoulin Islands, where they are to receive their annual payments from the British government. Here were log-houses, and skeletons of wigwams, from which the coverings had. been taken. An Indian, when he travels, takes with him his family and his furniture, the matting for his wigwam, his implements for hunting and fishing, his dogs and cats, and finds a home wherever he finds poles for a dwelling. A tornado had recently passed over the Garden Village. The numerous girdled-trees which stood on its little clearing, had been twisted off midway or near the ground by the wind, and the roofs had, in some instances, been lifted from the cabins.

"At length, after a winding voyage of sixty miles, between wild banks of forest, in some places smoking with fires, in some looking as if never violated either by fire or steel, with huge carcasses of trees mouldering on the ground, and venerable trees standing over them, bearded with streaming moss, we came in sight of the white rapids of the Sault Sainte Marie. We passed the humble cabins

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of the half-breeds on either shore, with here and there a round wigwam near the water; we glided by a white chimney standing behind a screen of fir-trees, which, we were told, had belonged to the dwelling of Tanner, who himself set fire to his house the other day, before murdering Mr. Schoolcraft, and in a few minutes were at the wharf of this remotest settlement of the Northwest.

"A crowd had assembled on the wharf of the American village at the Sault Sainte Marie, popularly called the *Soo*, to witness our landing; men of all ages and complexions, in hats and caps of every form and fashion, with beards of every length and color, among which I discovered two or three pairs of mustaches. It was a party of copper-mine speculators, just flitting from Copper Harbor and Eagle River, mixed with a few Indian and half-breed inhabitants of the place. Among them I saw a face or two quite familiar in Wall-street.

"I had a conversation with an intelligent geologist, who had just returned from an examination of the copper mines of Lake Superior. He had pitched his tent in the fields near the village, choosing to pass the night in this manner, as he had done for several weeks past, rather than in a crowded inn. In regard to the mines, he told me that the external tokens, the surface indications, as he called them, were more favorable than those of any copper mines in the world. They are still, however, mere surface indications; the veins had not been worked to that depth which was necessary to determine their value with any certainty. The mixture of silver with the copper he regarded as not giving any additional value to the mines, inasmuch as it is only occasional and rare. Sometimes, he told me, a mass of metal would be discovered of the size of a man's

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fist, or smaller, composed of copper and silver, both metals closely united, yet both perfectly pure and unalloyed with each other. The masses of virgin copper found in beds of gravel are, however, the most remarkable feature of these mines. One of them which has been discovered this summer, but which has not been raised, is estimated to weigh twenty tons. I saw in the propeller *Independence,* by which this party from the copper mines was brought down to the Sault, one of these masses, weighing seventeen hun-hundred and fifty pounds, with the appearance of having once been fluid with heat. It was so pure that it might have been cut in pieces by cold steel and stamped at once into coin.

"Two or three years ago this settlement of the Sault de Ste. Marie was but a military post of the United States, in the midst of a village of Indians and half-breeds. There were, perhaps, a dozen white residents in the place, including the family of the Baptist Missionary and the Agent of the American Fur Company, which had removed its station hither from Mackinac, and built its warehouse on this river. But since the world has begun to talk of the copper mines of Lake Superior, settlers flock into the place; carpenters are busy in knocking up houses with all haste on the government lands, and large warehouses have been built upon piles driven into the shallows of the St. Mary. Five years hence, the primitive character of the place will be altogether lost, and it will have become a bustling Yankee town, resembling the other new settlements of the West.

"Here the navigation from lake to lake is interrupted by the falls or rapids of the river St. Mary, from which the place receives its name. The crystalline waters of

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Lake Superior on their way through the channel of this river to Lake Huron, here rush, and foam, and roar, for about three quarters of a mile, over rocks and large stones.

"Close to the rapids, with birchen-canoes moored in little inlets, is a village of the Indians, consisting of log-cabins and round wigwams, on a shrubby level, reserved to them by the government. The morning after our arrival, we went through this village in search of a canoe and a couple of Indians, to make the descent of the rapids, which is one of the first things that a visitor to the Sault must think of. In the first wigwam that we entered were three men and two women as drunk as men and women could be. The squaws were speechless and motionless, too far gone, as it seemed, to raise either hand or foot; the men though apparently unable to rise were noisy, and one of them, who called himself a half-breed and spoke a few words of English, seemed disposed to quarrel. Before the next door was a woman busy in washing, who spoke a little English. 'The old man out there,' she said, in answer to our question, 'can paddle canoe, but he is very drunk, he can not do it to-day."

" 'Is there anybody else,' we asked, 'who will take us down the falls?'

" 'I don't know; the Indians all drunk to-day.'

" 'Why is that? why are they all drunk to-day?'

" 'Oh, the whisky,' answered the woman, giving us to understand, that when an Indian could get whisky, he got drunk as a matter of course.

"By this time the man had come up, and after addressing us with the customary '*bon jour,*' manifested a curiosity to know the nature of our errand. The woman explained it to him in English.

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OLD VIEW OF A MACKINAC ISLAND STREET

A RELIC OF THE EARLY DAYS AT MACKINAC ISLAND
On the road to British Landing, on the Early Farm

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JAMES LASLEY, PIONEER POSTMASTER AT MACKINAC ISLAND

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" '*Oh, messieurs, je vous servirai,*' said he, for he spoke Canadian French; 'I go, I go.'

"We told him that we doubted whether he was quite sober enough.

" '*Oh, messieurs, je suis parfaitement capable*—first rate, first rate.'

"We shook him off as soon as we could, but not till after he had time to propose that we should wait till the next day, and to utter the maxim, 'Whisky, good—too much whisky, no good.'

"In a log-cabin, which some half-breeds were engaged in building, we found two men who were easily persuaded to leave their work and pilot us over to the rapids. They took one of the canoes which lay in a little inlet close at hand, and entering it, pushed it with their long poles up the stream in the edge of the rapids. Arriving at the head of the rapids, they took in our party, which consisted of five, and we began the descent. At each end of the canoe sat a half-breed, with a paddle, to guide it while the current drew us rapidly down among the agitated waters. It was surprising with what dexterity they kept us in the smoothest part of the water, seeming to know the way down as well as if it had been a beaten path in the fields.

"At one time we would seem to be directly approaching a rock against which the waves were dashing, at another to be descending into a hollow of the waters in which our canoe would be inevitably filled, but a single stroke of the paddle given by the man at the prow put us safely by the seeming danger. So rapid was the descent, that almost as soon as we descried the apparent peril, it was passed. In less than ten minutes, as it seemed to me, we

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had left the roar of the rapids behind us, and were gliding over the smooth water at their feet.

"In the afternoon we engaged a half-breed and his brother to take us over to the Canadian shore. His wife, a slender young woman with a lively physiognomy, not easily to be distinguished from a French woman of her class, accompanied us in the canoe with her little boy. The birch-bark canoe of the savage seems to me one of the most beautiful and perfect things of the kind constructed by human art. We were in one of the finest that float on St. Mary's river, and when I looked at its delicate ribs, mere shavings of white cedar, yet firm enough for the purpose—the thin broad laths of the same wood with which these are enclosed, and the broad sheets of birch-bark, impervious to water, which sheathed the outside, all firmly sewed together by the tough slender roots of the fir-tree, and when I considered its extreme lightness and the grace of its form, I could not but wonder at the ingenuity of those who had invented so beautiful a combination of ship-building and basket-work. 'It cost me twenty dollars,' said the half-breed, 'and I would not take thirty for it.'

"We were ferried over the waves where they dance at the foot of the rapids. At this place large quantities of white-fish, one of the most delicate kinds known on our continent, are caught by the Indians, in their season, with scoop-nets. The whites are about to interfere with this occupation of the Indians, and I saw the other day a seine of prodigious length constructing, with which it is intended to sweep nearly half the river at once. 'They will take a hundred barrels a day,' said an inhabitant of the place.

"On the British side, the rapids divide themselves into

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half a dozen noisy brooks, which roar round little islands, and in the boiling pools of which the speckled trout is caught with the rod and line. We landed at the warehouses of the Hudson's Bay Company, where the goods intended for the Indian trade are deposited, and the furs brought from the northwest are collected. They are surrounded by a massive stockade, within which lives the agent of the Company, the walks are graveled and well-kept, and the whole bears the marks of British solidity and precision. A quantity of furs had been brought in the day before, but they were locked up in the warehouse, and all was now quiet and silent. The agent was absent; a half-breed nurse stood at the door with his child, and a Scotch servant, apparently with nothing to do, was lounging in the court inclosed by the stockade; in short, there was less bustle about this centre of one of the most powerful trading-companies in the world, than about one of our farm-houses.

"Crossing the bay, at the bottom of which these buildings stand, we landed at a Canadian village of half-breeds. Here were one or two wigwams and a score of log-cabins, some of which we entered. In one of them we were received with great appearance of deference by a woman of decidedly Indian features, but light-complexioned, barefoot, with blue embroidered leggings falling over her ankles and sweeping the floor, the only peculiarity of Indian costume about her. The house was as clean as scouring could make it, and her two little children, with little French physiognomies, were fairer than many children of the European race. These people are descended from the French *voyageurs* and settlers on one side; they speak Canadian French more or less, but generally employ the

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Chippewa language in their intercourse with each other.

"Near at hand was a burial ground, with graves of the Indians and half-breeds, which we entered. Some of the graves were covered with a low roof of cedar-bark, others with a wooden box; over others were placed a little house like a dog-kennel, except that it had no door, others were covered with little log-cabins. One of these was of such a size that a small Indian family would have found it amply large for their accommodation. It is a practice among the savages to protect the graves of the dead from the wolves, by stakes driven into the ground and meeting at the top like the rafters of a roof; and perhaps when the Indian or half-breed exchanged his wigwam for a log-cabin, his respect for the dead led him to make the same improvement in the architecture of their narrow houses. At the head of most of these monuments stood wooden crosses, for the population here is principally Roman Catholic, some of them inscribed with the names of the dead, and always accurately spelled.

"Not far from the church stands a building, regarded by the half-breeds as a wonder of architecture, the stone house, *la maison de pierre*, as they call it, a large mansion built of stone by a former agent of the Northwest or Hudson's Bay Company, who lived here in a kind of grand manorial style, with his servants and horses and hounds, and gave hospitable dinners in those days when it was the fashion for the host to do his best to drink his guests under the table. The old splendor of the place has departed, its gardens are overgrown with grass, the barn has been blown down, the kitchen in which so many grand dinners were cooked consumed by fire, and the mansion, with its broken

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and patched windows, is now occupied by a Scotch farmer of the name of Wilson.

"We climbed a ridge of hills back of the house to the church of the Episcopal Mission, built a few years ago as a place of worship for the Chippewas, who have since been removed by the government. It stands remote from any habitation, with three or four Indian graves near it, and we found it filled with hay. The view from its door is uncommonly beautiful; the broad St. Mary lying below with its bordering villages and woody valley, its white rapids and its rocky islands, picturesque with the pointed summits of the fir-tree. To the northwest the sight followed the river to the horizon, where it issued from Lake Superior, and I was told that in clear weather one might discover, from the spot on which I stood, the promontory of Gros Cap, which guards the outlet of that mighty lake.

"The country around was smoking in a dozen places with fires in the woods. When I returned I asked who kindled them. 'It is old Tanner,' said one, 'the man who murdered Schoolcraft." There is great fear here of Tanner, who is thought to be lurking yet in the neighborhood. I was going the other day to look at a view of the place from an eminence, reached by a road passing through a swamp, full of larches and firs. 'Are you not afraid of Tanner?' I was asked. Mrs. Schoolcraft, since the assassination of her husband, has come to live in the fort, which consists of barracks protected by a high stockade. It is rumored that Tanner has been skulking about within a day or two, and yesterday a place was discovered which is supposed to have served for his retreat. It was a hollow, thickly surrounded by shrubs, which some person had evidently

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made his habitation for a considerable time. There is a dispute whether this man is insane or not, but there is no dispute as to his malignity. He has threatened to take the life of Mr. Bingham, the venerable Baptist missionary at this place, and as long as it is not certain that he has left the neighborhood a feeling of insecurity prevails. Nevertheless, as I know no reason why this man should take it into his head to shoot me, I go whither I list, without the fear of Tanner before my eyes. . . .

"On Monday we left the Falls of St. Mary,[5] in the Steamer *General Scott*, on our return to Mackinac. There were about forty passengers on board, men in search of copper mines, and men in search of health, and travellers from curiosity, Virginians, New Yorkers, wanderers from Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, and I believe several other states. On reaching Mackinac in the evening, our party took quarters in the Mission House, the obliging host of which stretched his means to the utmost for our accommodation. Mackinac is at the present moment crowded with strangers; attracted by the cool, healthful climate and the extreme beauty of the place. We were packed for the night almost as closely as the Pottowottomies, whose lodges were on the beach before us. Parlors and garrets were turned into sleeping-rooms; beds were made on the floors, and in the passages, and double-bedded rooms were made to receive four beds. It is no difficult feat to sleep at Mackinac, even in an August night, and we soon forgot, in a refreshing slumber, the narrowness of our quarters."

On August 20, on board the steamer *St. Louis*, Lake

[5] Pp. 294–295.

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Huron, he writes reminiscently of the two days spent on the Island.[6]

"Yesterday evening we left the beautiful Island of Mackinac, after a visit of two days delightfully passed. We had climbed its cliffs, rambled on its shores, threaded the walks among the thickets, driven out in the roads that wind through its woods—roads paved by nature with limestone pebbles, a sort of natural macadamization, and the time of our departure seemed to arrive several days too soon.

"The Fort which crowns the heights near the shore commands an extensive prospect, but a still wider one is to be seen from the old fort, Fort Holmes, as it is called, among whose ruined intrenchments the half-breed boys and girls now gather goose-berries. It stands on the very crest of the Island, overlooking all the rest. The air, when we ascended it, was loaded with the smoke of burning forests, but from this spot, in clear weather, I was told a magnificent view might be had of the Straits of Mackinac, the wooded islands, and the shores and capes of the great mainland, places known to history for the past two centuries. For when you are at Mackinac you are at no new settlement.

"In looking for samples of Indian embroidery with porcupine quills, we found ourselves one day in the warehouse of the American Fur Company, at Mackinac. Here on the shelves, were piles of blankets, white and blue, red scarfs, and white boots; snow-shoes were hanging on the walls, and wolf-traps, rifles, and hatchets, were slung to the ceiling—an assortment of goods destined for the Indians and half-breeds of the northwest. The person who

[6] Pp. 296–302.

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attended at the counter spoke English with a foreign accent. I asked him how long he had been in the northwestern country.

" 'To say the truth,' he answered, 'I have been here sixty years and some days.'

" 'You were born here, then.'

" 'I am a native of Mackinac, French by the mother's side; my father was an Englishman.'

" 'Was the place as considerable sixty years ago as it now is?'

" 'More so. There was more trade here, and quite as many inhabitants. All the houses, or nearly all, were then built; two or three only have been put up since."

"I could easily imagine that Mackinac must have been a place of consequence when here was the centre of the fur trade, now removed further up the country. I was shown the large house in which the heads of the companies of *voyageurs* engaged in the trade were lodged, and the barracks, a long, low building, in which the *voyageurs* themselves, seven hundred in number, made their quarters from the end of June till the beginning of October, when they went out again on their journeys. This interval of three months was a merry time with those light-hearted Frenchmen. When a boat made its appearance approaching Mackinac, they fell to conjecturing to what company of *voyageurs* it belonged; as the dispute grew warm the conjectures became bets, till finally, unable to restrain their impatience, the boldest of them dashed into the waters, swam out to the boat, and climbing on board, shook hands with their brethren, amidst the shouts of those who stood on the beach.

"They talk, on the New England coast, of Chebacco

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boats, built after a peculiar pattern, and called after Chebacco, an ancient settlement of sea-faring men, who have foolishly changed the old Indian name of their place to Ipswich. The Mackinac navigators have also given their name to a boat of peculiar form, sharp at both ends, swelled at the sides, and flat-bottomed, an excellent sea-boat, it is said, as it must be to live in the wild storms that surprise the mariner on Lake Superior.

"We took yesterday a drive to the western shore. The road twined through a wood of over-arching beeches and maples, interspersed with the white-cedar and fir. The driver stopped before a cliff sprouting with beeches and cedars, with a small cavity at the foot. This he told us was the Skull Cave. It is only remarkable on account of human bones having been found in it. Further on a white paling gleamed through the trees; it enclosed the solitary burial ground of the garrison, with half a dozen graves. 'There are few buried here,' said a gentleman of our party; 'the soldiers who come to Mackinac sick get well soon.'

"The road we travelled was cut through the woods by Captain Scott, who commanded at the Fort a few years since. He is the marksman whose aim was so sure that the western people say of him, that a raccoon on a tree once offered to come down and surrender without giving him the trouble to fire.

"We passed a farm surrounded with beautiful groves. In one of its meadows was fought the Battle of Mackinac Island in the War of 1812. Three luxuriant beeches stand in the edge of the wood, north of the meadow; one of them is the monument of Major Holmes. Another quarter of a mile led us to a little bay on the solitary shore of the lake

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looking to the northwest. It is called the British Landing, because the British troops landed here in the late war to take possession of the Island.

"We wandered about a little, and then sat down upon the embankment of pebbles which the waves of the lake, heaving for centuries, have heaped around the shore of the Island—pebbles so clean that they would no more soil a lady's white muslin gown than if they had been of newly polished alabaster. The water at our feet was as transparent as the air around us. On the main-land opposite stood a church with its spire, and several roofs were visible, with a background of woods behind them.

" 'There,' said one of our party, 'is the old Mission Church. It was built by the Catholics in 1680, and has been a place of worship ever since. The name of the spot is Point St. Ignace, and there lives an Indian of the full caste, who was sent to Rome and educated to be a priest, but he preferred the life of a layman, and there he lives on that wild shore, with a library in his lodge, a learned savage, occupied with reading and study.'

"You may well suppose that I felt a strong desire to see Point St. Ignace, its venerable Mission Church, its Indian village, so long under the care of Catholic pastors, and its learned savage who talks Italian, but the time of my departure was already fixed. My companions were pointing out on that shore, the mouth of Carp River, which comes down through the forest roaring over rocks, and in any of the pools of which you have only to throw a line, with any sort of bait, to be sure of a trout, when the driver of our vehicle called out, 'Your boat is coming.' We looked and saw the steamer *St. Louis*, not one of the largest, but one of the finest boats in the line between Buffalo and

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Chicago, making rapidly for the Island, with a train of black smoke hanging in the air behind her. We hastened to return through the woods, and in an hour and a half we were in our clean and comfortable quarters in this well-ordered little steamer.

"But I should mention that before leaving Mackinac, we did not fail to visit the principal curiosities of the place, the Sugar Loaf Rock, a remarkable rock in the middle of the Island, of a sharp conical form, rising above the trees by which it is surrounded, and lifting the stunted birches on its shoulders higher than they, like a tall fellow holding up a little boy to overlook a crowd of men—and the Arched Rock on the shore. The atmosphere was thick with smoke, and through the opening spanned by the arch of the rock I saw the long waves, rolled up by a fresh wind, come one after another out of the obscurity, and break with roaring on the beach.

"The path along the brow of the precipice and among the evergreens, by which this rock is reached, is singularly wild, but another which leads to it along the shore is no less picturesque—passing under impending cliffs and overshadowing cedars, and between huge blocks and pinnacles of rock.

"I spoke in one of my former letters of the manifest fate of Mackinac, which is to be a watering-place. I can not see how it is to escape this destiny. People already begin to repair to it for health and refreshment from the southern borders of Lake Michigan. Its climate during the summer months is delightful; there is no air more pure and elastic, and the winds of the south and south-east, which are so hot on the prairies, arrive here tempered to a grateful coolness by the waters over which they

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have swept. The nights are always, in the hottest season, agreeably cool, and the health of the place is proverbial. The world has not many islands so beautiful as Mackinac, as you may judge from the description I have already given of parts of it. The surface is singularly irregular, with summits of rock and pleasant hollows, open glades of pasturage and shady nooks. To some, the savage visitors, who occasionally set up their lodges on its beach, as well as on that of the surrounding islands, and paddle their canoes in its waters, will be an additional attraction. I can not but think with a kind of regret on the time which, I suppose is near at hand, when its wild and lonely woods will be intersected with highways, and filled with cottages and boarding houses."

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CHAPTER XVI

BAYARD TAYLOR—1855

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in 1825, in Kenneth Square, Pennsylvania. In mature life, he is thus described:

"In person he was of a handsome and commanding figure, with an oriental yet frank countenance, a rich voice, and engaging smile and manner." [1]

His boyhood was spent on a farm near his birth-place. When twelve years old, he began to write "poems, novels, historical essays, but chiefly poems." About this time he began the study of Latin, French, and Spanish. Before twenty he sailed for Europe, making his way for two years by writing letters on his travels, for Horace Greeley's *Tribune*.

In 1849–50, the *Tribune* sent him to California as a correspondent, and in 1851, to the Holy Land and to Egypt. Shortly afterward he joined Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan, and on his return to America, he was in great demand as a lecturer. Meantime a number of volumes were published, of letters of travel, gathered from the *Tribune* and elsewhere. In 1856, he edited a *Cyclopedia of Modern Travel.*

In 1855 Bayard Taylor, most widely known by his extensive travels, came to Mackinac; and in 1860 he pub-

[1] Appleton's *Cyclopedia of Biography,* VI, from which the substance of this biographical sketch is taken. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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lished the record of this short excursion in the volume, *At Home and Abroad; a Sketch Book of Life, Scenery, and Men.* He approached Mackinac from Chicago: [2]

"In the morning we were opposite Beaver Island, where a branch of the Mormon sect is colonized. So far as I could learn, they are not polygamists, and are independent of the Salt Lake organization. The Michigan shores soon afterwards came into sight, and a lighthouse far ahead announced our approach to Mackinac Straits. The country on both sides is densely covered with woods, which in some places were on fire, sending thick volumes of smoke into the air. I noticed several steam saw-mills, and some new frame houses standing in cleared spots, but the greater part of the coast is yet uninvaded by settlers. Passing the promontory of St. Ignace, on the northern shore, we entered Lake Huron, heading for Mackinac Island, which is about twenty miles distant. The long island of Bois Blanc lay to the southward. The surface of the lake was scarcely ruffled by the sweet western wind; the sky was of a pale, transparent blue, and the shores and islands were as sharply and clearly defined as if carved on a crystal tablet. It was a genuine Northern realm we had entered—no warmth, no depth of color, no undulating grace of outline, but bold, abrupt, positive form, cold, pure brilliancy of atmosphere, and an expression of vigor and reality which would make dreams impossible. If there is any air in which action is the very charm and flavor of life, and not its curse, it is in the air of Mackinac.

"We ran rapidly up to the town, which is built at the foot of the bluffs, on the southern side. A fort, adapted

[2] Pp. 232–234.

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MARKET STREET. MACKINAC ISLAND
Showing the old Durfee house in foreground. Oldest house on Island and possibly the oldest house in the entire Northwest

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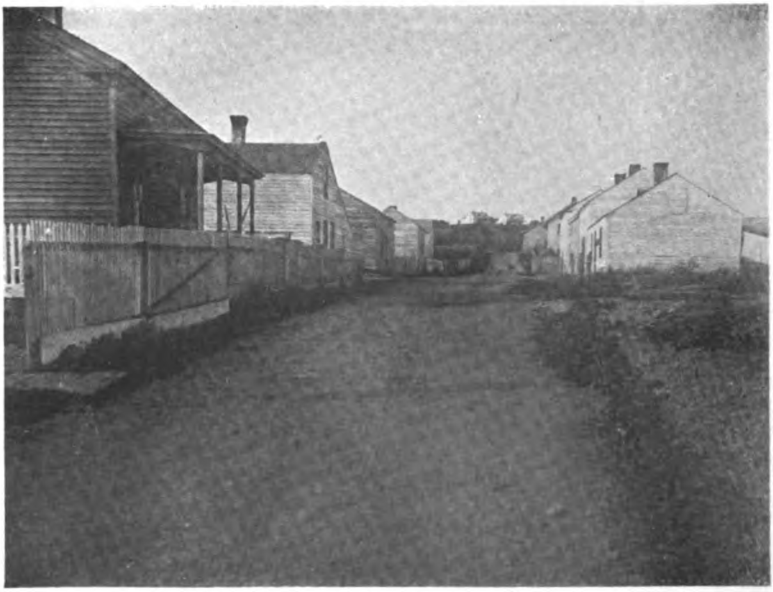
THE CADOTTE HOMES
Old bark houses at Biddle Point, Mackinac Island, showing early style of building. Made of logs covered with cedar bark



TYPICAL STREET IN THE OLD DAYS AT MACKINAC ISLAND
Formerly known as Mahoney Avenue

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for times of peace and with a small garrison, overlooks it. The houses are mostly of wood, scattered along the shore, with few trees and fewer gardens interspersed. The appearance of the place is nevertheless very picturesque, with the wooded centre of the Island rising in the rear, and the precipitous cliffs of gray rock flanking it on both sides. The associations of two centuries linger about those cliffs, and the names of Hennepin, La Salle, Marquette, and other pioneers of Western civilization make them classic ground to the reader of American history.

"We remained five hours in order to take on some coal, which two schooners were discharging at the pier. I made use of the time to stroll over the Island and visit its two lions—the Sugar Loaf and the Arched Rock. The road, after we had passed through the Fort, led through woods of budding birch, and the fragrant arbor-vitæ (*thuya occidentalis*), which turned the air into a resinous wine, as grateful to the lungs as Falernian to the palate. We passed around the foot of the central hill, three hundred feet high, whereon are the remains of the old fortifications. On a terrace between it and the eastern cliffs stands the Sugar Loaf—a pointed, isolated rock seventy feet high. The rock, which appeared to be secondary limestone, is honeycombed by the weather, and reminded me very strikingly of 'Banner Rock,' in the interior of the Island of Loo-Choo. The structure is precisely similar, and the height very nearly the same. We now struck across the woods, which abounded with anemones and white trilliums in blossom, to the edge of the cliffs, which we followed for some distance, catching occasional glimpses through the thick clumps of arbor-vitæ of the transparent lake below and the Northern shore, stretching away to Sault Ste. Marie and

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Lake Superior. The forests in that direction were burning, and the dense volumes of white smoke, carried southward by the wind, blotted out the Eastern horizon for a space of thirty or forty miles.

"The Arched Rock stands a little apart from the line of the cliffs, with which it is connected by a narrow ledge. It is one hundred and fifty feet high, forming a rude natural portal, through which you can look out upon the lake. The arch is ten feet thick, and in the centre not more than eighteen inches wide. I climbed out to the keystone, but the rock was so loose and disintegrated that I did not venture to cross the remaining portion. On our return to the boat I visited some Chippewa families, who were encamped upon the beach, but as they knew neither English nor French, the conservation was limited. The water of the lake is clear as crystal and cold as ice, and I had an opportunity to verify the reports of its marvelous transparency. The bottom is distinctly visible at the depth of from fifty to sixty feet."

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CHAPTER XVII

"FAIRY ISLAND" AS SEEN BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.[1]

"RIGHT through the far eastern gateway rises the sun at dawn; first the lighthouse gleams white in the distance, then the dim water is gilded, and gradually the green hues of the woods on either side are lighted up, until all the eastern passage stands out distinctly in the clear air, and 'Fairy Island' itself basks in the full glory of the noon-day sun. All the morning the western passage lies hazy and dark, and the vessels coming up from the west look dusky and spectral, until 'Fairy Island' is reached, when suddenly the sunshine strikes them, the white sails gleam, the graceful, raking masts stand out clearly amid a network of ropes, and the glorified vessel sails gayly on towards the east, passing the green woods, the white lighthouse, and disappearing finally through the distant gateway into Lake Huron.

"In the afternoon the tide of glory turns, when the sun goes down to the west, gilding the little church of St. Ignatius, and touching the sunset passage with splendor; the narrow rocky walls on either side of it stand out clearly

[1] Constance Fenimore Woolson, in *Putnam's Magazine* for July, 1870. Miss Woolson is well known as the author of *Anne* and several other pieces of fiction about the Island. Her mother was a niece of the novelist James Fenimore Cooper. A beautiful memorial to Miss Woolson was erected in 1916, at Woolson Rampart in Sinclair Grove, adjoining Cass Cliff, on the east bluff at Mackinac Island. *Anne* is published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y., and many editions have been printed.

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in the purple air, and between them sinks the red orb into the glittering water, leaving a pathway of crimson and gold behind him. To any one living on 'Fairy Island,' it seems as though the god of day had no other occupation than to make his shining transit across the Straits of Mackinac; and the simple Indians showed only a natural reverence, when they gave to the beautiful Island the name of Michili-Mackinac, or the 'Home of the Giant Fairies.'

"Life is long on 'Fairy Island,' and life is free and careless; a full century of years is given to every mortal, and sometimes one sees mummy-like old Indians, who, from their appearance, might well have witnessed the creation of the world. Strangers who come here gradually lose their identity, and become like a throng of gay children roaming through the woods, sailing over the deep waters, or basking in the sunshine on some bald-faced rock, breathing the golden air in long breaths of delight. Everywhere in the forest we hear the gay laugh, then a song, borne upwards by bands of merry pilgrims thrown together here by chance from all quarters of the world, and soon to part, perhaps never to meet again this side of heaven. Some daring spirits are standing on the dizzy height of 'Arch Rock,' looking down one hundred and fifty feet into the water below; the giant fairies threw this narrow bridge, sixty feet in mid-air, from cliff to cliff, and on moonlight nights they used to chase each other back and forth with peals of merry laughter, and then, adjourning to the 'Sugar-Loaf,' and swinging themselves up its steep gray sides, they would crowd together on the summit, and send a wild fairy chorus echoing over the Island, until the devil trembled in his gloomy 'Kitchen' on the western shore, and all the mysterious bones in 'Skull Cave' rattled together.

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"The younger pilgrims usually wandered off to 'Lover's Leap,' and many a pale-face has here asked his ladye-love if she too would throw herself from the precipice for his sake, as did the lovely 'Meshenemockenungoqua' for the valiant 'Genigegonzerrog!' Coming home, they pass through grass-grown 'Cupid's Pathway' into shady 'Lover's Lane,' which, gradually widening into 'Proposal Glade,' leads them, alas! down rough, stony 'Matrimony Hill,' into the prosaic village and every-day life again. The elderly pilgrims usually climb the steep sides of 'Robinson's Folly,' and, with a triumphant sense of duty fulfilled, sit breathlessly down, to wonder at their own temerity as they see the distant hotel beneath them. The ladies placidly discuss the myth of Robinson and his Folly-House, decide just where it stood, and that he was in it at the time, 'drinking probably, my dear; for those old-fashioned officers, you know, were much addicted to the bottle.' The gentlemen wander aimlessly about, until they discover that the soft arbor-vitæ can be worked into excellent canes; with joy they produce their pocket-knives and spend hours in shaping the white wood into curious forms, which they display in the evening with an exultation curious to witness in any other place than 'Fairy Island.'

"Over the waters, in all directions, are seen the famous 'Mackinaw' boats, gliding gracefully enough with a fair wind, but only displaying their peculiar qualities when, with a gale behind them, and their great white sails tilting far to one side, they skim the white caps. In gay flotillas we visit Round Island, where lived and died the famous Indian spiritualist, Wachusco. His old lodge is still to be seen, where the strange lights appeared, and where the whistling wind swept over the circle of silent Indians, sitting

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with bowed heads to receive the manifestations of the spirit. We circle 'Fairy Island,' and leave our offerings of vine-wreaths at 'Magic Spring,' where, in primitive days, the dusky maidens offered up their choicest ornaments for the safety of their braves; we pass the British Landing, where the English soldiers marched up to surprise our little garrison at Fort Holmes; we sail in sight of the distant St. Martin's Islands, and the mysterious region called the 'Cheneaux,' or 'Snows,' as the Island dialect has it; but, in all our numerous pilgrimages to 'Fairy Island,' we never succeeded in finding a person who had visited that hazy country, or could tell us what or where were the 'Cheneaux.' Whether channels or mountains, land or water, no one knew; but in answer to our inquiries, they would vaguely point to the northward, and say, 'Oh, it's just the *Snows*, that's all!'

"Many a time, also, have we set out for the distant gates of the sunrise and the sunset. We have manned our boats with enterprising souls, provisioned them with ample stores of meat and wine, and boldly steered towards the enchanted regions; but we could never reach them, though we sailed all day; they fled before us, hour by hour, until, impatient and discouraged, we turned our prows homeward; but as soon as we reached 'Fairy Island' again, there they were in the distance, one mysteriously dim, the other vividly clear, as the sun travelled over the straits down to his watery bed in the West. . . .

"The village of Mackinac is a relic of the past. The houses on the beach are venerable and moss-grown, while behind them stand the deserted warehouses of the fur-traders, once so filled with life and activity. The Island was long the principal depot of the North-western Fur Company;

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and here the trappers received their outfits for their perilous journeys over the Mississippi, and out to the headwaters of the Missouri; here came the merry *voyageurs*, singing their gay French songs as they paddled the loaded canoe, and here, at evening, they danced on the beach to the sound of the violin with the copper-colored belles, whose features we may even now detect under the French names of many of the old families of 'Fairy Island.' These were gay days for Mackinac; but, with the death of John Jacob Astor, the master-spirit of the Northwestern Company, the fur-trade languished, and finally retreated before advancing civilization into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

"We wandered through the dingy ware-houses, and tried to imagine the dusty shelves filled with furs and supplies, and the grave Indians mingling in silence with the noisy French *voyageurs*, while stolid Dutch clerks from New York kept the balance straight. We visited the old Indian Agency with its heavy stockade fence pierced with loopholes, from which to shoot unruly red-skins; we inspected the mysterious carved door in the kitchen, said to have been brought from France for Pere Marquette's chapel; and then we strolled up to the deserted Mission Church looking over the beautiful Straits, and we felt that the early fathers must indeed have loved their little home on 'Fairy Island.' We were quartered in the Mission House itself, and through those narrow halls, where once the grave teachers paced slowly, now resounded the song and laugh of the gay pilgrims from the burning, dusty cities.

"A strange, quiet race are the inhabitants of 'Fairy Island.' A full-blooded Indian grand-mother clad in blanket and moccasins, a funny little French grand-father full of gay songs and jokes, a dusky half-breed mother, and a

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sturdy Dutch father, must necessarily produce peculiar children—many features, many-hued, and many-charactered. A pretty young girl, her face sparkling with the vivacious intelligence peculiar to the French is accompanied by a silent brother, whose features and form are Indian *pur et simple.* Playing on the beach are confused groups of mongrel children, and so bewildered are we by the unexpected admixtures of features and complexions, that we almost expect to discover that some of them are half-squirrel or half-loon, descendants of the original inhabitants of 'Fairy Island.' Basking against an old boat in the brilliant sunshine, we discovered, one morning, one of those dried-up old *grandpères,* and entered into conversation with him. He told us merry tales of the fur-traders, their wild adventures in the far west, and their gay meetings at Mackinac twice a-year, when from all directions assembled the loaded bateaux, and the canoes freighted with the spoils of the wilderness. In his little piping voice, and French *patois,* he sang for us one of the boating-songs, which we have endeavored to translate, as follows:

"Row, row, brothers, row,
Down to the west;
On, on, on we go,
Pause not for rest.

"The sun shines bright,
The boat rows light,
As we the long oar gayly draw,
But soon the night
Will veil from sight
The distant heights of Mackinac.
Farewell, farewell,
Ma belle, ma belle,

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MACKINAC HARBOR, SHOWING THE OLD AGENCY
(Home of *Anne*, Miss Woolson's character in fiction)

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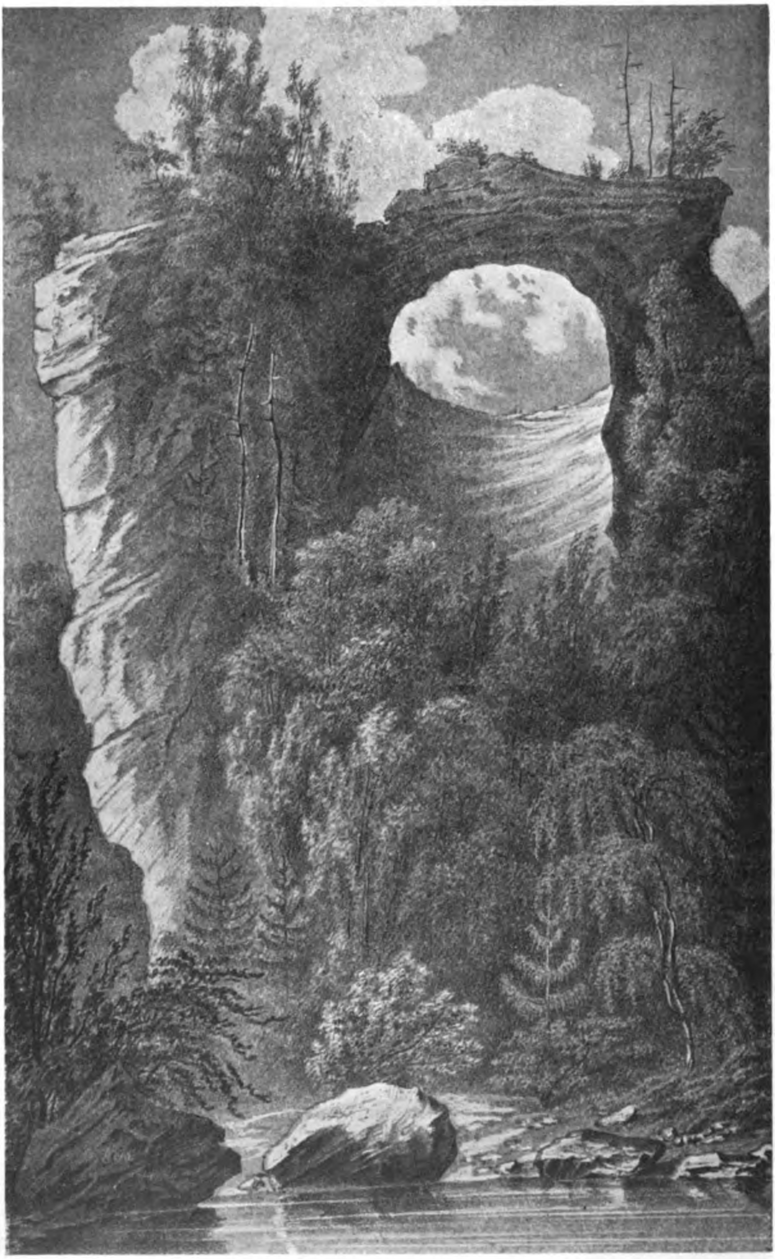

ARCH ROCK
From an early print, before the shore drive was made

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The brightest eyes the world e'er saw;
How long 'twill be
E'er we shall see
The distant heights of Mackinac!
Afar we go,
Towards ice and snow,
With wolf and bison must we war,
But smiling Spring
Again will bring
The distant heights of Mackinac.

"Row, row, brothers, row,
Down to the west;
On, on, on we go,
Pause not for rest."

"Crowning the bold cliff over the harbor of 'Fairy Island,' stands Fort Mackinac, its white limestone walls glistening in the sun, and the Stars and Stripes waving gayly above. Solemn sentinels pace the ancient walls and rusty cannon frown sullenly from the battlements; but, in spite of mounted guard and severe military etiquette, we fear it must be acknowledged that one gun-boat could easily level Fort Mackinac to its limestone foundations. Once there was a beautiful little chapel attached to the Fort, where, for more than twenty years, the Rev. John O'Brien, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, officiated. On Sunday morning the bugle-call, echoing from the height, called the villagers to the chapel, and soon the entire population, excepting the Roman Catholics, were seen ascending the steep, gravelled pathway to the garrison. At a second flourish on the bugle, the soldiers marched into the chapel, preceded by the commandant in full uniform, and the services began with full responses, both musical and spoken, from hundreds of deep

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bass voices. Solemn and impressive was the worship of God in this little military chapel on the heights of Mackinac; but, alas! the good old chaplain has been gathered to his fathers, the quaint house of prayer has been turned into a drill-room, and many of the officers who have been stationed on the rocky Island are lying in the crowded cemeteries near the battle-fields of the Rebellion. Among these may be mentioned the gallant General Williams, who was killed at Baton Rouge; the tall young Virginian, Captain Terrell, who was shot while leading a charge in one of the early battles in West Virginia; the brilliant engineer, General Sill, and two lieutenants, Baily and Benson, whom we remember as light-hearted boys. These all died for their country. May they rest in peace, and may the sore hearts left behind be comforted.

"The summer guests at 'Fairy Island' begin to take their departure as soon as the harvest moon has waned; they fear the treacherous waves, and sail away home over a summer sea, before the first autumn wind comes blowing from the West. Once, in the face of dire prognostications of evil, we dared to remain long enough to witness the September gales, and the glowing Indian summer, so brilliant in the clear air and sharp frosts of the lake-country. About the fifteenth of the month, a light wind came puffing from the West, ruffling the Straits in dark lines, and curling up little waves with edges of spray. The weather-wise Islanders, who read the heavens like an open book, came skimming from all directions in their tilting 'Mackinaw' boats; and the Indians who were loitering around the village, hastened to load their canoes with squaw and papoose, and paddle away rapidly to their homes on the mainland. All night the wind blew fiercely, and in the morning when we rose,

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the Straits were a sheet of foam, and the trees on Round Island were bowing like reeds. A large schooner that, with infinite trouble, had been anchored in supposed safety the previous evening, was rocking and pitching furiously, when, even as we watched, leaving our breakfast untasted on the table, she broke loose from her anchorage and went driving down before the gale, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of Bois Blanc. All on board were lost, to the number of sixteen souls. Later in the day, a barque and a three-master drove by our cottage. The first was a shapeless hulk, on which the storm had wreaked its fury the preceding night, sweeping all human life into the seething waters; but our hearts burned within us, as, clinging to the masts of the other vessel, we saw five human beings waiting for death, which came to them soon in the shape of a hidden rock; and before our eyes, almost within sound of our voices, they went down. During the three days' storm, sixteen wrecks occurred on Mackinac Island itself; while between the eastern and western gates of the Straits no less than forty-five staunch vessels were lost, with all on board.

"On the morning of the third day, the large side-wheel steamer *Queen City*, from Chicago to Collingwood, came in sight, swarming with passengers to the number of two hundred and fifty, and laboring heavily on the sea. The captain made an effort to reach the docks, but the force of the gale careened the steamer so fearfully, that her smoke-stacks almost touched the water, and all on shore thought she had foundered. Recovering her balance with an effort, the *Queen City* put back under the shelter of Round Island, where, all day long, she labored heavily backwards and forwards, watched with intense anxiety by all on shore. More

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and more fiercely blew the gale, more and more angrily raged the sea, as night came on. Then, as the fuel was nearly exhausted, the captain, knowing well that the boat could not outlive another twelve hours of storm, determined to make a desperate effort to reach the docks. We saw the hurried preparations made on board, and, our faces pressed against the glass, we breathlessly watched the heavily loaded steamer, as slowly her course was turned towards the harbor, and the full force of the gale struck her from the west. She missed the usual landing-place, and swayed towards the broken posts of the old pier; her upturned keel rights itself for an instant, when a huge wave sent her bow against the end of the wharf. A hundred hands caught the great ropes thrown from the deck, and, in a moment, the plunging, foundering steamer was secured by her bows to the end of the wharf, while the terror-stricken passengers fairly threw themselves down into the arms of the Islanders below. As the cables were strained to the utmost by the force of the sea, the women and childen were quickly lowered, and, before the night had settled down on the Island, the three hundred persons who had given themselves over to death were landed safely on 'Fairy Island.' The captain, a sailor from boyhood, was so shattered by the terrible responsibility of those three hundred lives, that he changed his profession and abandoned the water forever.

"After those trying days came the glowing beauty of the Indian summer, when the deep-blue sky, the purple haze in the air, the shining water, and the gorgeous autumn tints on the trees, made up a picture of rich coloring unknown to any other portion of the world.

"We climbed to old Fort Holmes, and saw the whole of 'Fairy Island' clad in maple, orange and scarlet, green pine

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and russet oak; we noted Round Island and Bois Blanc, like gay bouquets in the still water; we breathed the hazy air, all filled with gold-dust. Descending from the heights, we wandered through the painted woods, and brought home glowing branches to deck our cottage walls. But day by day the bright leaves fell, and day by day we piled the logs higher and higher upon our hearthstone, until, at last, we could no longer deny that

"The seasons come and go
Scarce apprehended;
Though bright have been its flowers,
Summer is ended."

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CHAPTER XVIII

MACKINAC IN STORY

THE OLD AGENCY[1]

"The buildings of the United States Indian Agency on the Island of Mackinac were destroyed by fire December 31, at midnight."—*Western Newspaper Item.*

"THE old house is gone then! But it shall not depart into oblivion unchronicled. One who has sat under its roof-tree, one who remembers well its rambling rooms and wild garden, will take the pen to write down a page of its story. It is only an episode, one of many; but the others are fading away, or already buried in dead memories under the sod. It was a quaint, picturesque old place, stretching back from the white limestone road that bordered the little port, its overgrown garden surrounded by an ancient stockade ten feet in height, with a massive, slow-swinging gate in front, defended by loopholes. This stockade bulged out in some places and leaned in at others; but the veteran posts, each a tree sharpened to a point, did not break their ranks, in spite of decrepitude; and the Indian warriors, could they have returned from their happy hunting-grounds, would have found the brave old fence of the Agency a sturdy barrier still. But the Indian warriors could not return. The United States Agent had long ago moved to Lake Superior, and the deserted residence, having only a mythical owner,

[1] **Woolson, *Castle Nowhere: Lake Country Sketches*, pp. 176–207.**

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left without repairs year after year, and under a cloud of confusion as regarded taxes, titles, and boundaries, became a sort of flotsam property, used by various persons, but belonging legally to no one. Some tenant, tired of swinging the great gate back and forth, had made a little sally-port alongside, but otherwise the place remained unaltered; a broad garden with a central avenue of cherry-trees, on each side dilapidated arbors, overgrown paths, and heart-shaped beds, where the first agents had tried to cultivate flowers, and behind the limestone cliffs crowned with cedars. The house was large on the ground, with wings and various additions built out as if at random; on each side and behind were rough outside chimneys clamped to the wall; in the roof over the central part dormer-windows showed a low second story; and here and there at irregular intervals were outside doors, in some cases opening out into space, since the high steps which once led up to them had fallen down, and remained as they fell, heaps of stones on the ground below. Within were suites of rooms, large and small, showing traces of workmanship elaborate for such a remote locality; the ceilings, patched with rough mortar, had been originally decorated with moulding, the doors were ornamented with scroll-work, and the two large apartments on each side of the entrance hall possessed chimney-pieces and central hooks for chandeliers. Beyond and behind stretched out the wings; coming to what appeared to be the end of the house on the west, there unexpectedly began a new series of rooms turning toward the north, each with its outside door; looking for a corresponding labyrinth on the eastern side, there was nothing but a blank wall. The blind stairway went up in a kind of dark well, and once up it was a difficult matter to get down without a plunge from top to

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bottom, since the undefended opening was just where no one would expect to find it. Sometimes an angle was so arbitrarily walled up that you felt sure there must be a secret chamber there, and furtively rapped on the wall to catch the hollow echo within. Then again you opened a door, expecting to step out into the wilderness of a garden, and found yourself in a set of little rooms running off on a tangent, one after the other, and ending in a windowless closet and an open cistern. But the Agency gloried in its irregularities, and defied criticism. The original idea of its architect—if there was any—had vanished; but his work remained, a not unpleasing variety to summer visitors accustomed to city houses, all built with a definite purpose, and one front door.

"After some years of wandering in foreign lands, I returned to my own country, and took up the burden of old associations whose sadness time had mercifully softened. The summer was over, but there came to me a great wish to see Mackinac once more; to look again upon the little white Fort where had lived my soldier nephew, killed at Shiloh. The steamer took me safely across Erie, up the brimming Detroit River, through the enchanted region of the St. Clair flats, and out into broad Lake Huron; there, off Thunder Bay, a gale met us, and for hours we swayed between life and death. The season for pleasure travelling was over; my fellow-passengers, with one exception, were of that class of Americans who, dressed in cheap imitations of fine clothes, are forever travelling, travelling,—taking the steamer not from preference, but because they are less costly than an all-rail route. The thin, listless men, in ill-fitting black clothes and shining tall hats, sat on the deck in tilted chairs, hour after hour, silent and dreary; the thin,

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listless women, clad in raiment of many colors, remained upon the fixed sofas in the cabin hour after hour, silent and weary. At meals they ate indiscriminately everything within range, but continued the same, a weary, dreary, silent band. The one exception was an old man, tall and majestic, with silvery hair and bright, dark eyes, dressed in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, albeit slightly tinged with frontier innovations. He came on board at Detroit, and as soon as we were under way he exchanged his hat for a cloth cap embroidered with Indian bead-work; and when the cold air, precursor of the gale, struck us on Huron, he wrapped himself in a large capote made of skins, with the fur inward.

"In times of danger, formality drops from us. During these long hours, when the next moment might have brought death, this old man and I were together; and when at last the cold dawn came, and the disabled steamer slowly ploughed through the angry water around the point, and showed us Mackinac in the distance, we discovered that the Island was a mutual friend, and that we knew each other, at least by name; for the silver-haired priest was Father Piret, the hermit of the Cheneaux. In the old days, when I was living at the little white Fort, I had known Father Piret by reputation, and he had heard of me from the French half-breeds around the point. We landed. The summer hotels were closed, and I was directed to the old Agency, where occasionally a boarder was received by the family then in possession. The air was chilly, and the fine rain was falling, the afterpiece of the equinoctial; the wet storm-flag hung heavily down over the Fort on the height, and the waves came in sullenly. All was in sad accordance with my feelings as I thought of the past and its

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dead, while the slow tears of age moistened my eyes. But the next morning Mackinac awoke, robed in autumn splendor; the sunshine poured down, the straits sparkled back, the forest glowed in scarlet, the larches waved their wild, green hands, the fair-weather flag floated over the little Fort, and all was as joyous as though no one had ever died; and indeed it is in glorious days like these that we best realize immortality.

"I wandered abroad through the gay forest to the Arch, the Lovers' Leap, and old Fort Holmes, whose British walls had been battered down for pastime, so that only a caved-in British cellar remained to mark the spot. Returning to the Agency, I learned that Father Piret had called to see me.

" 'I am sorry that I missed him,' I said; 'he is a remarkable old man.' . . .

"My hostess, a gentle little woman, stole away in the late afternoon, and sought me in my room, or rather series of rooms, since there were five opening one out of the other, the last three unfurnished, and all the doorless doorways staring at me like so many fixed eyes, until, oppressed by their silent watchfulness, I hung a shawl over the first opening and shut out the whole gazing suite.

" 'We all love and respect the dear old man as a Father.'

" 'When I was living at the fort, fifteen years ago, I heard occasionally of Father Piret,' I said, 'but he seemed to be almost a mythic personage. What is his history?'

" 'No one knows. He came here fifty years ago, and after officiating on the Island a few years, he retired to a little Indian farm in the Cheneaux, where he has lived ever since. Occasionally he holds a service for the half-breeds at Point St. Ignace, but the parish of Mackinac proper has its regular priest, and Father Piret apparently does not hold

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even the appointment of missionary. Why he remains here—a man educated, refined, and even aristocratic—is a mystery. He seems to be well provided with money; his little house in the Cheneaux contains foreign books and pictures, and he is very charitable to the poor Indians. But he keeps himself aloof, and seems to desire no intercourse with the world beyond his letters and papers, which come regularly, some of them from France. He seldom leaves the Straits; he never speaks of himself; always he appears as you saw him, carefully dressed and stately. Each summer when he is seen on the street, there is more or less curiosity about him among the summer visitors, for he is quite unlike the rest of us Mackinac people. But no one can discover anything more than I have told you, and those who have persisted so far as to sail over to the Cheneaux either lose their way among the channels, or if they find the house, they never find him; the door is locked, and no one answers."

" 'Singular,' I said. 'He has nothing of the hermit about him. He has what I should call a courtly manner.'

" 'That is it,' replied my hostess, taking up the word; 'some say he came from the French court,—a nobleman exiled for political offences; others think he is a priest under the ban; and there is still a third story, to the effect that he is a French count, who, owing to a disappointment in love, took orders and came to this far-away Island, so that he might seclude himself forever from the world.'

" 'But no one really knows?'

" 'Absolutely nothing. He is beloved by all the real old Island families, whether they are of his faith or not; and when he dies the whole Strait, from Bois Blanc light to far Waugoschance, will mourn for him.'

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"At sunset the Father came again to see me; the front door of my room was open, and we seated ourselves on the piazza outside. The roof of bark thatch had fallen away, leaving the bare beams overhead twined with brier-roses; the floor and house side were frescoed with those lichen-colored spots which show that the gray planks have lacked paint for many long years; the windows had wooden shutters fastened back with irons shaped like the letter S, and on the central door was a brass knocker, and a plate bearing the word, 'United States Agency.'

" 'When I first came to the Island,' said Father Piret, 'this was *the* residence *par excellence.* The old house was brave with green and white paint then; it had candelabra on its high mantels, brass andirons on its many hearthstones, curtains for all its little windows, and carpets for all its uneven floors. Much cooking went on, and smoke curled up from all these outside chimneys. Those were the days of the fur trade, and Mackinac was a central mart. Hither twice a year came the bateaux from the Northwest, loaded with furs; and in those old, decaying warehouses on the back street of the village were stored the goods sent out from New York, with which the bateaux were loaded again, and after a few days of revelry, during which the improvident *voyageurs* squandered all their hard-earned gains, the train returned westward into "the countries," as they called the wilderness beyond the lakes, for another six months of toil. The officers of the little Fort on the height, the chief factors of the fur company, and the United States Indian agent, formed the feudal aristocracy of the Island; but the agent had the most imposing mansion, and often have I seen the old house shining with lights across its whole broadside of windows, and gay with the sound of a dozen

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French violins. The garden, now a wilderness, was the pride of the Island. Its prim arbors, its spring and spring-house, its flower-beds, where, with infinite pains, a few hardy plants were induced to blossom; its cherry-tree avenue, whose early red fruit the short summer could scarcely ripen; its annual attempts at vegetables, which never came to maturity,—formed topics for conversation in court circles. Potatoes then as now were left to the mainland Indians, who came over with their canoes heaped with the fine, large, thin-jacketed fellows, bartering them all for a loaf or two of bread and a little whiskey.

" 'The stockade which surrounds the place was at that day a not unnecessary defence. At the time of the payments the Island swarmed with Indians, who came from Lake Superior and the Northwest, to receive the government pittance. Camped on the beach as far as the eye could reach, these wild warriors, dressed in their savage finery, watched the Agency with greedy eyes, as they waited for their turn. The great gate was barred, and sentinels stood at the loop-holes with loaded muskets; one by one the chiefs were admitted, stalked up to the office,—that wing on the right,—received the allotted sum, silently selected something from the displayed goods, and as silently departed, watched by quick eyes, until the great gate closed behind him. The guns of the Fort were placed so as to command the Agency during payment time; and when, after several anxious, watchful days and nights, the last brave had received his portion, and the last canoe started away toward the north, leaving only the comparatively peaceful mainland Indians behind, the Island drew a long breath of relief.'

" 'Was there any real danger?' I asked.

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" 'The Indians are ever treacherous,' replied the Father. Then he was silent, and seemed lost in reverie. The pure, ever-present breeze of Mackinac played in his long silvery hair, and his bright eyes roved along the wall of the old house; he had a broad forehead, noble features, and commanding presence, and as he sat there recluse as he was—aged, alone, without a history, with scarcely a name or a place in the world,—he looked, in the power of his native-born dignity, worthy of a royal coronet.

" 'I was thinking of old Jacques,' he said, after a long pause. 'He once lived in these rooms of yours, and died on that bench at the end of the piazza, sitting in the sunshine, with his staff in his hand.'

" 'Who was he?' I asked. 'Tell me the story, Father.'

" 'There is not much to tell, madame; but in my mind he is so associated with this old house, that I always think of him when I come here, and fancy I see him on that bench.

" 'When the United States agent removed to the Apostle Islands, at the western end of Lake Superior, this place remained for some time uninhabited. But one winter morning smoke was seen coming out of the great chimney on the side; and in the course of the day several curious persons endeavored to open the main gate, at that time the only entrance. But the gate was barred within, and as the high stockade was slippery with ice, for some days the mystery remained unsolved. The Islanders, always slow, grow torpid in the winter like bears; they watched the smoke in the daytime and the little twinkling light by night; they talked of spirits both French and Indian as they went their rounds, but they were too indolent to do more. At length the Fort commandant heard of the smoke, and saw

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the light from his quarters on the height. As government property he considered the Agency under his charge, and he was preparing to send a detail of men to examine the deserted mansion in its ice-bound garden, when its mysterious occupant appeared in the village; it was an old man, silent, gentle, apparently French. He carried a canvas bag, and bought a few supplies of the coarsest description, as though he was very poor. Unconscious of observation, he made his purchases and returned slowly homeward, barring the great gate behind him. Who was he? No one knew. Whence and when came he? No one could tell.

" 'The detail of soldiers from the Fort battered at the gate, and when the silent old man opened it they followed him through the garden, where his feet had made a lonely trail over the deep snow, round to the side door. They entered, and found some blankets on the floor, a fire of old knots on the hearth, a long narrow box tied with a rope; his poor little supplies stood in one corner,—bread, salted fish, and a few potatoes,—and over the fire hung a rusty tea-kettle, its many holes carefully plugged with bits of rag. It was a desolate scene; the old man in the great rambling empty house in the heart of an arctic winter. He said little, and the soldiers could not understand his language; but they left him unmolested, and going back to the Fort, they told what they had seen. Then the Major went in person to the Agency, and gathered from the stranger's words that he had come to the Island over the ice in the track of the mail-carrier; that he was an emigrant from France on his way to the Red River of the North, but his strength failing, owing to the intense cold, he had stopped at the Island, and seeing the uninhabited house, he had crept into it, as he had not enough money to pay for a lodging elsewhere. He

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seemed a quiet, inoffensive old man, and after all the Islanders had had a good long slow stare at him, he was left in peace, with his little curling smoke by day and his little twinkling light by night, although no one thought of assisting him; there is a strange coldness of heart in these northern latitudes.

" 'I was then living at the Cheneaux; there was a German priest on the Island; I sent over two half-breeds every ten days for the mail, and through them I heard of the stranger at the Agency. He was French, they said, and it was rumored in the saloons along the frozen docks that he had seen Paris. This warmed my heart; for, madame, I spent my youth in Paris,—the dear, the beautiful city! So I came over to the Island in my dog-sledge; a little thing is an event in our long, long winter. I reached the village in the afternoon twilight, and made my way alone to the Agency; the old man no longer barred his gate, and swinging it open with difficulty, I followed the trail through the snowy silent garden round to the side of this wing,—the wing you occupy. I knocked; he opened; I greeted him, and entered. He had tried to furnish his little room with the broken relics of the deserted dwelling; a mended chair, a stool, a propped-up table, a shelf with two or three battered tin dishes, and some straw in one corner comprised the whole equipment, but the floor was clean, the old dishes polished, and the blankets neatly spread over the straw which formed the bed. On the table the supplies were ranged in order; there was a careful pile of knots on one side of the hearth, and the fire was evidently husbanded to last as long as possible. He gave me the mended chair, lighted a candle-end stuck in a bottle, and then seating himself on the stool, he gazed at me in his silent way until I felt

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like an uncourteous intruder. I spoke to him in French, offered my services; in short, I did my best to break down the barrier of his reserve; there was something pathetic in the little room and its lonely occupant, and, besides, I knew by his accent that we were both from the banks of the Seine.

" 'Well, I heard his story,—not then, but afterward; it came out gradually during the eleven months of our acquaintance; for he became my friend,—almost the only friend of fifty years. I am an isolated man, madame. It must be so. God's will be done!'

"The Father paused, and looked off over the darkening water; he did not sigh, neither was his calm brow clouded, but there was in his face what seemed to me a noble resignation, and I have ever since felt sure that the secret of his exile held in it a self-sacrifice; for only self-sacrifice can produce that divine expression.

"Out in the straits shone the low-down green light of a schooner; beyond glimmered the mast-head star of a steamer, with the line of cabin lights below, and away on the point of Bois Blanc gleamed the steady radiance of the lighthouse showing the way into Lake Huron; the broad overgrown garden cut us off from the village, but above on the height we could see the lighted windows of the Fort, although still the evening sky retained that clear hue that seems so much like daylight when one looks aloft, although the earth lies in dark shadows below. The Agency was growing indistinct even to our near eyes; its white chimneys loomed up like ghosts, the shutters sighed in the breeze, and the planks of the piazza creaked causelessly. The old house was full of the spirits of memories, and at twilight they came abroad and bewailed themselves. 'The place is haunted,' I said, as a distant door groaned drearily.

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" 'Yes,' replied Father Piret, coming out of his abstraction, 'and this wing is haunted by my old French friend. As time passed and the spring came, he fitted up in his fashion the whole suite of five rooms. He had his parlor, sleeping-room, kitchen, and store-room, the whole furnished only with the articles I have already described, save that the bed was of fresh green boughs instead of straw. Jacques occupied all the rooms with ceremonious exactness; he sat in the parlor, and I too must sit there when I came; in the second room he slept and made his careful toilet, with his shabby old clothes; the third was his kitchen and dining-room; and the fourth, that little closet on the right, was his store-room. His one indulgence was coffee; coffee he must and would have, though he slept on straw and went without meat. But he cooked to perfection, in his odd way, and I have often eaten a dainty meal in that little kitchen, sitting at the propped-up table, using the battered tin dishes, and the clumsy wooden spoons fashioned with a jack-knife. After we had become friends, Jacques would accept occasional aid from me, and it gave me a warm pleasure to think that I had added something to his comfort, were it only a little sugar, butter, or a pint of milk. No one disturbed the old man; no orders came from Washington respecting the Agency property, and the Major had not the heart to order him away. There were more than houses enough for the scanty population of the Island, and only a magnate could furnish these large rambling rooms. So the soldiers were sent down to pick the red cherries for the use of the garrison, but otherwise old Jacques had the whole place to himself, with all its wings, outbuildings, arbors, and garden beds.

" 'But I have not told you all. The fifth apartment in

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the suite—the square room with four windows and an outside door—was the old man's sanctuary; here were his precious relics, and here he offered up his devotions, half Christian, half pagan, with never-failing ardor. From the long narrow box which the Fort soldiers had noticed came an old sabre, a worn and faded uniform of the French grenadiers, a little dried sprig, its two withered leaves tied in their places with thread, and a coarse woodcut of the great Napoleon; for Jacques was a soldier of the Empire. The uniform hung on the wall, carefully arranged on pegs as a man would wear it, and the sabre was brandished from the empty sleeve as though a hand held it; the woodcut framed in green, renewed from day to day, pine in the winter, maple in the summer, occupied the opposite side, and under it was fastened the tiny withered sprig, while on the floor below was a fragment of the buffalo-skin which served the soldier for a stool when he knelt in prayer. And did he pray to Napoleon, you ask? I hardly know. He had a few of the Church's prayers by heart, but his mind was full of the Emperor as he repeated them, and his eyes were fixed upon the pictures as though it was the face of a saint. Discovering this, I labored hard to bring him to a clearer understanding of the faith; but all in vain. He listened to me patiently, even reverently, although I was much the younger; at intervals he replied, "*Oui, mon père,*" and the next day he said his prayers to the dead Emperor as usual. And this was not the worst; in place of an amen, there came a fierce imprecation against the whole English nation. After some months I succeeded in persuading him to abandon this termination; but I always suspected that it was but a verbal abandonment, and that, mentally, the curse was as strong as ever.

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" 'Jacques had been a soldier of the Empire, as it is called,—a grenadier under Napoleon; he had loved his General and Emperor in life, and adored him in death with the affectionate pertinacity of a faithful dog. One hot day during the German campaign, Napoleon, engaged in conference with some of his Generals, was disturbed by the uneasy movements of his horse; looking around for someone to brush away the flies, he saw Jacques, who stood at a short distance watching his Emperor with admiring eyes. Always quick to recognize the personal affection he inspired, Napoleon signed to the grenadier to approach. "Here, *mon brave*," he said, smiling; "get a branch and keep the flies from my horse a few moments." The proud soldier obeyed; he heard the conversation of the Emperor; he kept the flies from his horse. As he talked Napoleon idly plucked a little sprig from the branch as it came near his hand, and played with it; and when, the conference over, with a nod of thanks to Jacques, he rode away, the grenadier stooped, picked up the sprig fresh from the Emperor's hand, and placed it carefully in his breast-pocket. The Emperor had noticed him; the Emperor had called him a *"mon brave"*; the Emperor had smiled upon him. This was the glory of Jacques' life. How many times have I listened to the story, told always in the same words, with the same gestures in the same places! He remembered every sentence of the conversation he had heard, and repeated them with automatic fidelity, understanding nothing of their meaning; even when I explained their probable connection with the campaign, my words made no impression upon him, and I could see that they conveyed no idea to his mind. He was made for a soldier; brave and calm, he reasoned not, but simply obeyed, and to

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this blind obedience there was added a heart full of affection which, when concentrated upon the Emperor, amounted to idolatry. Napoleon possessed a singular personal power over his soldiers; they all loved him, but Jacques adored him.

"'It was an odd, affectionate animal,' said Father Piret, dropping unconsciously into a French idiom to express his meaning. 'The little sprig had been kept as a talisman, and no saintly relic was ever more honored; the Emperor had touched it!

"'Grenadier Jacques made one of the ill-fated Russian army, and, although wounded and suffering, he still endured until the capture of Paris. Then, when Napoleon retired to Elba, he fell sick from grief, nor did he recover until the Emperor returned, when, with thousands of other soldiers, our Jacques hastened to his standard, and the hundred days began. Then came Waterloo. Then came St. Helena. But the grenadier lived on in hope, year after year, until the Emperor died,—died in exile, in the hands of the hated English. Broken-hearted, weary of the sight of his native land, he packed his few possessions, and fled away over the ocean, with a vague idea of joining a French settlement on the Red River; I have always supposed it must be the Red River of the South; there are French there. But the poor soldier was very ignorant; some one directed him to these frozen regions, and he set out; all places were alike to him now that the Emperor had gone from earth. Wandering as far as Mackinac on his blind pilgrimage, Jacques found his strength failing, and crept into this deserted house to die. Recovering, he made for himself a habitation from a kind of instinct, as a beaver might have done. He gathered together the wrecks of furniture, he

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hung up his treasures, he had his habits for every hour of the day; soldier-like, everything was done by rule. At a particular hour it was his custom to sit on that bench in the sunshine, wrapped in his blankets in the winter, in summer in his shirt-sleeves with his one old coat carefully hung on that peg; I can see him before me now. On certain days he would wash his few poor clothes, and hang them out on the bushes to dry; then he would patiently mend them with his great brass thimble and coarse thread. Poor old garments! they were covered with awkward patches.

" 'At noon he would prepare his one meal; for his breakfast and supper were but a cup of coffee. Slowly and with the greatest care the materials were prepared and the cooking watched. There was a savor of the camp, a savor of the Paris café, and a savor of originality; and often, wearied with the dishes prepared by my half-breeds, I have come over to the Island to dine with Jacques, for the old soldier was proud of his skill, and liked an appreciative guest. And I— But it is not my story I tell."

" 'Oh, Father Piret, if you could but—"

" 'Thanks, madame. To others I say, "What would you? I have been here since youth; you know my life." But to you I say, there was a past; brief, full, crowded into a few years; but I cannot tell it; my lips are sealed! Again, thanks for your sympathy, madame. And now I will go back to Jacques.

" 'We were comrades, he and I; he would not come over to the Cheneaux; he was unhappy if the routine of his day was disturbed, but I often stayed a day with him at the Agency, for I too liked the silent house. It has its relics, by the way. Have you noticed a carved door in the back part of the main building? That was brought from the

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old chapel on the mainland, built as early as 1700. The whole of this locality is sacred ground in the history of our Church. It was first visited by our missionaries in 1670, and over at Point St. Ignace the dust which was once the mortal body of Father Marquette lies buried. The exact site of the grave is lost; but we know that in 1677 his Indian converts brought back his body, wrapped in birch-bark, from the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, where he died, to his beloved mission of St. Ignace. There he was buried in a vault under the little log-church. Some years later the spot was abandoned, and the resident priests returned to Montreal. We have another little Indian church there now, and the point is forever consecrated by its unknown grave. At various times I told Jacques the history of this strait,—its islands, and points; but he evinced little interest. He listened with some attention to my account of the battle which took place on Dousman's farm, not far from the British Landing; but when he found that the English were victorious, he muttered a great oath and refused to hear more. To him the English were fiends incarnate. Had they not slowly murdered his Emperor on their barren rock in the sea?

" 'Only once did I succeed in interesting the old soldier. Then, as now, I received twice each year a package of foreign pamphlets and papers; among them came, that summer, a German ballad, written by that strange being, Henri Heine. I give it to you in a later English translation:—

THE GRENADIERS

"To the land of France went two grenadiers,
From a Russian prison returning;
But they hung down their heads on the German frontiers,
The news from the fatherland learning.

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"For there they both heard the sorrowful tale,
That France was by fortune forsaken:
That her mighty army was scattered like hail,
And the Emperor, the Emperor taken.

"Then there wept together the grenadiers,
The sorrowful story learning;
And one said, 'O woe!' as the news he hears,
'How I feel my old wound burning!'

"The other said, 'The song is sung,
And I wish that we both were dying!
But at home I've a wife and a child,—they're young,
On me, and me only, relying.'

" 'O, what is a wife or a child to me?
Deeper wants all my spirit have shaken:
Let them beg, let them beg, should they hungry be!
My Emperor, my Emperor taken!

" 'But I beg you, brother, if by chance
You soon shall see me dying,
Then take my corpse with you back to France:
Let it ever in France be lying.

" 'The cross of honor with crimson band
Shall rest on my heart as it bound me:
Give me my musket in my hand,
And buckle my sword around me.

" 'And there I will lie and listen still,
In my sentry coffin staying,
Till I feel the thundering cannon's thrill,
And horses tramping and neighing.

" 'Then my Emperor will ride well over my grave,
'Mid sabres' bright slashing and fighting,
And I'll rise all weaponed up out of my grave,
For the Emperor, the Emperor fighting!'

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" 'This simple ballad went straight to the heart of old Jacques; tears rolled down his cheeks as I read, and he would have it over and over again. "Ah! that comrade was happy," he said. "*He* died when the Emperor was only *taken*. I too would have gone to my grave smiling, could I have thought that my Emperor would come riding over it with all his army around him again! But he is dead,—my Emperor is dead! Ah! that comrade was a happy man; he died! He did not have to stand by while the English—may they be forever cursed!—slowly, slowly, murdered him,—murdered the great Napoleon! No; that comrade died. Perhaps he is with the Emperor now,—that comrade-grenadier."

" 'To be with his Emperor was Jacques' idea of heaven.

" 'From that moment, each time I visited the Agency I must repeat the verses again and again; they became a sort of hymn. Jacques had not the capacity to learn the ballad, although he so often listened to it, but the seventh verse he managed to repeat after a fashion of his own, setting it to a nondescript tune, and crooning it about the house as he came and went on his little rounds. Gradually he altered the words, but I could not make out the new phrases as he muttered them over to himself, as if trying them.

" ' "What is it you are saying, Jacques?" I asked.

" 'But he would not tell me. After a time I discovered that he had added the altered verse to his prayers; for always when I was at the Agency I went with him to his sanctuary, if for no other purpose than to prevent the uttered imprecation that served as amen for the whole. The verse, whatever it was, came in before this.

" 'So the summer passed. The vague intention of going on to the Red River of the North had faded away, and

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Jacques lived along on the Island as though he had never lived anywhere else. He grew wonted to the Agency, like some old family cat, until he seemed to belong in the house, and all thought of disturbing him was forgotten. "There is Jacques out washing his clothes," "There is Jacques going to buy his coffee," "There is Jacques sitting on the piazza," said the Islanders; the old man served them instead of a clock.

" 'One dark autumn day I came over from the Cheneaux to get the mail. The water was rough, and my boat, tilted far over on one side, skimmed the crests of the waves in the daring fashion peculiar to Mackinac craft; the mail-steamer had not come in, owing to the storm outside, and I went on to the Agency to see Jacques. He seemed as usual, and we had dinner over the little fire, for the day was chilly; the meal over, my host put everything in order again in his methodical way, and then retired to his sanctuary for prayers. I followed, and stood in the doorway while he knelt. The room was dusky, and the uniform with its outstretched sabre looked like a dead soldier leaning against the wall; the face of Napoleon opposite seemed to gaze down on Jacques as he knelt, as though listening. Jacques muttered his prayers, and I responded, Amen! then, after a silence, came the altered verse; then, with a quick glance toward me, another silence, which I felt sure contained the unspoken curse. Gravely, he led the way back to the kitchen—for, owing to the cold, he allowed me to dispense with the parlor,—and there we spent the afternoon together, talking, and watching for the mail-boat. "Jacques," I said, "what is that verse you have added to your prayers? Come, my friend, why should you keep it from me?"

" ' "It is nothing, *mon père*,—nothing," he replied. But

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again I urged him to tell me; more to pass away the time than from any real interest. "Come," I said, "it may be your last chance. Who knows but that I may be drowned on my way back to the Cheneaux?"

" ' "True," replied the soldier calmly. "Well, then, here it is, *mon père:* my death-wish. *Voilà!*"

" ' "Something you wish to have done after death?"

" ' "Yes."

" ' "And who is to do it?"

" ' "My Emperor."

" ' "But, Jacques, the Emperor is dead."

" ' "He will have it done all the same, *mon père.*"

" 'In vain I argued; Jacques was calmly obstinate. He had mixed up his Emperor with the stories of the Saints; why should not Napoleon do what they had done?

" ' "What is the verse, any way?" I said at last.

" ' "It is my death-wish, as I said before, *mon père.*" And he repeated the following. He said it in French, for I had given him a French translation, as he knew nothing of German; but I will give you the English, as he had altered it:—

" 'The Emperor's face with its green leaf band
Shall rest on my heart that loved him so.
Give me the sprig in my dead hand,
My uniform and sabre around me.
Amen."

" 'So prays Grenadier Jacques.

" 'The old soldier had sacrificed the smooth metre, but I understood what he meant.

" 'The storm increased, and I spent the night at the Agency, lying on the bed of boughs, covered with a blanket. The house shook in the gale, the shutters rattled, and all

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the floors near and far creaked as though feet were walking over them. I was wakeful and restless, but Jacques slept quietly, and did not stir until daylight broke over the stormy water, showing the ships scudding by under bare poles, and the distant mail-boat laboring up toward the Island through the heavy sea. My host made his toilet, washing and shaving himself carefully, and putting on his old clothes as though going on parade. Then came breakfast, with a stew added in honor of my presence; and as by this time the steamer was not far from Round Island, I started down toward the little post-office, anxious to receive some expected letters. The steamer came in slowly, the mail was distributed slowly, and I stopped to read my letters before returning. I had a picture-paper for Jacques, and as I looked out across the straits, I saw that the storm was over, and decided to return to the Cheneaux in the afternoon, leaving word with my half-breeds to have the sail-boat in readiness at three o'clock. The sun was throwing out a watery gleam as, after the lapse of an hour or two, I walked up the limestone road and entered the great gate of the Agency. As I came through the garden along the cherry-tree avenue I saw Jacques sitting on that bench in the sun, for this was his hour for sun-shine; his staff was in his hand, and he was leaning back against the side of the house with his eyes closed, as if in reverie. "Jacques, here is a picture-paper for you," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder. He did not answer. He was dead.

" 'Alone, sitting in the sunshine, apparently without a struggle or a pang, the soul of the old soldier had departed. Whither? We know not. But—smile if you will, madame—I trust he is with his Emperor.'

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"I did not smile; my eyes were too full of tears.

" 'I buried him, as he wished,' continued Father Piret, 'in his old uniform, with the picture of Napoleon laid on his breast, the sabre by his side, and the withered sprig in his lifeless hand. He lies in our little cemetery on the height, near the shadow of the great cross; the low white board tablet at the head of the mound once bore the words "Grenadier Jacques," but the rains and the snows have washed away the painted letters. It is as well.'

"The priest paused, and we both looked toward the empty bench, as though we saw a figure seated there, staff in hand. After a time my little hostess came out on the piazza, and we all talked together of the Island and its past. 'My boat is waiting,' said Father Piret at length; 'the wind is fair, and I must return to the Cheneaux tonight. This near departure is my excuse for coming twice in one day to see you, madame.'

" 'Stay over, my dear sir,' I urged. 'I too shall leave in another day. We may not meet again.'

" 'Not on earth; but in another world we may,' answered the priest, rising as he spoke.

" 'Father, your blessing,' said the little hostess in a low tone, after a quick glance toward the many windows. . . . But all was dark, both without and within, and the Father gave his blessing to both of us, fervently, but with an apostolic simplicity. Then he left us, and I watched his tall form, crowned with silvery hair, as he passed down the cherry-tree avenue. Later in the evening the moon came out, and I saw a Mackinaw boat skimming by the house, its white sails swelling full in the fresh breeze.

" 'That is Father Piret's boat,' said my hostess. 'The wind is fair; he will reach the Cheneaux before midnight.'

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"A day later, and I too sailed away. As the steamer bore me southward, I looked back toward the Island with a sigh. Half hidden in its wild green garden I saw the old Agency; first I could distinguish its whole rambling length; then I lost the roofless piazza, then the dormer-windows, and finally I could only discern the white chimneys, with their crumbling crooked tops. The sun sank into the Strait off Waugoschance, the evening gun flashed from the little Fort on the height, the shadows grew dark and darker, the Island turned into green foliage, then a blue outline, and finally there was nothing but the dusky water."

THE STORY OF LEONIE [2]

"The main street of old Mackinac follows the beautiful curve of the shore between the lake and the cedar-crowned bluff from which the Fort looks down in picturesque ugliness that even its perennial white-washing cannot seriously mar. Old-fashioned houses, with terraced yards, where thickets of lilac, and snow-ball, and cinnamon-roses stand knee-deep in the tall grass, range themselves along the street until, toward the eastern end, they drop off into longer distances, and a ruined church ends the procession.

"Beyond is a common where buttercups and daisies gossip sociably, where sweet-brier grows rampant in the hollows, its perfumed green set thick with the exquisite pink of the morning bloom among the paler roses of yesterday, and, nearer the shore, rank upon rank of wild flag, so luxuriant in its purple bloom, so lovely in its deep coloring that one sees it day after day with a new fascination. Winding here and there as if on errands of their own go narrow, straggling foot-paths—to the irregular white build-

[2] By Emily Huntington Miller, in *Chautauqua*, Sept., 1906.

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ings of the old Mission House, to the battlements of rock that sentinel the east point, or, most enticing of all, climbing slowly toward the bluff, among the quaint cabins of the industrious population to whom the summer visitor with her lavish array is a reliable source of income—the cheerful and patient 'Madonna of the Tubs.'

"Strolling at the beck of such a loiterer, I came one morning to the very doorway of a whitewashed log cabin. The house was long and low, with a chimney of irregular stones at each end. The roof had settled into comfortable curves, the threshold was worn into hollows, and just within the door my smiling old laundress was busy with the ruffles of a dainty white gown that looked as if it might have blossomed out under no clumsier touches than the dew and the sunshine.

"Marie came forward with a beaming face, pushing aside the grand-children that swarmed over the floor as contented as so many puppies, and hastened to install me in a tall carved chair whose seat had been replaced by a deerskin.

" 'Madame will pardon,' she said, going back to her work; 'it would be a thousand pities the dress should dry. Lisé will wear it at first communion.'

"I nodded approval and sat upon my throne, taking in every detail of the quaint interior, that was like a Flemish picture: the low black beams overhead, the sunken hearth, the faint glow in the depths of the chimney, the clumsy furniture, the crockery in its black cup-board, and the ruddy, white-capped figure in the strong light of the doorway. The enticements of the cupboard drew me nearer to inspect a prayer-book with brass-bound covers, and there it was that I saw, under a glass case, a carved ivory crucifix on which was laid an old-fashioned miniature in an oval set-

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ting, with a slender gold chain dropped about it, and read upon a black-edged card, these words:

" 'LÉONIE.
" 'Pray for her repose in heaven.'

"The miniature was in my hand, the delicately tinted face, with its sensitive mouth and soft appealing eyes, looking up at me like an embodied prayer, as Marie finished her work and seated herself with her youngest grandchild in her comfortable arms to tell the story.

" 'The story of Léonie? but yes, if Madame wishes, only it is not a story; just something that came in a girl's life. Many such things come, but only the good God knows them. I suppose it is that it would make us too sad if we knew all, even of what goes on right about us, and sometimes I used to wonder how the good God himself could be happy in his heaven while such things were on earth. This is what I said one day to Father Xavier, when Jean Crevier died and left seven hungry mouths without a morsel of bread, and Father Xavier shook his head and said sorrowfully. "There's a deal in this world we can never understand, Marie, any more than David did in his day."

" 'And so I left off to wonder, because if Father Xavier and David cannot understand what call has a foolish body like me to know? One must leave it to the good God to take care of His own business.

" 'Madame knows of the great family Legardeur? Not? well, it was long ago. There was once a Commandant Legardeur, before your American people came to the Fort, and always they were very grand people.

" 'My *grand'mère* was a poor girl, doing service for the Sisters at St. Agnes in Quebec, and with no thought but

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to go on in that way always. But one day there was much stir in the convent because Mademoiselle Sophie Legardeur had been sent for to come to the Island and marry her cousin to whom she was betrothed, and she chose my *grand'mère* for her maid. When she knew she was to go with Mademoiselle Sophie it was all one as if heaven had opened before her, and indeed much better. For a young girl with no vocation for religion is more drawn to earth than heaven, which must be the way the good God meant it, else we should all be saints.

" 'There were gay times at the Fort in spite of the Indians and the British, and the lady was very happy with her young husband, but she was a delicate thing for such a life, and when her baby was only a few months old she died.

" 'It was just before she went that she and my *grand'mère* made each a little cut in the arm and mixed their blood, as the Indians do to take one from another tribe, and then whatever happened my *grand'mère* was bound to care for the baby like her own blood. And that is what she did, for very soon Monsieur Legardeur was called home to France because of someone who died, and there was consoled and married again. Men are that way, Madame sees; where one woman goes out always the door is open for another to come in, and that is well, since it pleased the good God to make men too stupid to care for themselves.

" 'My *grand'mère* married also with Pierrot, who was chief of the *coureurs de bois,* and the little Heloise was not long without companions. My mother, who was oldest, was her foster sister, and when the little Mademoiselle was to be sent to St. Agnes to learn what a lady must know, my mother went also, for that was ordered by Monsieur Legardeur. They were most miserable at St. Agnes, those

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two. When the spirit of the forest is born in one's blood always it draws, and draws, and will not let you rest, shut in from the sky and the wind and the water.

" 'Mademoiselle was so unhappy that she fell sick with a slow wasting, and one day she heard the Sisters saying they had sent for her father. Then what did they, those foolish ones? Madame sees the little Heloise did not know her father, and she was terrified to be taken away to a strange country. All she loved was here upon the Island, and when one of my *grandpère's coureurs* was sent to bring word of them they persuaded him that he should take them home with him, and so he did.

" 'My mother planned it that they stole away, and made all the long journey safely and came to the Island, ragged and brown, but quite well. Sometimes when I am about my work many thoughts come to me of how it would be if they had not run away, those two. If Monsieur Legardeur had taken his daughter to France, and my mother also with her, then what would have been for me? There might not have been any Marie at all, and where wouldst thou have been, Pierre, thou rascal, with no *grand'mère* to tend thee?

" 'It all ended that Monsieur took his daughter home the next spring, but he would have none of my mother, lest she might again run away. After that they only once heard from a trader that Mademoiselle Heloise had married a British man, and was cast off of all her family, but my mother was herself married long before the news came and had plenty to keep her thoughts busy without troubling about the years that were done with. She lived to hold her grandchildren as I am holding mine, and when she lay dying, just at dusk of a Lady Day, she gave me the little picture Madame sees—the poor, pretty, young thing that

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had to go away and leave her baby to another. Does Madame think a mother can do that and not be homesick in heaven? Because here in this world one never forgets the warm little mouth at your breast, and the head pressing in the hollow of your arm, downy, like a young bird. My man made me put the picture away lest it should bring us bad luck, but I often used to go and look at it and say, "Are you glad or sorry now that you went so soon?"

" 'It was one day when I stood like that, thinking my foolish thoughts, that there came a rap at the door, and as I turned about my heart gave a big jump, and then was like to stop altogether, for there stood a gentleman, holding a young girl by the hand, and it was all one as if St. Joseph himself had come down from heaven and brought the poor sweet lady to answer me. I came near to drop on my knees, for the gentleman had a grave, sad face and he was wrapped in a long gray cloak exactly like St. Joseph in the altarpiece, but the young girl said in the sweetest way.

" ' "I am sure this is Marie, grandfather," and so I made out to bring back my senses and bid them in.

" 'That was Léonie Sinclair, and she was the great-granddaughter of that Sophie Legardeur who left her picture for her little Heloise that they might not be strangers when they met one day in heaven. They must have met long ago—Léonie also, and her mother, who was not thought of in that day, and I suppose they are all at peace, even those who hated each other in this world. They had come to the Island, those two, because Léonie was ailing and the *grand-père* who had only this one left in all the world, fancied she would grow strong in the air her *grand'mère* loved so much.

" 'That was before the Agency House was burned, and they had taken some rooms there, but they had no servant,

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and one could see they were poor, and she coughed, this dear Léonie—even then the saints were making a place for her.

"She wanted to see her great-grandmother's picture; the *grand'mère* had told her of it, and how she had left it that my *grand'mère* might show it to Our Lady and pray that she would send back the child of this one that was with the good God and must be well known to her.

" ' "She was no older than I," she said, holding the picture in her thin little hand, "and to think of all the years she has been in heaven."

" 'I wanted to give her the picture but she would not take it. She said she would come every day to see it, and that she did. Many days also they climbed up the hill, those two, to see the grave in the old cemetery where was buried Sophie Legardeur. And by and by when the air grew sharper, because the ice was making beyond the strait, they stopped climbing the hill and walked along in the sunshine under the bluff.

" 'Always when I asked for Léonie the old *grandpère* would say,

" ' "She is gaining, my good Marie; one can see how red her cheeks grow; in the spring she will be quite strong again."

" 'But I think in his heart he knew.

" 'That was a hard winter for poor folk. The cold was fearful, and many fell sick on the Island. Partly it was the fever, and partly that they had not much to eat. Almost every day some one died, here and at St. Ignace. Father Xavier was sore tried with it all, and having to let his bees starve, because he said it was not right to feed

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them when there were children who needed all and more. The old *grandpère* was a heretic but he always went to church with Léonie, and once when Father Xavier spoke of the true church he said,

" ' "The true church, father—only the good God knows who belong to that for He alone keeps the keys."

" 'Léonie looked troubled, but Father Xavier only smiled and said,

" ' "That is quite true, but since He knows, we may all love each other and leave it to Him."

" 'Things grew always worse with them, one could see that, and no letters came. The old *grandpère* began to take his walks alone, and sometimes he would come in and sit where Madame sits now, and look quite dazed and helpless. It was late when the straits opened and there was much danger, but a steamer ventured out for supplies, and the *grandpère* would go with her to bring back the doctor from Sault Ste. Marie.

" 'Two of Father Xavier's men brought Léonie to stay with me while he should be gone, and it breaks my heart now to think of the gray old man, kneeling before her chair, with his darling's arms around his neck and her white face against his, and both of them trying to part bravely. I went to the window with my baby, not to see them, till I heard the door shut and saw the *grandpère* go down the path holding his cloak close about him and never once looking back. When I turned away my Léonie had fainted in her chair; her pretty head hung like a flower with the stem broken, and my little Françoise was patting and kissing her hand. It was not long to wait till she was smiling again, though I saw her shiver when she heard

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the wind, for a storm was getting up, and even so far away one could hear the big waves tumble and roar along the beach.

" 'Madame knows of the steamer that was wrecked and burned off Charlevoix? This was she. Not one of those most unhappy came back, but up in the cemetery Madame may see where their names are kept. Many times in the gray of the evening, I have thought I saw the old *grandpère* coming slowly up the road as he went away, his head bent and his cloak up around his face.

" 'We kept it long from Léonie, but at last we had to tell her he was dead, though she never knew of the wreck and the fire. After that she used to sit with the picture, and the blessed crucifix that she had made the *grandpère* kiss at parting, and her face came to look as if she was already in heaven. And one day she said,

" ' "Marie, by the grave of this one is a small corner; I shall ask Father Xavier that they may put me there so I need not be lonesome, and people may know I belong to somebody who was good and dear. And I should like to have a little stone, Marie, a very little one, not to cost much, that would say for me what I have written on the card. Will you tell Father Xavier, in case I should go before he gets back from St. Ignace?"

" 'And of course I said I would, though I could not speak much for crying, and little thinking it would come true.

" 'For the good God took her that very night, and Father Xavier only came in just as her soul was passing. It was too late for absolution, but Father Xavier took the crucifix from her fingers and said,

" ' "The good God has absolved her; they were speaking together when she went."

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" 'She was buried as she wished, in the small little corner by the grand tomb of Sophie Legardeur, but Father Xavier himself died soon, and the stone was never brought.

" 'I was always thinking to do it myself; but there—Madame knows when there is much care for the living one must leave the dead to the saints. My father was ill pleased that so much money was wasted because my mother would have me taught in the convent, so he gave me no portion with the rest, and now so many years have gone, and all must be with Léonie as the good God wills. Does Madame think that up in heaven she still cares for the little stone?' "

"In the red glow of the sunset I climbed to the old cemetery and found, in its tangle of wild shrubs and untrimmed grass, the stone, grand for its day, that commemorated the brief life of Sophie, wife of Louis Legardeur. One could still read the inscription—

"To recall her to the memory of the faithful, who may devoutly visit this cemetery, and that they may pray for her repose in heaven, her family, sorrowing, have erected this stone."

"The rain and the wind and the winter snows had quite leveled the mound in the 'small little corner,' but a creeping garden plant, set, no doubt, by Marie's faithful hands, had covered it with a close broidery of pale green leaves and small yellow stars. A little brown bird dropped down upon a branch that swung above it, and poured out his ecstatic song to his mate in some haunt of the thicket, setting all the woods athrob to the music of his love. And so I left them—the palpitating dust that held the mystery of life and love exulting above the dust from which both had fled.

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"Had they all found repose in heaven—the young wife, so long forgotten, this Léonie whom no stone recalled 'to the memory of the faithful,' and the gray old man who found such stormy burial?

"Was the story of this life forgotten, or was it a part of that? and did they remember the sorrows and the losses of earth only to smile at them, as one smiles in maturer years at the grief and the gladness of childhood? Who could tell?

"One can only say with Marie, 'They are with the good God, and it must be with them as He wills.' "

JEANNETTE [3]

"Before the war for the Union, in the times of the old army, there had been peace throughout the country for thirteen years. Regiments existed in their officers, but the ranks were thin—the more so the better, since the United States possessed few forts and seemed in chronic embarrassment over her military children, owing to the flying foot-ball of public opinion, now 'standing army pro,' now 'standing army con,' with more or less allusion to the much-enduring Cæsar and his legions, the ever-present ghost of the political arena.

"In those days the few forts were full and much state was kept up; the officers were all graduates of West Point, and their wives graduates of the first families. They prided themselves upon their antecedents; and if there was any aristocracy in the country, it was in the circles of army life.

[3] *Castle Nowhere: Lake Country Sketches*, pp. 136–175, Woolson.

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"Those were pleasant days—pleasant for the old soldiers who were resting after Mexico,—pleasant for the young soldiers destined to die on the plains of Gettysburg or the cloudy heights of Lookout Mountain. There was an *esprit de corps* in the little band, a dignity of bearing, and a ceremonious state, lost in the great struggle which came afterward. The great struggle now lies ten years back; yet, to-day, when the silver-haired veterans meet, they pass it over as a thing of the present, and go back to the times of the 'old army.'

"Up in the northern straits, between blue Lake Huron, with its clear air, and gray Lake Michigan, with its silver fogs, lies the bold Island of Mackinac. Clustered along the beach, which runs around its half-moon harbor, are the houses of the old French village, nestling at the foot of the cliff rising behind, crowned with the little white Fort, the Stars and Stripes floating above it against the deep blue sky. Beyond, on all sides, the forest stretches away, cliffs finishing it abruptly, save one slope at the far end of the Island, three miles distant, where the British landed in 1812. That is the whole of Mackinac.

"The Island has a strange sufficiency of its own; it satisfies; all who have lived there feel it. The Island has a wild beauty of its own; it fascinates; all who have lived there love it. Among its aromatic cedars, along the aisles of its pine-trees, in the gay company of its maples, there is companionship. On its bald northern cliffs, bathed in sunshine and swept by the pure breeze, there is exhilaration. Many there are, bearing the burden and heat of the day, who look back to the Island with the tears that rise but do not fall, the sudden longing despondency that comes occa-

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sionally to all, when the tired heart cries out, 'O, to escape, to flee away, far, far away, and be at rest!'

"In 1856 Fort Mackinac held a major, a captain, three lieutenants, a chaplain, and a surgeon, besides those subordinate officers who wear stripes on their sleeves, and whose rank and duties are mysterious to the uninitiated. The force of this array of commanders was small, less than a company; but what it lacked in quantity it made up in quality, owing to the continual drilling it received.

"The days were long at Fort Mackinac; happy thought! drill the men. So when the major had finished, the captain began, and each lieutenant was watching his chance. Much state was kept up also. Whenever the major appeared—'commanding officers; guard, present arms,' was called down the line of men on duty, and the guard hastened to obey, the major acknowledging the salute with stiff precision. By day and by night sentinels paced the walls. True, the walls were crumbling, and the whole force was constantly engaged in propping them up, but none the less did the sentinels pace with dignity. What was it to be captain if, while he sternly inspected the muskets in the block-house, the lieutenant, with a detail of men, was hard at work strengthening its underpinning? None the less did he inspect. The sally-port, mended but imposing; the flagstaff, with its fair-weather and storm flags; the frowning iron grating; the sidling white causeway, constantly falling down and as constantly repaired, which led up to the main entrance; the well-preserved old cannon—all showed a strict military rule. When the men were not drilling they were propping up the Fort, and when they were not propping up the Fort they were drilling. In the

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early days, the days of the first American commanders, military roads had been made through the forest, roads even now smooth and solid, although trees of a second growth meet overhead. But that was when the Fort was young and stood firmly on its legs. In 1856 there was no time for road-making, for when military duty was over there was always more or less mending to keep the whole fortification from sliding down hill into the lake.

"On Sunday there was service in the little chapel, an upper room overlooking the inside parade-ground. Here the kindly Episcopal chaplain read the chapters about Balaam and Balak, and always made the same impressive pause after 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' (Dear old man! he had gone. Would that our last end might indeed be like his.) Not that the chaplain confined his reading to the Book of Numbers; but as those chapters are appointed for the August Sundays, and as it was in August that the summer visitors came to Mackinac, the little chapel is in many minds associated with the patient Balak, his seven altars, and his seven rams.

"There was a state and discipline in the Fort even on Sundays; bugle-playing marshalled the congregation in; bugle-playing marshalled them out. If the sermon was not finished, so much the worse for the sermon, but it made no difference to the bugle; at a given moment it sounded, and out marched all the soldiers, drowning the poor chaplain's hurrying voice with their tramp down the stairs. The officers attended service in full uniform, sitting erect and dignified in the front seats. We used to smile at the grand air they had, from the stately gray-haired major down to the youngest lieutenant fresh from West Point.

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But brave hearts were beating under those fine uniforms; and when the great struggle came, one and all died on the field in the front of the battle. Over the grave of the commanding officer is inscribed 'Major-General' over the Captain's is 'Brigadier,' and over each young lieutenant is 'Colonel.' They gained their promotion in death.

"I spent many months at Fort Mackinac with Archie; Archie was my nephew, a young lieutenant. In the short, bright summer came the visitors from below; all the world outside is 'below' in Island vernacular. In the long winter the little white Fort looked out over unbroken ice-fields, and watched for the moving black dot of the dog-train bringing the mails from the mainland. One January day I had been out walking on the snow-crust, breathing the cold, still air, and, returning within the walls to our quarters, I found my little parlor already occupied. Jeannette was there, petite Jeannette, the fisherman's daughter. Strange beauty sometimes results from a mixed descent, and this girl had French, English, and Indian blood in her veins, the three races mixing and intermixing among her ancestors, according to the custom of the Northwestern border. A bold profile, delicately finished, heavy blue-black hair, light blue eyes looking out unexpectedly from under black lashes and brown; a fair white skin, neither the rose-white of the blonde, nor the cream-white of the Oriental brunette; a rounded form with small hands and feet—showed the mixed beauties of three nationalities. Yes, there could be no doubt but that Jeannette was singularly lovely albeit ignorant utterly. Her dress was as much of a mélange as her ancestry; a short skirt of military blue, Indian leggings and moccasins, a red jacket and little red cap embroidered with beads. The thick braids of her hair hung down her

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back, and on the lounge lay a large blanket-mantle lined with fox-skins and ornamented with the plumage of birds. She had come to teach me bead-work; I had already taken several lessons to while away the time, but found myself an awkward scholar.

" '*Bonjou*,' *madame*,' she said in her *patois* of broken English and degenerate French. 'Pretty here.'

"My little parlor had a square of carpet, a hearth-fire of great logs, turkey-red curtains, a lounge and arm-chair covered with chintz, several prints on the cracked wall, and a number of books—the whole well used and worn, worth perhaps twenty dollars in any town below, but ten times twenty in icy Mackinac. I began the bead-work, and Jeannette was laughing at my mistakes, when the door opened, and our surgeon came in to warm his hands before going up to his little room in the attic. A taciturn man was our surgeon, Rodney Prescott, not popular in the merry garrison circle, but a favorite of mine; the Puritan, the New-Englander, the Bostonian, were as plainly written upon his face as the French and Indian were written upon Jeannette.

" 'Sit down, Doctor,' I said.

"He took a seat, and watched us carelessly, now and then smiling at Jeannette's chatter as a giant might smile upon a pygmy. I could see that the child was putting on all her little airs to attract his attention; now the long lashes swept the cheeks, now they were raised suddenly, disclosing the unexpected blue eyes; the little moccasined feet must be warmed on the fender, the braids must be swept back with an impatient movement of the hand and shoulder, and now and then there was a coquettish arch of the red lips, less than a pout, what she herself would have called '*une p'tite moue*.' Our surgeon watched this pantomime unmoved.

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" 'Isn't she beautiful?' I said, when, at the expiration of the hour, Jeannette disappeared, wrapped in her mantle.

" 'No; not to my eyes.'

" 'Why, what more can you require, Doctor? Look at her rich coloring, her hair—'

" 'There is no mind in her face, Mrs. Corlyne.'

" 'But she is still a child.'

" 'She will always be a child; she will never mature,' answered our surgeon, going up the steep stairs to his room above.

"Jeannette came regularly, and one morning, tired of the bead-work, I proposed teaching her to read. She consented, although not without an incentive in the form of shillings; but, however gained, my scholar gave to the long winter a new interest. She learned readily; but, as there was no foundation, I was obliged to commence with A, B, C.

" 'Why not teach her to cook?' suggested the major's fair young wife, whose life was spent in hopeless labors with Indian servants, who, sooner or later, ran away in the night with spoons and the family apparel.

" 'Why not teach her to sew?' said Madame Captain, wearily raising her eyes from the pile of small garments before her.

" 'Why not have her up for one of our sociables?' hazarded our most dashing lieutenant, twirling his mustache.

" 'Frederick!' exclaimed his wife, in a tone of horror; she was aristocratic, but sharp in outlines.

" 'Why not bring her into the church? Those French half-breeds are little better than heathen,' said the chaplain.

"Thus the high authorities disapproved of my educational efforts. I related their comments to Archie, and

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added, 'The surgeon is the only one who has said nothing against it.'

" 'Prescott? O, he's too high and mighty to notice anybody, much less a half-breed girl. I never saw such a stiff, silent fellow; he looks as though he had swallowed all his straightlaced Puritan ancestors. I wish he'd exchange.'

" 'Gently, Archie—'

" 'O, yes, without doubt; certainly, and amen! I know *you* like him, Aunt Sarah,' said my handsome boy-soldier, laughing.

"The lessons went on. We often saw the surgeon during study hours, as the stairway leading to his room opened out of the little parlor. Sometimes he would stop awhile and listen to Jeannette slowly read, 'The good boy likes his red top'; 'The good girl can sew a seam'; or watched her awkward attempts to write her name, or add a one and a two. It was slow work, but I persevered, if from no other motive than obstinacy. Had they not all prophesied a failure? When wearied with the dull routine, I gave an oral lesson in poetry. If the rhymes were of the chiming, rythmic kind, Jeannette learned rapidly, catching the verses as one catches a tune, and repeating them with a spirit and dramatic gesture all her own. Her favorite was Macaulay's 'Ivry.' Beautiful she looked, as, standing in the centre of the room, she rolled out the sonorous lines, her French accent giving a charming foreign coloring to the well-known verses:

" 'Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;

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And in they burst, and on they rushed while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.'

"And yet, after all my explanations, she only half understood it; the 'Knights' were always 'nights' in her mind, and the 'thickest carnage' was always the 'thickest carriage.'

"One March day she came at the appointed hour, soon after our noon dinner. The usual clear winter sky was clouded, and a wind blew the snow from the trees where it had lain quietly month after month. 'Spring is coming,' said the old sergeant that morning, as he hoisted the storm-flag; 'it's getting wild-like.'

"Jeannette and I went through the lessons, but toward three o'clock a north wind came sweeping over the Straits and enveloped the Island in a whirling snow-storm, partly eddies of white splinters torn from the icebound forest, and partly a new fall of round snow pellets careering along on the gale, quite unlike the soft, feathery flakes of early winter. 'You cannot go home now, Jeannette,' I said, looking out through the little west window; our cottage stood back on the hill, and from this side window we could see the Straits, going down toward far Waugoschance; the steep fort-hill outside the wall; the long meadow, once an Indian burial-place, below; and beyond on the beach the row of cabins inhabited by the French fishermen, one of them the home of my pupil. The girl seldom went round the point into the village; its one street and a-half seemed distasteful to her. She climbed the stone-wall on the ridge behind her cabin, took an Indian trail through the grass in summer, or struck across on the snow-crust in winter, ran up the steep side of the fort-hill like a wild chamois, and came into the garrison enclosure with a careless nod to

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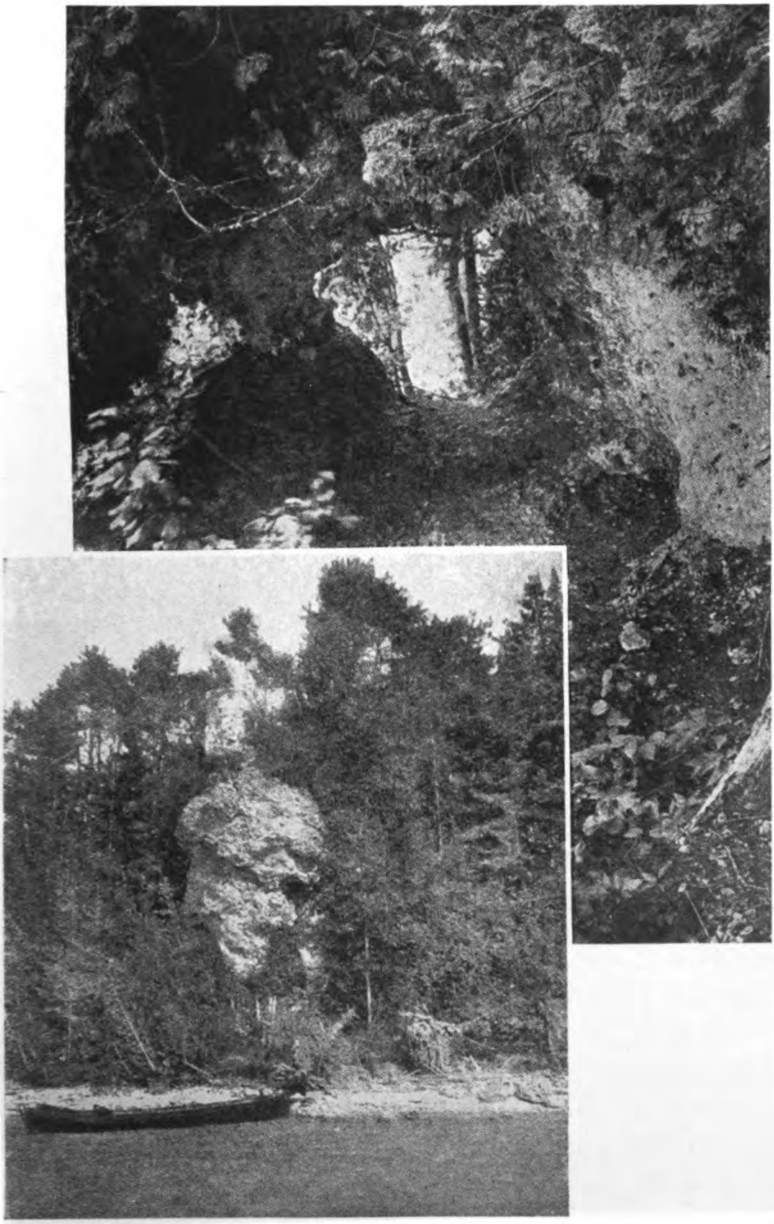

TWO INTERESTING FORMATIONS AT MACKINAC ISLAND
(The upper picture is of Fairy Arch)

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VIEW OF THE DOCK AT MACKINAC ISLAND

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the admiring sentinel, as she passed under the rear entrance. These French half-breeds, like the gypsies, were not without a pride of their own. They held themselves aloof from the Irish of Shanty-town, the floating sailor population of the summer, and the common soldiers of the garrison. They intermarried among themselves, and held their own revels in their beach-cabins during the winter, with music from their old violins, dancing and songs, French ballads with a chorus after every two lines, quaint *chansons* handed down from *voyageur* ancestors. Small respect had they for the little Roman Catholic church beyond the old Agency garden; its German priest they refused to honor; but, when stately old Father Piret came over to the Island from his hermitage in the Cheneaux, they ran to meet him, young and old, and paid him reverence with affectionate respect. Father Piret was a Parisian, and a gentleman; nothing less would suit these far-away sheep in the wilderness.

"Jeannette Leblanc had all the pride of her class; the Irish saloon-keeper with his shining tall hat, the loud-talking mate of the lake-schooner, the trim sentinel pacing the Fort walls, were nothing to her, and this somewhat incongruous hauteur gave her the air of a little princess.

"On this stormy afternoon the captain's wife was in my parlor preparing to return to her own quarters with some coffee she had borrowed. Hearing my remark she said, 'O, the snow won't hurt the child, Mrs. Corlyne; she must be storm-proof, living down there on the beach! Duncan can take her home.'

"Duncan was the orderly, a factotum in the garrison.

" '*Non*,' said Jeannette, tossing her head proudly as the door closed behind the lady, 'I wish not of Duncan; I go alone.'

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"It happened that Archie, my nephew, had gone over to the cottage of the commanding officer to decorate the parlor for the military sociable; I knew he would not return, and the evening stretched out before me in all its long loneliness. 'Stay, Jeannette,' I said. 'We will have tea together here, and when the wind goes down, old Antoine shall go back with you.' Antoine was a French wood-cutter, whose cabin clung half-way down the fort-hill like a swallow's nest.

"Jeannette's eyes sparkled; I had never invited her before; in an instant she had turned the day into a high festival. 'Braid hair?' she asked, glancing toward the mirror; '*faut que je m' fasse belle.*' And the long hair came out of its close braids, enveloping her in its glossy dark waves, while she carefully smoothed out the bits of red ribbon that served as fastenings. At this moment the door opened, and the surgeon, the wind, and a puff of snow came in together. Jeannette looked up, smiling and blushing; the falling hair gave a new softness to her face, and her eyes were as shy as the eyes of a wild fawn.

"Only the previous day I had noticed that Rodney Prescott listened with marked attention to the captain's cousin, a Virginia lady, as she advanced a theory that Jeannette had negro blood in her veins. 'These quadroon girls often have a certain kind of plebeian beauty like this pet of yours, Mrs. Corlyne,' she said, with a slight sniff of her high-bred, pointed nose. In vain I exclaimed, in vain I argued; the garrison ladies were all against me, and, in their presence, not a man dared to come to my aid; and the surgeon even added, 'I wish I could be sure of it.'

" 'Sure of the negro blood?' I said, indignantly.

" 'Yes.'

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" 'But Jeannette does not look in the least like an quadroon.'

" 'Some of the quadroon girls are very handsome, Mrs. Corlyne,' answered the surgeon, coldly.

" 'O, yes!' said the high-bred Virginia lady. 'My brother has a number of them about his place, but we do not teach them to read, I assure you. It spoils them.'

"As I looked at Jeannette's beautiful face, her delicate eagle profile, her fair skin and light blue eyes, I recalled this conversation with vivid indignation. The surgeon, at least, should be convinced of his mistake. Jeannette had never looked more brilliant; probably the man had never really scanned her features,—he was such a cold, unseeing creature; but to-night he should have a fair opportunity, so I invited him to join our storm-bound tea-party. He hesitated.

" 'Ah, do, Monsieur Rodenai,' said Jeannette, springing forward. 'I sing for you; I dance; but, no, you not like that. *Bien*, I tell your fortune then.' The young girl loved company. A party of three, no matter who the third, was to her infinitely better than two.

"The surgeon stayed.

"A merry evening we had before the hearth-fire. The wind howled around the block-house and rattled the flag-staff, and the snow pellets sounded on the window-panes, giving that sense of warm comfort within that comes only with the storm. Our servant had been drafted into service for the military sociable, and I was to prepare the evening meal myself.

" 'Not tea,' said Jeannette, with a wry face; 'tea,—*c'est médecine!*' She had arranged her hair in fanciful braids, and now followed me to the kitchen, enjoying the novelty

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like a child. *'Café?'* she said. 'O, please, madame! *I* make it.'

"The little shed kitchen was cold and dreary, each plank of its thin walls rattling in the gale with a dismal creak; the wind blew the smoke down the chimney, and finally it ended in our bringing everything into the cozy parlor, and using the hearth fire, where Jeannette made coffee and baked little cakes over the coals.

"The meal over, Jeannette sang her songs, sitting on the rug before the fire,—*Le Beau Voyageur, Les Neiges de la Cloche*, ballads in Canadian *patios* sung to minor airs brought over from France two hundred years before.

"The surgeon sat in the shade of the chimney-piece, his face shaded by his hand, and I could not discover whether he saw anything to admire in my *protégée*, until, standing in the center of the room, she gave us 'Ivry' in glorious style. Beautiful she looked as she rolled out the lines:

" 'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

"Rodney sat in the full light now, and I secretly triumphed in his rapt attention.

" 'Something else, Jeannette,' I said, in the pride of my heart. Instead of repeating anything I had taught her, she began in French:

" ' "*Marie, enfin quitte l'ouvrage,*
Voici l'étoile du berger,"
—"*Ma mère, un enfant du village*
Languit captif chez l'étranger;

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Pris sur mer, loin de sa patrie,
Il s'est rendu,—mais le dernier."
File, file, pauvre Marie
Pour secourir le prisonnier;
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File, file, pour le prisonnier.

" ' "*Pour lui je filerais moi-même*
Mon enfant,—mais—j'ai tant vieilli!"
—"Envoyez a celui que j'aime
Tout le gain par moi recueilli.
Rose à sa noce en vain me prie;—
Dieu! j'entends le mémétrier!"
File, file, pauvre Marie,
Pour secourir le prisonnier;
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File, file, pour le prisonnier.

" ' "*Plus près du feu file, ma chère;*
La nuit vient refroidir le temps."
—"Adrien, m'a-t-on dit, ma mère,
Gemit dans des cachots flottants.
On repousse la main flétrie
Qu'il étend vers un pain grossier."
File, file, pauvre Marie,
Pour secourir le prisonnier;
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File, file, pour le prisonnier." ' [4]

"Jeannette repeated these lines with a pathos so real that I felt a moisture rising in my eyes.

" 'Where did you learn that, child?' I asked.

" 'Father Piret, madame.'

" 'What is it?'

" '*Je n' sais.*'

[4] "Le Prisonnier de Guerre"—Béranger.

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" 'It is Béranger,—"The Prisoner of War," ' said Rodney Prescott. 'But you omitted the last verse, mademoiselle; may I ask why?'

" 'More sad so,' answered Jeannette. 'Marie she die now.'

" 'You wish her to die?'

" '*Mais oui;* she die for love; *c'est beau!*'

"And there flashed a glance from the girl's eyes that thrilled through me, I scarcely knew why. I looked toward Rodney, but he was back in the shadow again.

"The hours passed. 'I must go,' said Jeannette, drawing aside the curtain. Clouds were still driving across the sky, but the snow had ceased falling, and at intervals the moon shone out over the cold white scene; the March wind continued on its wild career toward the south.

" 'I will send for Antoine,' I said, rising, as Jeannette took up her fur mantle.

" 'The old man is sick to-day,' said Rodney. 'It would not be safe for him to leave the fire to-night. I will accompany mademoiselle.'

"Pretty Jeannette shrugged her shoulders. '*Mais, monsieur,*' she answered, 'I go over the hill.'

" 'No, child; not to-night,' I said decidedly. 'The wind is violent, and the cliff doubly slippery after this ice-storm. Go round through the village.'

" 'Of course we shall go through the village,' said our surgeon, in his calm, authoritative way. They started. But in another minute I saw Jeannette fly by the west window, over the wall, and across the snowy road, like a spirit, disappearing down the steep bank, now slippery with glare ice. Another minute, and Rodney Prescott followed in her track.

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"With bated breath I watched for the reappearance of the two figures on the white plain, one hundred and fifty feet below; the cliff was difficult at any time, and now in this ice! The moments seemed very long, and, alarmed, I was on the point of arousing the garrison, when I spied the two dark figures on the snowy plain below, now clear in the moonlight, now lost in the shadow. I watched them for some distance; then a cloud came, and I lost them entirely.

"Rodney did not return, although I sat late before the dying fire. Thinking over the evening, the idea came to me that perhaps, after all, he did admire my *protégée*, and being a romantic old woman, I did not repel the fancy; it might go a certain distance without harm, and an idyl is always charming, doubly so to people cast away on a desert island. One falls into the habit of studying persons very closely in the limited circle of garrison life.

"But, the next morning, the Major's wife gave me an account of the sociable. 'It was very pleasant,' she said. 'Toward the last Dr. Prescott came in, quite unexpectedly. I had no idea he could be so agreeable. Augusta can tell you how charming he was!'

"Augusta, a young lady cousin, of pale blond complexion, neutral opinions, and irreproachable manners, smiled primly. My idyl was crushed!

"The days passed. The winds, the snows, and the high-up Fort remained the same. Jeannette came and went, and the hour lengthened into two or three; not that we read much, but we talked more. Our surgeon did not again pass through the parlor; he had ordered a rickety stairway on the outside wall to be repaired, and we could hear him going up and down its icy steps as we sat by the hearth-fire.

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One day I said to him, 'My *protégée* is improving wonderfully. If she could have a complete education, she might take her place with the best in the land.'

" 'Do not deceive yourself, Mrs. Corlyne,' he answered. 'It is only the shallow French quickness.'

" 'Why do you always judge the child so harshly, Doctor?'

" 'Do *you* take her part, Aunt Sarah?' (For sometimes he used the title which Archie had made so familiar.)

" 'Of course, I do, Rodney. A poor, unfriended girl living in this remote place, against a United States surgeon with the best of Boston behind him.'

" 'I wish you would tell me that every day, Aunt Sarah,' was the reply I received. It set me musing, but I could make nothing of it. Troubled without knowing why, I suggested to Archie that he should endeavor to interest our surgeon in the Fort gayety; there was something for every night in the merry little circle,—games, suppers, tableaux, music, theatricals, readings, and the like.

" 'Why, he's in the thick of it, already, Aunt Sarah,' said my nephew. 'He's devoting himself to Miss Augusta; she sings "The Harp that once—" to him every night.'

"('The Harp that once through Tara's Halls' was Miss Augusta's dress-parade song. The Major's quarters not being as large as the halls aforesaid, the melody was somewhat over-powering.)

" 'O, does she?' I thought, not without a shade of vexation. But the vague anxiety vanished.

"The real spring came at last,—the rapid, vivid spring of Mackinac. Almost in a day the ice moved out, the snows melted, and the northern wild flowers appeared in the sheltered glens. Lessons were at an end, for my

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scholar was away in the green woods. Sometimes she brought me a bunch of flowers; but I seldom saw her; my wild bird had flown back to the forest. When the ground was dry and the pine droppings warmed by the sun, I, too, ventured abroad. One day, wandering as far as the Arched Rock, I found the surgeon there, and together we sat down to rest under the trees, looking off over the blue water flecked with white caps. The Arch is a natural bridge over a chasm one hundred and fifty feet above the lake,—a fissure in the cliff which has fallen away in a hollow, leaving the bridge by itself far out over the water. This bridge springs up in the shape of an arch; it is fifty feet long, and its width is in some places two feet, in others only a few inches,—a narrow, dizzy pathway hanging between sky and water.

" 'People have crossed it,' I said.

" 'Only fools,' answered our surgeon, who despised foolhardiness. 'Has a man nothing better to do with his life than risk it for the sake of a silly feat like that? I would not so much as raise my eyes to see any one cross."

" 'O, yes, you would, Monsieur Rodenai,' cried a voice behind us. We both turned and caught a glimpse of Jeannette as she bounded through the bushes and out to the very centre of the Arch, where she stood balancing herself and laughing gayly. Her form was outlined against the sky; the breeze swayed her skirt; she seemed hovering over the chasm. I watched her, mute with fear; a word might cause her to lose her balance; but I could not turn my eyes away, I was fascinated with the sight. I was not aware that Rodney had left me until he, too appeared on the Arch, slowly finding a foot-hold for himself and advancing to-

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wards the centre. A fragment of the rock broke off under his foot and fell into the abyss below.

" 'Go back, Monsieur Rodenai,' cried Jeannette, seeing his danger.

" 'Will *you* come back, too, Jeannette?'

" '*Moi? C'est aut' chose,*' answered the girl, gayly tossing her pretty head.

" 'Then I shall come out and carry you back, wilful child,' said the surgeon.

"A peal of laughter broke from Jeannette as he spoke, and then she began to dance on her point of rock, swinging herself from side to side, marking the time with a song. I held my breath; her dance seemed unearthly; it was as though she belonged to the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

"At length the surgeon reached the centre and caught the mocking creature in his arms; neither spoke, but I could see the flash of their eyes as they stood for an instant motionless. Then they struggled on the narrow foothold and swayed over so far that I buried my face in my trembling hands, unable to look at the dreadful end. When I opened my eyes again, all was still; the Arch was tenantless, and no sound came from below. Were they, then, so soon dead? Without a cry? I forced myself to the brink to look down over the precipice; but while I stood there, fearing to look, I heard a sound behind me in the woods. It was Jeannette singing a gay French song. I called to her to stop. 'How could you?' I said severely, for I was still trembling with agitation.

" '*Ce n'est rien,* madame. I cross l'Arche when I had five year. *Mais,* Monsieur Rodenai le Grand, he raise his eye to look *this* time, I think,' said Jeannette, laughing triumphantly.

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" 'Where is he?'

" 'On the far side, gone to Scott's pic' (Peak). *'Féroce, O féroce, comme un loupgarou! Ah! c'est joli, ca!'* And, overflowing with the wildest glee, the girl danced along through the woods in front of me, now pausing to look at something in her hand, now laughing, now shouting like a wild creature, until I lost sight of her. I went back to the Fort alone.

"For several days I saw nothing of Rodney. When at last we met, I said, 'That was a wild freak of Jeannette's at the Arch.'

" 'Planned, to get a few shillings out of us.'

" 'O, Doctor! I do not think she had any such motive,' I replied, looking up deprecatingly into his cold, scornful eyes.

" 'Are you not a little sentimental over that ignorant, half-wild creature, Aunt Sarah?'

" 'Well,' I said to myself, 'perhaps I am!'

"The summer came, sails whitened the blue straits again, steamers stopped for an hour or two at the Island docks, and the summer travellers rushed ashore to buy 'Indian curiosities,' made by the nuns in Montreal, or to climb breathlessly up the steep fort-hill to see the pride and panoply of war. Proud was the little white Fort in those summer days; the sentinels held themselves stiffly erect, the officers gave up lying on the parapet half asleep, the best flag was hoisted daily, and there was much bugle-playing and ceremony connected with the evening gun, fired from the ramparts at sun-set; the hotels were full, the boarding-house keepers were in their annual state of wonder over the singular taste of these people from 'below,' who actually preferred a miserable white-fish to the best of beef brought

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up on ice all the way from Buffalo! There were picnics and walks, and much confusion of historical dates respecting Father Marquette and the irrepressible, omnipresent Pontiac. The Fort officers did much escort duty; their buttons gilded every scene. Our quiet surgeon was foremost in everything.

" 'I am surprised! I had no idea Dr. Prescott was so gay,' said the major's wife.

" 'I should not think of calling him gay,' I answered.

" 'Why, my dear Mrs. Corlyne! He is going all the time. Just ask Augusta.'

"Augusta thereupon remarked that society, to a certain extent, was beneficial; that she considered Dr. Prescott much improved; really, he was now very 'nice.'

"I silently protested against the word. But then I was not a Bostonian.

"One bright afternoon I went through the village, round the point into the French quarter, in search of a laundress. The fishermen's cottages faced the west; they were low and wide, not unlike scows drifted ashore and moored on the beach for houses. The little windows had gay curtains fluttering in the breeze, and the rooms within looked clean and cheery; the rough walls were adorned with the spoils of the fresh-water seas, shells, green stones, agates, spar, and curiously shaped pebbles; occasionally there was a stuffed water-bird, or a bright-colored print, and always a violin. Black-eyed children played in the water which bordered their narrow beach-gardens; and slender women, with shining black hair, stood in their door-ways knitting. I found my laundress, and then went on to Jeannette's home, the last house in the row. From the mother, a Chippewa

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woman, I learned that Jeannette was with her French father at the fishing-grounds off Drummond's Island.

" 'How long has she been away?' I asked.

" 'Veeks four,' replied the mother whose knowledge of English was confined to the price-list of white-fish and blueberries, the two articles of her traffic with the boarding-house keepers.

" 'When will she return?'

" '*Je n'sais.*"

"She knitted on, sitting in the sunshine on her little door-step, looking out over the western water with tranquil content in her beautiful, gentle eyes. As I walked up the beach I glanced back several times to see if she had the curiosity to watch me; but no, she still looked out over the western water. What was I to her? Less than nothing. A white-fish was more.

"A week or two later I strolled out to the Giant's Stairway and sat down in the little rock chapel. There was a picnic at the Lovers' Leap, and I had that side of the Island to myself. I was leaning back, half asleep, in the deep shadow, when the sound of voices roused me; a birch-bark canoe was passing close in shore, and two were in it,—Jeanette and our surgeon. I could not hear their words, but I noticed Rodney's expression as he leaned forward. Jeannette was paddling slowly; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes brilliant. Another moment, and a point hid them from my view. I went home troubled.

" 'Did you enjoy the picnic, Miss Augusta?' I said, with assumed carelessness, that evening. 'Dr. Prescott was there, as usual, I suppose?'

" 'He was not present, but the picnic was highly enjoy-

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able,' replied Augusta, in her even voice and impartial manner.

" 'The Doctor has not been with us for some days,' said the major's wife, archly; 'I suspect he does not like Mr. Piper.'

"Mr. Piper was a portly widower, of sanguine complexion, a Chicago produce-dealer, who was supposed to admire Miss Augusta, and was now going through a course of 'The Harp that once.'

"The last days of summer flew swiftly by; the surgeon himself held aloof; we scarcely saw him in the garrison circles, and I no longer met him in my rambles.

" 'Jealousy!' said the major's wife.

"September came. The summer visitors fled away homeward; the remaining 'Indian curiosities' were stored away for another season; the hotels were closed, and the forests deserted; the blue-bells swung unmolested on their heights, and the plump Indian-pipes grew in peace in their dark corners. The little white Fort, too, began to assume its winter manners; the storm-flag was hoisted; there were evening fires upon the broad hearth-stones; the chaplain, having finished everything about Balak, his seven altars, and seven rams, was ready for chess-problems; books and papers were ordered; stores laid in, and anxious inquiries made as to the 'habits' of the new mail-carrier,—for the mail-carrier was the hero of the winter, and if his 'habits' led him to whiskey, there was danger that our precious letters might be dropped all along the northern curve of Lake Huron.

"Upon this quiet matter-of-course preparation, suddenly, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came orders to leave.

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The whole garison, officers and men, were ordered to Florida.

"In a moment all was desolation. It was like being ordered into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Dense everglades, swamp-fevers, malaria in the air, poisonous underbrush, and venomous reptiles and insects, and now and then a wily unseen foe picking off the men, one by one, as they painfully cut out roads through the thickets, —these were the features of military life in Florida at that period. Men who would have marched boldly to the cannon's mouth, officers who would have headed a forlorn hope, shrank from the deadly swamps.

"Families must be broken up also; no women, no children, could go to Florida. There were tears and the sound of sobbing in the little white Fort, as the poor wives, all young mothers, hastily packed their few possessions to go back to their fathers' houses, fortunate if they had fathers to receive them. The husbands went about in silence, too sad for words. Archie kept up the best courage; but he was young, and had no one to leave save me.

"The evening of the fatal day—for the orders had come in the early dawn—I was alone in my little parlor, already bare and desolate with packing-cases. The wind had been rising since morning, and now blew furiously from the west. Suddenly the door burst open and the surgeon entered. I was shocked at his appearance, as, pale, haggard, with disordered hair and clothing, he sank into a chair, and looked at me in silence.

" 'Rodney, what is it?' I said.

"He did not answer, but still looked at me with that strange gaze. Alarmed, I rose and went towards him, lay-

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ing my hand on his shoulder with a motherly touch. I loved the quiet, gray-eyed youth next after Archie.

"'What is it, my poor boy? Can I help you?'

"'O, Aunt Sarah, perhaps you can, for *you* know her.'

"'Her?' I repeated, with sinking heart.

"'Yes. Jeannette.'

"I sat down and folded my hands; trouble had come, but it was not what I had apprehended,—the old story of military life, love, and desertion; the ever-present ballad of the 'gay young knight who loves and rides away.' This was something different.

"'I love her,—I love her madly, in spite of myself,' said Rodney, pouring forth his words with feverish rapidity. 'I know it is an infatuation, I know it is utterly unreasonable, and yet—I love her. I have striven against it, I have fought with myself, I have written out elaborate arguments wherein I have clearly demonstrated the folly of such an affection, and I have compelled myself to read them over slowly, word for word, when alone in my own room, and yet—I love her! Ignorant! I know she would shame me; shallow, I know she could not satisfy me; as a wife she would inevitably drag me down to misery, and yet—I love her! I had not been on the Island a week before I saw her, and marked her beauty. Months before you invited her to the Fort I had become infatuated with her singular loveliness; but, in some respects, a race of the blood-royal could not be prouder than these French fishermen. They will not accept your money, they will cheat you, they will tell you lies for an extra shilling; but make one step toward a simple acquaintance, and the door will be shut in your face. They will bow down before you as a customer, but they will not have you for a friend. Thus I found it impossible to

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reach Jeannette. I do not say that I tried, for all the time I was fighting myself; but I went far enough to see the barriers. It seemed a fatality that you should take a fancy to her, have her here, and ask me to admire her,—admire the face that haunted me by day and by night, driving me mad with its beauty.

" 'I realized my danger, and called to my aid all the pride of my race. I said to my heart, "You shall not love this ignorant half-breed girl to your ruin." I reasoned with myself, and said, "It is only because you are isolated on this far-away Island. Could you present this girl to your mother? Could she be a companion for your sisters?" I was beginning to gain a firmer control over myself, in spite of her presence, when you unfolded your plan of education. Fatality again. Instantly a crowd of hopes surged up. The education you began, could I not finish? She was but young; a few years of careful teaching might work wonders. Could I not train this forest flower so that it could take its place in the garden? But, when I actually saw this full-grown woman unable to add the simplest sum or write her name correctly, I was again ashamed of my infatuation. It is one thing to talk of ignorance, it is another to come face to face with it. Thus I wavered, at one moment ready to give up all for pride, at another to give up all for love.

" 'Then came the malicious suggestion of negro blood. Could it be proved, I was free; that taint I could not pardon.' (And here, even as the surgeon spoke, I noticed this as the peculiarity of the New England Abolitionist. Theoretically he believed in the equality of the enslaved race, and stood ready to maintain the belief with his life, but practically he held himself entirely aloof from them; the Southern creed and practice were the exact reverse.) 'I

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made inquiries of Father Piret, who knows the mixed genealogy of the little French colony as far back as the first *voyageurs* of the fur trade, and found,—as I, shall I say hoped or feared?—that the insinuation was utterly false. Thus I was thrown back into the old tumult.

" 'Then came the evening in this parlor when Jeannette made the coffee and baked little cakes over the coals. Do you remember the pathos with which she chanted, "*File, file, pauvre Marie; File, file, pour le prisonnier*"? Do you remember how she looked when she repeated "Ivry"? Did that tender pity, that ringing inspiration, come from a dull mind and shallow heart? I was avenged of my enforced disdain, my love gave itself up to delicious hope. She was capable of education, and then—! I made a pretext of old Antoine's cough in order to gain an opportunity of speaking to her alone; but she was like a thing possessed, she broke from me and sprang over the icy cliff, her laugh coming back on the wind as I followed her down the dangerous slope. On she rushed, jumping from rock to rock, waving her hand in wild glee when the moon shone out, singing and shouting with merry scorn at my desperate efforts to reach her. It was a mad chase, but only on the plain below could I come up with her. There, breathless and eager, I unfolded to her my plan of education. I only went so far as this: I was willing to send her to school, to give her opportunities of seeing the world, to provide for her whole future. I left the story of my love to come afterward. She laughed me to scorn. As well talk of education to the bird of the wilderness! She rejected my offers, picked up snow to throw in my face, covered me with her French sarcasms, danced around me in circles, and mocked, until I was at a loss to know whether she was hu-

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man. Finally, as a shadow darkened the moon, she fled away; and when it passed she was gone, and I was alone on the snowy plain.

" 'Angry, fierce, filled with scorn for myself, I determined to crush out my senseless infatuation. I threw myself into such society as we had; I assumed an interest in that inane Miss Augusta; I read and studied far into the night; I walked until sheer fatigue gave me tranquility; but all I gained was lost in that encounter on the Arch; you remember it? When I saw her on that narrow bridge, my love burst its bonds again, and, senseless as ever, rushed to save her,—to save her, poised on her native rocks, where every inch was familiar from childhood! To save her,—sure-footed and light as a bird! I caught her. She struggled in my arms angrily, as an imprisoned animal might struggle, but—so beautiful! The impulse came to me to spring with her into the gulf below, and so end the contest forever. I might have done it,—I cannot tell,—but, suddenly she wrenched herself out of my arms and fled over the Arch, to the farther side. I followed, trembling, blinded, with the violence of my emotion. At that moment I was ready to give up my life, my soul, into her hands.

" 'In the woods beyond she paused, glanced over her shoulder toward me, then turned eagerly. "*Voilà,*" she said, pointing. I looked down and saw several silver pieces that had dropped from my pocket, and, with an impatient gesture, I thrust them aside with my foot.

" ' "*Non,*" she cried, turning toward me and stooping eagerly,—"so much! O, so much! See! four shillings!" Her eyes glistened with longing as she held the money in her hand and fingered each piece lovingly.

" 'The sudden revulsion of feeling produced by her

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words and gesture filled me with fury. "Keep it, and buy yourself a soul if you can!" I cried; and turning away, I left her with her gains.

" ' "*Merci, monsieur,*" she answered gayly, all unmindful of my scorn; and off she ran, holding her treasure tightly clasped in both hands. I could hear her singing far down the path.

" 'It is a bitter thing to feel a scorn for yourself! Did I love this girl who stooped to gather a few shillings from under my feet? Was it, then, impossible for me to conquer this ignoble passion? No; it could not and it should not be! I plunged again into all the gayety; I left myself not one free moment; if sleep came not, I forced it to come with opiates; Jeannette had gone to the fishing-grounds, the weeks passed, I did not see her. I had made the hardest struggle of all, and was beginning to recover myself when, one day, I met her in the woods with some children; she had returned to gather blueberries. I looked at her. She was more gentle than usual, and smiled. Suddenly, as an embankment which has withstood the storms of many winters gives way at last in a calm summer night, I yielded. Without one outward sign, I laid down my arms. Myself knew that the contest was over, and my other self rushed to her feet.

" 'Since then, I have often seen her; I have made plan after plan to meet her; I have,—O, degrading thought!—paid her to take me out in her canoe, under the pretense of fishing. I no longer looked forward; I lived only in the present, and thought only of when and where I could see her. Thus it has been until this morning, when the orders came. Now, I am brought face to face with reality; I must go; can I leave her behind? For hours I have been wan-

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dering in the woods. Aunt Sarah,—it is of no use,—I cannot live without her; I must marry her.'

" 'Marry Jeannette!' I exclaimed.

" 'Even so.'

" 'An ignorant half-breed?'

" 'As you say, an ignorant half-breed.'

" 'You are mad, Rodney.'

" 'I know it.'

"I will not repeat all I said; but, at last, silenced, if not convinced, by the power of this great love, I started with him out into the wild night to seek Jeannette. We went through the village and round the point, where the wind met us, and the waves broke at our feet with a roar. Passing the row of cabins, and their twinkling lights, we reached the home of Jeanette and knocked at the low door. The Indian mother opened it. I entered, without a word, and took a seat near the hearth, where a drift-wood fire was burning. Jeannette came forward with a surprised look. 'You little think what good fortune is coming to you, child,' I thought, as I noted her coarse dress and the poor furniture of the little room.

"Rodney burst at once into his subject.

" 'Jeannette,' he said, going toward her, 'I have come to take you away with me. You need not go to school; I have given up that idea,—I accept you as you are. You shall have silk dresses and ribbons, like the ladies at the Mission-House this summer. You shall see all the great cities, you shall hear beautiful music. You shall have everything you want,—money, bright shillings, as many as you wish. See! Mrs. Corlyne has come with me to show you that it is true. This morning we had orders to leave Mackinac; in a few days we must go. But—listen, Jeannette;

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I will marry you. You shall be my wife. Do not look so startled. I mean it; it is really true.'

" '*Qu'est-ce-que-c'est?*' said the girl, bewildered by the rapid, eager words.

" 'Dr. Prescott wishes to marry you, child,' I explained, somewhat sadly, for never had the disparity between them seemed so great. The presence of the Indian mother, the common room, were like silent protests.

" 'Marry!' ejaculated Jeannette.

" 'Yes, love,' said the surgeon, ardently. 'It is quite true; you shall be my wife. Father Piret shall marry us. I will exchange into another regiment, or, if necessary, I will resign. Do you understand what I am saying, Jeannette? See! I give you my hand, in token that it is true.'

"But, with a quick bound, the girl was across the room. 'What!' she cried. 'You think I marry *you?* Have you not heard of Baptiste? Know, then, that I love one finger of him more than all you, ten times, hundred times.'

" 'Baptiste?' repeated Rodney.

" '*Oui, mon cousin,* Baptiste, the fisherman. We marry soon—*tenez*—*la fête de Saint André.*'

"Rodney looked bewildered a moment, then his face cleared. 'Oh! a child engagement? That is one of your customs, I know. But never fear; Father Piret will absolve you from all that. Baptiste shall have a fine new boat; he will let you off for a handful of silver-pieces. Do not think of that, Jeannette, but come to me—'

" '*Je vous abhorre; je vous deteste,*' cried the girl with fury as he approached. 'Baptiste not love me? He love me more than boat and silver dollar,—more than all the world! And I love him; I die for him! *Allez-vous-en, traître!*'

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"Rodney had grown white; he stood before her, motionless, with fixed eyes.

" 'Jeannette,' I said in French, 'perhaps you do not understand. Dr. Prescott asks you to marry him; Father Piret shall marry you, and all your friends shall come. Dr. Prescott will take you away from this hard life; he will make you rich; he will support your father and mother in comfort. My child, it is wonderful good fortune. He is an educated gentleman, and loves you truly.'

" 'What is that to me?' replied Jeannette, proudly. 'Let him go, I care not.' She paused a moment. Then, with flashing eyes, she cried, 'Let him go with his fine new boat and silver dollars! He does not believe me? See, then, how I despise him!' And, rushing forward, she struck him on the cheek.

"Rodney did not stir, but stood gazing at her while the red mark glowed on his white face.

" 'You know not what love is,' said Jeannette, with indescribable scorn. 'You! *You! Ah, mon Baptiste, où es-tu?* But thou wilt kill him,—kill him for his boats and silver dollars!'

" 'Child!' I said, startled at her fury.

" 'I am not a child. *Je suis femme, moi!*' replied Jeannette, folding her arms with haughty grace. "*Allez!*" she said, pointing toward the door. We were dismissed. A queen could not have made a more royal gesture.

"Throughout the scene the Indian mother had not stopped her knitting.

"In four days we were afloat, and the little white Fort was deserted. It was a dark afternoon, and we sat clustered on the stern of the steamer, watching the flag come slowly

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down from its staff in token of the departure of the commanding officer. 'Isle of Beauty, fare thee well,' sang the major's fair young wife, with the sound of tears in her sweet voice.

" 'We shall return,' said the officers. But not one of them ever saw the beautiful Island again.

"Rodney Prescott served a month or two in Florida, 'taciturn and stiff as ever,' Archie wrote. Then he resigned suddenly and went abroad. He has never returned, and I have lost all trace of him, so that I cannot say, from any knowledge of my own, how long the feeling lived,—the feeling that swept me along in its train down to the beach-cottage that wild night.

"Each man who reads this can decide for himself.

"Each woman has decided already."

"Last year I met an Islander on the cars, going eastward. It was the first time he had ever been 'below'; but he saw nothing to admire, that dignified citizen of Mackinac!

" 'What has become of Jeannette Leblanc?' I asked.

" 'Jeannette? O, she married that Baptiste, a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow! They live in the same little cabin round the point, and pick up a living most anyhow for their tribe of young ones.'

" 'Are they happy?'

" 'Happy?' repeated my Islander, with a slow stare. 'Well, I suppose they are, after their fashion; I don't know much about them."

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CHAPTER XIX

JEAN NICOLET[1]

"MACKINAC ISLAND, the most romantic spot of the northern lakes, the 'Fairy Isle' of poetry, has long been famous as a place of historic interest; the interest of the people of the state has grown steadily in the Island especially since the United States ceded it to the state of Michigan for the purpose of a state park. In 1895 the Mackinac Island State Park Commission was established to care for it, and among other measures they have adopted to beautify the storied rocks and cliffs of the Island, the Commission has given to each an appropriate name, principally from the annals of Michigan's history; from time to time the Commission will erect appropriate tablets commemorating the lives of those who have rendered distinguished service to Michigan, to the region of the Great Lakes and to the nation.

"It is appropriate that the first of these memorial tablets should be dedicated to John (Jean) Nicolet, the first man of the white race to pass through the Straits of Mackinac and to set foot upon the soil of what is now Michigan. It is placed at one of the best viewpoints of the Island, above Arch Rock, overlooking the Straits and commanding one of the finest marine views in America.

[1] The material in this chapter of *Historic Mackinac* is taken from Bulletin No. 6, of the Michigan Historical Commission, entitled *Nicolet Day on Mackinac Island.*

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"The ceremonies at the dedication of the tablet took place on Mackinac Island, July 13, 1915. The arrangements for the occasion were made by Hon. Edwin O. Wood, a member both of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission and of the Michigan Historical Commission, under the auspices of which organizations the exercises were conducted.

"Mr. John F. Hogan, of Detroit, editor of 'The Gateway,' acted as chairman. Among the speakers, besides the chairman, were Mr. Wood, representing the Mackinac Island State Park Commission; the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., of New York, author and historian; and the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL. D., of Kalamazoo, President of the Michigan Historical Commission, and Lawton T. Hemans, chairman of the Michigan Railroad Commission.

"Among those present were: Mr. William L. Jenks, of Port Huron; Professor Claude H. Van Tyne, head of the department of History in the University of Michigan and member of the Michigan Historical Commission; Mr. Walter O. Briggs, member of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, and Mrs. Briggs; Mr. William H. Hughes, of Detroit, editor of *The Michigan Catholic;* the Rev. P. A. Mullins and Rev. J. L. McGeary, of Loyola University, Chicago; Rev. R. Champion, of Ecorse; Hon. George W. Weaver, treasurer of Charlevoix County; Mr. James H. Began, Dr. and Mrs. Robert H. Harvey, Mr. E. Puttkammer, Mr. George B. Chambers, Mr. W. A. Amberg, State Senator James C. Wood, of Manistique, and J. J. Cleary, of Escanaba. Representative citizens were present from St. Ignace, Mackinaw City, Cheboygan and every part of Michigan. More than twenty-five states were represented by those in attendance on this occasion.

"Among the letters of regret received were the following:

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"UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH. 'I have received the invitation to be present at the unveiling of the bronze tablet to the memory of John Nicolet, whose deeds of valor and knightly heroism challenge the admiration of his countrymen. I express the sincere hope that nothing may occur to mar the ceremony which you have planned and that a revival of interest in this truly great man may prove an inspiration to us all.'

"PROF. A. C. MCLAUGHLIN, *University of Chicago.* 'I congratulate the Historical Commission on the worthy work it has undertaken.'

"RT. REV. M. J. HOBAN, D. D., *Bishop of Scranton, Pa.* 'The Michigan Historical Commission deserves great credit for their zeal in commemorating the achievements of the famous pioneers of the Northwest.'

"FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS. 'I am just in receipt of an invitation to attend the unveiling of a bronze tablet in honor of John Nicolet. Of course I am denied the privilege of being present; nevertheless I want to congratulate you upon the event.'

"RT. REV. JAMES MCGOLRICK, D.D., *Bishop of Duluth.* 'In honoring this early hero of the Northwest the Michigan Historical Commission does honor to itself and to all those connected with its work.'

"MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D., *Archbishop of St. Paul.* 'I heartily congratulate the Michigan Historical Commission on the good work it is doing by perpetuating the names of the early discoverers of the Northwest. We owe to them a debt of gratitude which we should take every opportunity to repay. Among them John Nicolet stands out very prominently and it is well that his memory receive due honor.'

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EXERCISES ON NICOLET DAY

"July 13, 1915, was a beautiful day, such as Jean Nicolet may have enjoyed on his journey through the Straits of Mackinac in the Summer of 1634. The Island was at its best. The air was still, so that every syllable uttered could be distinctly heard. The speaker's platform was placed just above Arch Rock, overlooking the Straits, from whence the birch-bark canoe of Nicolet, paddled by his Indian guides, could have been clearly seen on that summer day long ago.

"The exercises were appropriately introduced by the

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN F. HOGAN, CHAIRMAN

" 'Members of the Michigan Historical Commission, the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, Reverend Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen:

" 'The question has been asked over and over again, Why does not Michigan pay deserved tribute to those explorers and missionaries who came here several hundred years ago and opened the way to civilization? Why has not our state preserved, in tangible form, the names and records of their early achievements so that future generations may know and understand the lessons of their early sacrifices and thus appreciate all the more, the invaluable heritage they left us?

" 'Happily, this question need no longer be asked. The Michigan Historical Commission, created in 1913 by act of the legislature, is now officially charged with the task of collecting historical relics and compiling historical data for Michigan's history. The six members of the Commission, recognized throughout the country as distinguished authors

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and historians, eminently qualified for the difficult position they occupy, have given their services freely and gladly to this noble and enduring work. To them has been assigned the task of delving into the early records of discoverers,—of collecting, analyzing and compiling the many thousands of pamphlets so that an accurate, complete account of the early history of Michigan may be preserved for future generations. When it is stated that more than two hundred names of explorers, missionaries, statesmen, authors, and military officers have been accepted as entitled to enter the Michigan Hall of Fame, the task of the Commission may be dimly understood.

" 'In carrying out its purposes, the Commission agreed that the names and discoveries of these early explorers and missionaries should be commemorated by placing memorial tablets throughout the state park, so that we of today and tomorrow may understand to whom we owe our present civilization. The assistance, therefore, of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission was solicited, and the plans for the Nicolet Day celebration were prepared under their joint auspices. These exercises here today are the result.

" 'When the list of speakers for to-day's celebration was being prepared, Rt. Rev. Chas. D. Williams, the distinguished head of the Episcopal Diocese of Detroit, was selected to deliver the invocation. An unexpected summons, however, called him to New York; the committee was in a quandary; who could acceptably fill the position?

" 'At this most trying time, Hon. A. T. Hert of Louisville, whose extensive estate is one of the most beautiful attractions on the Island, came to the rescue by suggesting that one of his guests, a former resident of Detroit, might be induced to undertake the task. The suggestion was gladly

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received and accepted and Mr. Hert was empowered to make such arrangements. That he has fulfilled his mission most completely, you will all presently agree.'

"The Chairman then introduced the Rt. Rev. C. D. Woodcock, Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky.

"The address of welcome was made by Hon. William P. Preston, Mayor of Mackinac Island, which was responded to by Hon. Edwin O. Wood, vice-president of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, as follows:

" 'MR. CHAIRMAN: I would not mar this program by extended remarks. I will only say that it is a pleasant privilege to respond to this greeting and welcome given us by my friend Mayor Preston. My first interest in Mackinac came through the knowledge of its beauties and historic setting, imparted to me by Colonel Preston.

" 'I congratulate you upon this splendid gathering, brought together to honor a noble character, whose activities in the work of Christianizing the Indians should give him an enduring place in American history.

" 'In my mind there is associated a sacred and religious sentiment in connection with Mackinac Island and the Mackinac country. Here, those self-sacrificing martyrs and heroes, the Jesuit missionaries, labored and suffered, to teach the savages the story of the Cross; and we are fortunate today, not only in the eminence and eloquence of those who are to address us, but especially in the presence of a noted scholar and historian, who has honored this occasion by journeying from New York to tell us of Jean Nicolet. We are indebted to the President of the Michigan Historical Commission, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D., for the bringing of Father Campbell here, and one and all, we wish to make grateful acknowledgment.

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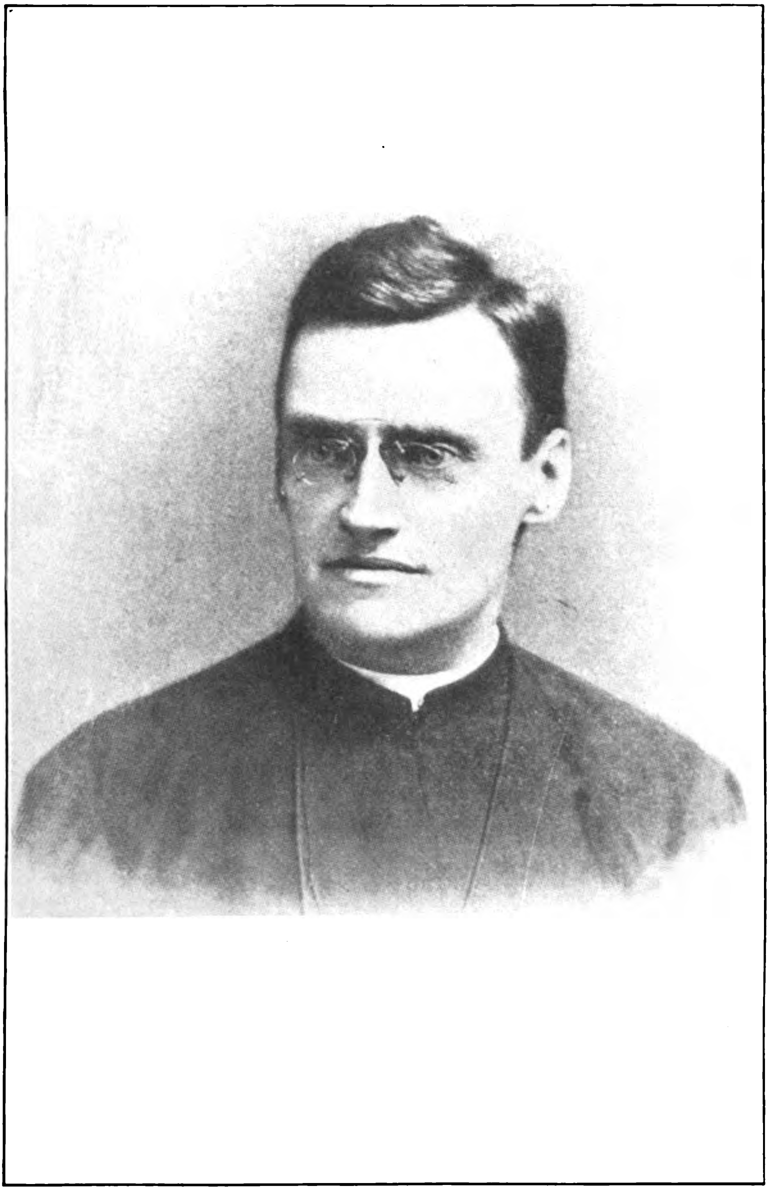

REV. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J.
The well known author and scholar

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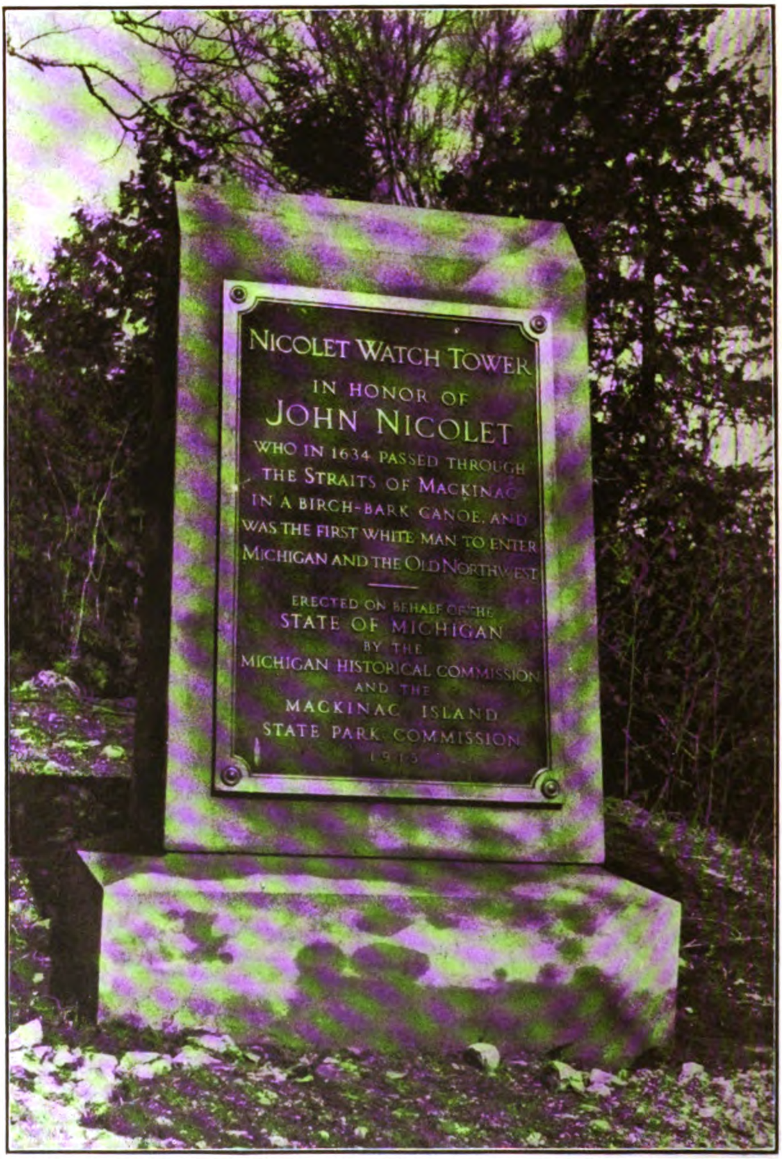

JOHN NICOLET MEMORIAL TABLET, MACKINAC ISLAND

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" 'Mayor Preston, we thank you for the warm and generous welcome you have accorded to us. You are Mayor of the most beautiful city in the world, and you number among your population summer residents from every part of the Union. That this event may stimulate and foster the study of the history of Michigan and the Old Northwest is my earnest hope.'

"The speaker of the day was the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., author of *Pioneer Priests of America*, and *Pioneer Laymen of America.* His address follows:

" 'The memorial tablet of Jean Nicolet which has been affixed to the rocks of the Island of Mackinac, is not only the record of a notable historical event, but is also the declaration of a doctrine. It is a protest against a philosophical theory prevalent at the present day, which makes man the creature as well as the victim of his environment—a theory which assails the dignity of human nature, by robbing it of its freedom of will, and connotes a mental attitude despised even by the old pagans themselves. "The just man," sings the famous Roman poet, "will persist in his purpose; and even if the whole world were to crash about his head, he will stand amid the ruins undismayed." The Christian view is not content even with this, and proclaims that he alone is the true hero who makes disaster itself contribute to his glory.

" 'Jean Nicolet was not a great explorer, like Champlain; he was not a picturesque Governor, like Frontenac; not a daring fighter, like Iberville; not even a successful discoverer, like Marquette; nor a martyr, like his friends Brébeuf, Jogues, Daniel, Garnier, and Garreau. He occupied no conspicuous position in the official world; he was

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not entrusted with the building or moulding or modifying of a commonwealth or a colony; he was simply an employe in a trading post; an Indian interpreter, who passed the longest and most ambitious period of his life amid surroundings that were calculated to tear out of his heart not only every noble aspiration, but every recollection of Christianity and civilization. Yet he was a man who was not only not influenced or harmed by them, but who made them minister to his advancement in the noblest qualities that adorn humanity.

" 'In being such, Nicolet achieved a greater glory than the one which this tablet specifically commemorates: namely, his entrance into a new and unknown territory. Being so concealed from the public gaze, and engaged in work that usually escapes recognition, it is a remarkable tribute to his work, that after almost three hundred years, he should be selected by a great Commonwealth as particularly worthy of honor. He is not only the first white man who appeared in what is now the state of Michigan, but he is a man whose virtues may be proposed to the youth of the country as an example and an inspiration.

" 'Nicolet was a mere lad when he stepped ashore at Quebec in 1618; and the conditions that prevailed there, at that time, must have filled him with consternation and dismay. For ten years the heroic Champlain had been struggling with adversity, and each year only brought him nearer to the brink of destruction and despair. He was in the relentless grip of a Fur Company that not only owned the colony, but had determined to defeat the magnificent project of making it a mighty appanage of the crown of France, and of increasing the glory and power of the mother country in the New World. For the traders, it was to be merely a

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post for the making of money. The establishment of a colony of Europeans, and the conversion and civilization of the savages, or the higher considerations of patriotism, did not enter into their calculations; and Champlain was thwarted at every step.

" 'The result was, that while the English colony of Jamestown in Virginia had, about that time, four thousand settlers, who owned their own lands and made their own laws, Quebec had no more than forty or fifty people, even including the employes of the Company and the missionaries, and they were all dependent on the heartless corporation even for bread to eat. The fort was in a state of dilapidation and decay; no assistance could be obtained even to repair its walls, and the countless journeys of Champlain across the ocean to plead for his wretched colony only met with apathy and unconcern, or with promises that were never kept. In spite of it all, however, he kept up the unequal fight. Though beaten and beaten again, he persevered, in spite of accumulated disasters which would have crushed any ordinary man, until at last, after more than a quarter of a century, he won the glory of being classed among the greatest men in the history of the Western World.

" 'It must have been the contemplation of Champlain's splendid personality that inspired young Nicolet to live in like manner in the humble career in which Providence had placed him. Around him were a number of young reprobates whose names are infamous in Canadian history: Vignau, who endeavored to murder Champlain; Brulé, whose morals were so depraved that he was killed by the savages; and Marsollet, who, though not so base as the others, proved a traitor when Quebec succumbed to the English. Not only with these and their similars did Nico-

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let have nothing to do, but he, by his example, unconsciously no doubt, but truly nevertheless, inaugurated that long line of youthful Canadian heroes whose equals it would be difficult to find in the history of any other country. There was, for example, young François Marguerie, the idol of the colony, a splendid Indian fighter, of whom it is recorded that once when he stood with his sword at the throat of a savage, he dropped it, saying: "If I kill him I shall be killed instantly. If I am tortured to death I shall have more time to prepare," and he surrendered. There was his companion, Normanville, who would travel hundreds of miles, in mid-winter, to get a priest for a sick Indian, and who, after a life of adventures ending in the valiant defense of Three Rivers, was burned at the stake on the Mohawk; there was Charles Le Moyne, the defender of Montreal when he was only a stripling, who, besides the memory of his countless exploits, left as a heritage to New France a remarkable family of heroes such as Iberville, Longueuil, Sainte-Heléne, Bienville, Chateaugay and the rest, and omitting a throng of others—like Goupil, Couture, Lalande and the wonderful Christian Indian boy, Armand Jean, who reflected honor on the great Cardinal Richelieu after whom he was named—it will be sufficient to recall the memory of the glorious sixteen under Daulac or Dollard (only one of whom was above thirty) who, in spite of their youth and inexperience, withstood eight hundred Iroquois, and by the sacrifice of their lives, for every one fell, saved New France from utter destruction. Jean Nicolet was the first leader of this glorious line.

" 'The first test to which he was put was his appointment as interpreter on Allumette Island, far up the Ottawa. No doubt, like any other healthy boy, he was fascinated by the

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wild beauty of the region through which he passed on his first journey into the depths of the country. He had never seen anything equal to the Rideau as it dropped curtain-like into the mighty river beneath; nothing so terrible as the Chaudière where the Indians, descending or ascending the stream, performed their incantations, to propitiate the evil spirits that dwelt in the boiling waters; nothing so startling as the angry leap of the waters over the rocks of the Calumet, where today stands, under the pines, the gleaming marble shaft, *a la mémoire de Cadieux,* who in his days, was to be another Nicolet. All this doubtless amazed and delighted him; but the poetry of the life was soon dissipated when he found himself in the grossness and squalor and filth, both physical and moral, of the Algonquin wigwams. The aborigines were far from being the noble creatures depicted by Fenimore Cooper and other romancers, but were steeped in the foulest vices. Again and again the missionaries protested against leaving young and unprotected boys in such surroundings, without any religious assistance to keep them from becoming as bad as the savages themselves; but the traders, whose employee Nicolet was, considered moral disasters of very little importance if the storehouses at Quebec were filled with furs.

" 'In that place, young Nicolet remained for two years, completely mastering the various Algonquin dialects, and exercising such an influence over his Indian friends that he was able to lead four hundred of their braves down to the Mohawk to make a treaty of peace with the terrible Iroquois.

" 'Of course this embassy was due, in large measure at least, to Champlain; and it goes far to exculpate him from the charge, so frequently urged against him, that the long

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series of Iroquois wars was the result of his indiscretion. As a matter of fact, the battles of Lake Champlain and Cap au Massacre were unavoidable; for the Iroquois were actually invading the country and had to be repelled, if an indiscriminate massacre of red and white men alike was to be averted. To have made a treaty of peace so soon after the battle of Oneida, clearly shows the falsity of the accusation that the Iroquois nourished an implacable hatred of the French. After Nicolet's visit to them, the incursions ceased, and were renewed only when the incompetency and blundering of some of Champlain's successors prompted the Indians to dig up the hatchet and renew their depredations.

" 'Nicolet remained for two years on Allumette Island, and was then transferred to the Nippisirien country which the missionaries called the land of the sorcerers, because, day and night, the drum of the medicine-men was heard on the lake or in the forests conjuring the evil spirits. Evidently a great change had been wrought in the disposition of the Indians of those regions, and it was most likely the result of Nicolet's skill in managing them. Only a few years before, Champlain was warned that it was as much as his life was worth to venture among them; but young Nicolet not only established a trading post among them, but was adopted by the tribe, became one of their great chiefs, with a voice in their most solemn councils, and participated in all their hunting and warlike expeditions. In this place he lived nine consecutive years, undergoing all the hardships of the savages; we hear of him frequently passing two or three days without a morsel to eat, and on one occasion supporting life for five or six weeks by gnawing the bark of the forest trees. Of these adventures he kept a record and

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gave it to the Jesuit Fathers, but we have been unable to lay hands upon it.

"'It was during this period that an overwhelming disaster befell the colony, in the capture of what was supposed to be the stronghold of Quebec. In 1628, while Champlain was anxiously waiting for supplies from Europe, to stave off starvation from the garrison and the colony, an English ship under the famous Kirke, appeared in the river and demanded the surrender of the fort. The garrison had absolutely no food at the time, and there were but fifty pounds of powder in the magazine; but Champlain defied the enemy to make the assault. Astounded by the answer, Kirke actually lifted anchor, and sailed down the river; but the next year three ships appeared, the French flag was hauled down from the citadel, and the banner of England floated in its place.

"'It was on this occasion that the dastardly character of young Brulé and Marsollet displayed itself. They had revealed the helpless condition of the garrison to the enemy, and were on the very ships that had come to demand the surrender of the city. Absolutely unlike them was Jean Nicolet. He remained at his post among the Nippisiriens, and waited for better times.

"'In 1632, Champlain came back again, no longer in the fetters of the trading company, but as the Lieutenant of Richelieu and the first governor of New France. After a fight of twenty-four years, he had triumphed, and only then did the colony on the St. Lawrence begin to live. Nicolet was recalled from the interior and given charge of the trading post at Three Rivers.

"'It was during this period that Nicolet was commissioned by Champlain to discover the great river that was

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supposed to empty into the Western Sea. He was thus about to realize the dream that had haunted the imagination of Europe for centuries about the passage to China or Cathay. The delusion had assumed a new form after the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes had been explored. The sapient geographers of the world judged that as there was a mighty river flowing east from the center of the continent, these must be a corresponding one flowing west, to preserve the equilibrium. To find it, Nicolet set out from Three Rivers, and this was the reason why his wanderings led him to the Island of Mackinac. He came dressed as a Chinese mandarin, in a gorgeous robe of damask which was richly embroidered with figures of birds and flowers, in the hope of awakening some long-buried atavistic memories in the minds of the savages who were supposed by the learned men of the times to be of Asiatic origin.

" 'On the other hand, it is difficult to conceive that either Champlain or Nicolet shared in this delusion. They both knew the Indians too well. Champlain had passed a whole winter among the Hurons, and his account of the habits and character of those savages is, today, a classic for the ethnological student. Nicolet had lived eleven years among the Algonquins and Nippisiriens, and he also was perfectly well aware that, apart from some mythological nonsense about their origin, there was no tradition of anything whatever connecting them with the Chinese. Indeed, it is quite possible that it was merely to satisfy some theorist in France or Quebec that the masquerade was adopted.

" 'The report of Nicolet's coming, however, as the great representative of the white men, to arrange for a treaty of peace was, of course, rapidly spread among the tribes and, somewhere on the shores of Lake Michigan, four or five

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thousand Indians assembled to meet him. It was an amazing spectacle for them. The distinguished envoy whom doubtless many of them had known at Allumette and Lake Nippising, was no longer in his usual attire of a hunter, but in a splendid robe such as they had never seen before. On either side of him great poles were erected on which numberless presents were displayed. In his hands he held two ponderous horse-pistols, and after haranguing the Indians in their own language and expatiating on the desirability of a lasting and universal peace with the supreme chief at Quebec, he lifted up his instruments of war towards the sky. A terrible explosion followed, and the squaws, and perhaps many of the braves, scampered away in terror from the mighty man who held the thunders of heaven in his hands. They soon recovered their senses, however, and as no one was injured, they returned to express their satisfaction with the proposals of peace and the presents which he had come to offer. But from none of them could Nicolet learn anything of China, nor did he find the great river that flowed into the Pacific, though he reported on his return to Quebec, that a few days' journey would have carried him thither. It is somewhat surprising that he did not continue his search, but possibly it was because the river they spoke of took a southerly, and not a westerly course, and could not therefore be the one he was sent out to find. Had he continued, he would have anticipated Marquette by nearly forty years.

" 'This was in 1634. On Christmas day, 1635, the great Champlain, worn out by his life of hardships and perhaps by the worry to which he had been subjected from the first day he built his miserable hut at the rock of Quebec, at last went to his well-merited reward. He was succeeded by

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Montmagny, whose name, Onontio, an Indian translation of Great Mountain, remained as the descriptive designation of all subsequent governors of Quebec. Montmagny was a worthy successor of Champlain, whom he took for a model, and during his long tenure of office did efficient work in building up the colony, in spite of the apathy of the home government wihch left him almost without resources. Louis XIV was too busy with his European enemies to find time enough to learn of the importance of his colonial possessions.

" 'At last, some one stirred up the Iroquois; and then Canada entered upon the bloody epoch of her history. Three Rivers, where Nicolet was living, was the central point of attack, and the St. Lawrence was swarming with Iroquois in war paint. Brébeuf had come down from the upper country, and had narrowly escaped with his life on his way down to Quebec. The war, however, was not precisely against the whites. It was an attack on the old foes of the Iroquois, the Algonquins, but the French of course were involved. It was at this juncture that young Marguerie returned from captivity as an Iroquois envoy and was sent to the French fort to arrange a treaty of peace.

" 'But in spite of it all, warlike preparations were soon made; forts were built on the other side of the St. Lawrence; Montmagny came up from Quebec to direct the fight if it should assume large proportions; there were raids and captures here and there, and in the mêlée we see the figure of Nicolet constantly appearing. He and Father Ragueneau are crossing and recrossing the St. Lawrence again and again, entering the forts of the Iroquois, at the risk of their lives, to plead for a reconciliation, until finally, after some

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show of fight on the part of the invaders, a temporary calm resulted. This was in the year 1641.

" 'Soon afterwards Nicolet was summoned to Quebec to take the place of his brother-in-law, Le Tardif, as chief official of the trading company. He was hardly there a month, when news came down from Three Rivers that a Sokoki Indian was about to be put to death by the Algonquins. This meant a renewal of hostilities, for the Sokokis of Maine were allies of the Iroquois and the execution of the captive had to be stopped at all hazards. It was then October 27; the ice was forming in the river, the night was coming on, but without a moment's hesitation Nicolet leaped aboard a shallop that was making for Sillery. While rounding the point a squall struck the boat, and in a moment the crew were struggling with icy waters. One by one they disappeared in the dark river, though only a short distance from shore. Nicolet and De Chavigny were soon the only ones left. At last, chilled by the bitter cold, and feeling his strength completely exhausted, Nicolet called out to his friend, "Make for the shore, De Chavigny, you can swim. Bid good-bye to my wife and children; I am going to God." The waves closed over him, and he was never seen again. De Chavigny succeeded in reaching the shore, and more dead than alive, staggered into the Jesuit house at Sillery, where he told the dreadful occurrence to Father de Brébeuf.

" 'The news spread consternation in the colony. The Indians especially were alarmed, for they had lost a friend, a protector, and a father, and they ran like crazy people up and down the bank of the river, crying 'Achirra! Achirra! Shall we never see thee more?' The whites too had reason to fear. No one exercised such an influence over the na-

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tives as Nicolet. He bent them without difficulty to his will, at any moment and for all kinds of enterprises.

" 'As a Christian, the missionaries bear testimony that the virtues of Nicolet were those of the apostolic times, and that even the most devoted priest might take him as a model of piety and self-sacrifice. Perhaps the best description of his character, in this respect, may be found in the list of books contained in his little library at Quebec. It consisted of: *The Metamorphosis of Ovid; The Relation of 1637; Portuguese Discoveries in the West Indies; Collection of Gazettes from 1634; The Art of Fencing, Inventory of Science; History of St. Ursula; Meditations on the Life of Christ; The Secretary of the Court; The Clock of Devotion; The Way to Live for God; Elements of Logic; The Holy Duties of a Devout Life; History of Portugal; Missal; Life of the Redeemer of the World; History of the West Indies; The Lives of the Saints* in folio.

" 'Such was Jean Nicolet; a man who occupied a very humble place, even in the miserable colony of Quebec, but who, by the force of his own irreproachable character exercised a most extraordinary influence for good, both among the colonists and the natives. From the very beginning of his career, though thrown into surroundings which had wrecked the lives of many of his compatriots and had changed them from the representatives of most excellent families into wild and depraved *coureurs de bois,* he had kept his own virtue untarnished. He was entrusted by his superiors with the most important missions, and was admired and loved by such men as De Brébeuf, Ragueneau, Jogues, and indeed by all the missionaries. In brief, he was a man of the world who at every stage of his short career would have been able to utter the same words that

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left his lips when the waters of the St. Lawrence were closing over him: "I am going to God."

" 'Michigan may well be proud of the first white man who set foot upon her soil.'

"THE CHAIRMAN: 'There is an old saying that comes to us from antiquity, "The noblest motive is the public good." This thought is exemplified in the work of Mackinac Island State Park Commission, as well as in that of the Michigan Historical Commission.

" 'About twenty-five years ago, a just congress ceded to the state of Michigan, for state park purposes, this part of Mackinac Island. To take charge of this park, the legislature created a commission, known as the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, giving it full authority and a small annual appropriation for its maintenance.

" 'It was therefore eminently fitting that the Michigan Historical Commission, charged by the legislature with the task of preserving Michigan history, should coöperate with the Mackinac Island State Park Commission in placing memorial tablets in honor of early explorers and missionaries in this state park. It is also becoming that the presentation of this tablet today, to the state of Michigan, should be made by the President of the Michigan Historical Commission.

" 'Monsignor O'Brien is so well known in the State, so beloved by all, that he needs no introduction by me. His ripe scholarship, his analytical mind, his reputation as a critic of history, as well as his recognized ability as an historian of Michigan and the Old Northwest, eminently qualifies him for the exalted position which he occupies. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D., of Kalamazoo,

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President of the Michigan Historical Commission, will now present the tablet of John Nicolet.'

ADDRESS OF RT. REV. MONSIGNOR O'BRIEN

" 'We have heard from the lips of one of the world's most noted historians, the graphically told story of the hero of the day. Little did John Nicolet think when he was attempting such wonders, that his memory would be cherished, that a bronze tablet would be erected to honor him, two hundred years after he had passed away.

" 'Nature had endowed Nicolet with wondrous gifts. Grace had supernaturalized his ambition into a burning fidelity to God and country. Others were blessed with great loyalty; others enjoyed a greater rank, but none possessed a nobler nature, a stronger arm, or a more devoted heart. He had the soldier's aspirations, without the soldier's love of greed. He had the love of victory, without the love of honors which it gave. He yearned for something great, yet he felt that the Old World would give him little to do; France had not been able to call his greatness into action. He sought other fields to increase his country's glory by discovery; he sought to spread God's Kingdom.

" 'Under the banner of the Cross he went forward. He led his chosen bands through wilds unknown. Swift as the lightning to resolve, he was as firm as a rock in execution. Where others hesitated, he quailed not. He was majestic, animated, resistless, and persistent.

" 'Nicolet did better than he knew; today he receives honors, which he won.'

"At this point Monsignor O'Brien unveiled the tablet.

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"THE CHAIRMAN: 'The absence of Judge Steere, of the Supreme Court of Michigan, necessitated the selection of some other well known man of Michigan to accept the tablet on behalf of the State. Fortunately, Honorable Lawton T. Hemans, although not in the best of health, was prevailed upon to represent the State in this capacity. A better choice for this honor could not have been made.

" 'I have had the pleasure—and it has been a great pleasure—to know Mr. Hemans for years. As a public representative in Lansing, and later, as candidate for Governor of Michigan, he endeared himself to all by his lovable and enduring qualities of heart and mind. His deep learning, his high character and his knowledge of the state of Michigan, both in the early times as well as today, gives him a standing possessed by few, and excelled by none. As a historian of Michigan, his books have received much deserved praise; as a man, his lovableness, his simplicity, his sterling character and broadmindedness, are known and appreciated; as a public official, his reputation is without stain.'

" 'It gives me great pleasure to introduce Honorable Lawton T. Hemans, Chairman of the Michigan Railroad Commission, and a member of the Michigan Historical Commission, who will accept the tablet on behalf of the State.'

"In felicitous and extremely appropriate words, Mr. Hemans accepted the tablet on behalf of the state of Michigan.

"THE CHAIRMAN: 'We will now close the exercises of the day by the audience rising and singing our national

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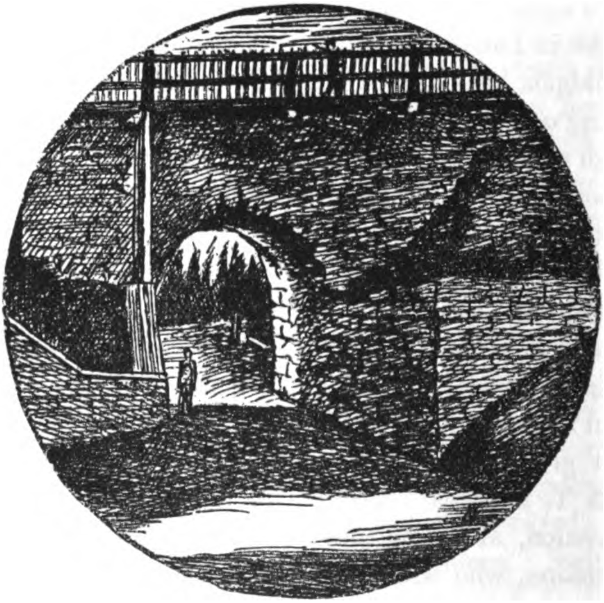
anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty, of Thee I Sing." ' "

Note.—Mayor Preston and Lawton T. Hemans, who took part in the program for the Nicolet Day exercises, were each called to their reward within less than two years.



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CHAPTER XX

LEWIS CASS DAY ON MACKINAC ISLAND

UNVEILING A MEMORIAL TABLET UNDER THE JOINT AUSPICES OF THE MICHIGAN HISTORICAL COMMISSION AND THE MACKINAC ISLAND STATE PARK COMMISSION

ON Saturday, August 28, 1915, the Mackinac Island State Park Commission and the Michigan Historical Commission, acting jointly for the people of Michigan, with appropriate ceremonies unveiled a bronze tablet marking "Cass Cliff," the bluff beyond and to the east of historic Fort Mackinac, in memory of Lewis Cass. This is the second tablet erected under similar auspices, to beautify the State Park and to commemorate the memory of men connected with the history of Michigan and the Old Northwest. The first tablet was dedicated to John (Jean) Nicolet, July 13, 1915; an account of the exercises on that occasion was published in the Michigan Historical Commission's Bulletin No. 6.

Hon. Edwin O. Wood, a member both of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission and of the Michigan Historical Commission, was appointed chairman for Lewis Cass Day exercises.

The speaker of the day was Hon. Edwin Henderson, a student of American history and especially of the life and services of General Cass; among the speakers were also Col. William P. Preston, Mayor of Mackinac Island; Rev. Seth Reed, of Flint, a friend and former neighbour of Gov-

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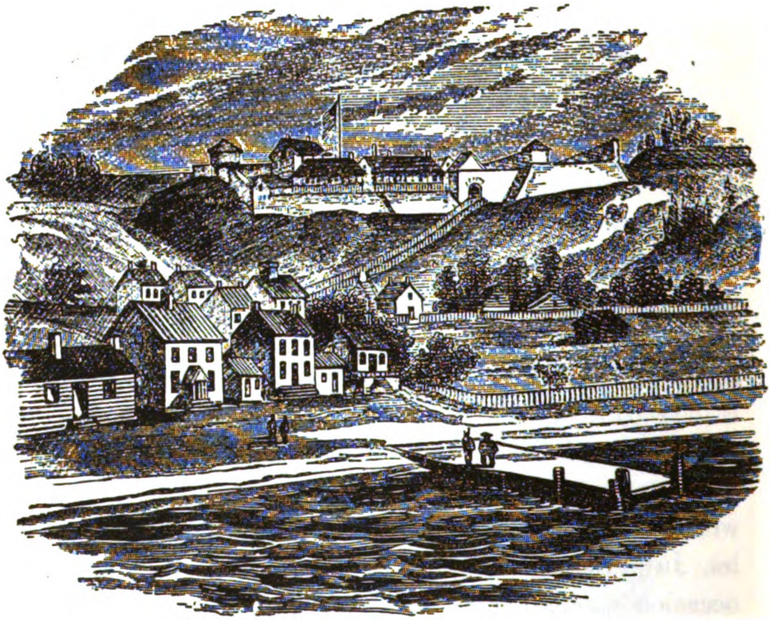
ernor Cass; United States Senator Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D., of Kalamazoo, President of the Michigan Historical Commission; and Hon. Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan.

Among others present were Mrs. Ferris, and Mr. Justice



FORT MACKINAC
From an early sketch

William R. Day, of the United States Supreme Court; men prominent in all walks of life were gathered there from nearly every State in the Union.

The tablet was provided by popular subscription. The committee in charge was Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris, chairman; Judge William F. Connolly, secretary; Col. William P. Preston, treasurer.

The scene on Mackinac Island at the celebration of Lewis

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Cass Day was deeply impressive. A procession formed at noon, and a band swung into march from its place near the waters of the harbor; with the roll of drums there came behind it the crew of jackies from the U. S. revenue cutter *Morrill;* behind them marched the Michigan National Guard from Cheboygan, as an escort to Governor Ferris; and after the militia came the carriages, with many distinguished guests from all parts of the country, winding on and up the steep road to historic old Fort Mackinac. They reached at length the old portiers where, enclosed by the stone walls, the tablet was unveiled. The permanent location of the tablet is to be at Cass Cliff, the east bluff adjoining Sinclair Grove on the east.

The white buildings, the green of summer, seen in glimpses above the roofs; the sparkling blue of the sky overhead, where the eye was caught by the fluttering of the flag from the tall shaft; below it, the age-green cannon; the mingling glare of color where the soldiers and sailors stood against the green carpet in the enclosure; the gay summer attire of the resorters; the beautiful children as they ran in and about the edge of the crowd—all made a fit setting for exercises to honor Lewis Cass, who throughout two decades of his young manhood gave his great energies that Michigan might enjoy the fruits of peace and prosperity.

Upon opening the exercises the chairman called upon the Rev. Dr. C. H. Hanks, chaplain of the tenth regiment of Ohio during the Spanish war, and later chaplain of the thirty-first regiment of the Michigan National Guard, who delivered the invocation.

At the close of the invocation, the chairman, after a word of greeting to the assembled guests, presented Col. William

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P. Preston, as "the chief executive of the City of Mackinac Island, who has in years gone by—for seventeen or eighteen years—been either the president or the mayor; first, when it was a village, and later, as a city, and this year named by his neighbors and friends, without opposition, to be the mayor of this city; the man, more than any one else, to whom we are indebted, in the hazardous and perilous and narrow channel in the Straits of Mackinac, for the splendid life-saving, or coast-guard station, which is now being erected. It is a privilege and an honor to present Mayor Preston, who will now address you."

Col. William P. Preston: "Governor Ferris, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, and our guests: I do not know whether this is a Biblical saying or not, or whether it is something that originated with our church people, but they say that an open confession is good for the soul; and I want to make that confession here today. Now, I had thought of a nice little historical speech that I expected to deliver here; but since we have the eloquent speakers that we have with us, I do not feel that I should take your time.

"A short time ago, my friends, we dedicated a tablet on this Island to John Nicolet, who, as history tells us, was the first white man that passed through the Straits of Mackinac. At the time of the unveiling of that tablet I said that it is not very often that even the chief executive of so small a city as ours, has the opportunity, and the honor, of extending a welcome to such a distinguished assemblage as we had with us on that day.

"But it seems that honors are sometimes like our troubles; they do not come singly. So today, I again have

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the privilege and the honor of extending a welcome to you who are here, to pay tribute to one of Michigan's greatest statesmen—in fact one of the greatest statesmen of our country, in his time. It is not my purpose to speak of the life, the character and the services of General Cass. I will leave that to men who are more able to do so than myself.

"It is impossible for an old soldier to get away from some sentiment, when he has an opportunity of expressing himself. You are here today in one of the most historic places in our country. You are on a spot where, with a very short interruption, the flag of our country has flown for a century and a quarter. You are here where these stone quarters have sheltered and harbored some of the most distinguished officers that served in the Mexican War, and in the Civil War, on both sides. Just one instance: General Pemberton, who surrendered to General Grant at Vicksburg in 1863, in one of the pivotal battles of the War, served at this Post; and I might go on and name many officers who gained distinction in that war, who were here at that time.

"And so I have a feeling of sentiment for this old Post; seven years of my life were spent in the army, two years and a half of it in this Post; so that I really have a sentiment for it in greater degree perhaps than would possibly exist with many others.

"If I should start in on our love of country, and our patriotism, and loyalty to our flag, I would not know where to stop, because with us old fellows who responded to the call of President Lincoln in 1861, we feel that love of country, and patriotism, and loyalty to our flag, is like that old, old story that we have heard so often, that we love so well, at Christmas time. We believe that that story and the love of country go hand in hand; because we are taught by our

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ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic: our God first, our country next.

"Now, in the name of our city, in the name of our beautiful Island, to you, Governor, and to Mrs. Ferris, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen, and to all of our guests, we extend a sincere and cordial welcome."

The following messages of regret were read:

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON: "It is a matter of most sincere and unaffected regret on my part that I cannot be present at the unveiling of the Cass Memorial at Mackinac on August 28, but I should not really be doing honor to a great statesman if I were to neglect my duties here in order to pay him my tribute of respect.

"All thoughtful students of American history must join you in thought and sympathy, as you render your tribute to a man who sought to serve the great nation which we love, and who has written his name with such honorable distinction upon its annals."

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH: "I regret beyond expression that I am unable to reach Mackinac Island for the program in honor of Lewis Cass, who honored Michigan by his wonderful character, ability and service during his years of public usefulness."

THE CHAIRMAN: "It has been a rule in my life not to announce upon any program one who cannot appear; and it had been my hope that the one who, more than any other, unless it be Mayor Preston, or the Governor, has worked for the success of this project, should either be the chairman or one of the speakers. I refer to one of Michigan's

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foremost men; I am glad on every occasion to pay tribute to the character, to the ability, to the public-spirited work, of Judge William F. Connolly, of Detroit.

"Judge Connolly has taken twenty-five hundred boys and young men, fathers and sons, who have for the first time committed an offense, through mistakes we all might make, and Judge Connolly has said, 'No, not the prison life for you; go home, and I will help you make men of yourselves' —twenty-five hundred men and boys in the city of Detroit, and ninety-five percent of them making good.

"Judge Connolly ought to be on this platform, as the Chairman of the day; but, with the modesty that he practices in everything, he said, 'No.' However, we have been permitted to draft his little son, Jack, four years old, and Walter Owen Briggs, four years old—the son of Walter O. Briggs, Secretary of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission—who will now unveil this beautful tablet."

At this point the tablet was unveiled.

THE CHAIRMAN: "I am going to honor this occasion by presenting to you my friend and neighbor from Flint, who was a neighbor, more than fifty years ago in Detroit, of General Lewis Cass. He is ninety-two years old. It is an honor, as it is a privilege, to present to you the Rev. Seth Reed, of Flint.

REV. SETH REED: "Mr. Chairman, and friends of one whom we meet to honor today. I will not take your time to tell you how glad I am of the privilege of meeting friends in the name of a man whom I admire—Lewis Cass. I rejoice to think of him as a friend and a neighbor. I will not speak of his public acts, or sterling qualities; others

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will do that; I will allude simply to his urbanity. He was a genial neighbor; he was a delightful companion in conversation. He did not dwell upon his own qualities, or his own performances, but upon themes that were interesting, and of a personal value to those with whom he conversed.

"For three or four years his home was near mine in Detroit; one year, especially, there were but few doors between ours. I would pass his house almost daily; and when the weather was pleasant, I would see him sitting on his veranda, ready to give a word of cheer, and a pleasant bow and smile to his neighbors as they passed by.

"One little incident occurs to me which I will mention. My parishioners at that time gave me a public donation gathering. It was held in the auditorium of my church, and among the neighbors who called at that time, was General Cass; another caller was an aged priest, Father Mason —an Irishman. The two persons seemed to come together and affiliate very promptly; we had them sit on the platform. General Cass was feeble, and he found it difficult to get up the stairs, and he turned and said to Father Mason: 'Father Mason, when you are as old as I am, I hope you will be smarter than I am.' 'Indade,' said Father Mason, 'General, when you are as old as I am, I hope you will be as smart as I am.'

"It caused pleasant laughter among the people; and I know not how many remembered it, but it pleased us all. It was a good specimen of his geniality.

"Friends, if in fifty or seventy-five years from now, any of you shall meet on an occasion similar to this, in memory of our noble Governor, who is a successor of General Cass —as he was once Governor of Michigan—if you meet, in memory of either of them, on an occasion like this, and you

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shall say the pleasant things of them which I hear you saying of General Cass, I will be there, if I am around in this part of the country, in order to say, Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN: "When we were looking for a speaker, whose words should become permanent in the records of the historical collections of this state, we desired a student of the life and services of General Cass; we wanted a man whose ability, and whose experience was known to all. We sought a lawyer, because General Cass was a lawyer; we preferred a man from Detroit, because General Cass' activities during a long period of years, were there. It is an honor to present to you—one of the foremost citizens of Detroit and of Michigan, the Honorable Edwin Henderson."

Long applause greeted the name of Mr. Henderson. As the speaker stepped to the edge of the low platform and looked down into the upturned faces, he seemed to feel the spell of the past. His tones sank into the monotone of emotion, as he led the silent multitude back into bygone days when General Cass was here, and gave them a glimpse of the land that lay as quiet about them today as it was in that far day of beginnings.

ADDRESS OF HON. EDWIN HENDERSON

"GOVERNOR FERRIS, MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are assembled today, within these historic walls, to do honor to the memory of Lewis Cass. This place and time seem eminently fitting to this day's deed.

"The shadows of these venerable walls irresistibly lead memory back to that early day when this Post stood solitary sentinel over the empire of the Northwest against the invasion of a foreign foe. In truth, a hallowed place! Hal-

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lowed by the deeds and sacrifices, the tears and blood of the patriots who here unfurled the flag of the republic to the breeze of the frontier horizon.

"Fort Michilimackinac! Grim guardian of the northern gate of the republic! What American can stand within your sacred precincts without inspiring an exaltation of spirit from the very air of patriotism that here so richly abides? More than a century of storm and sunshine has mellowed the stern menace of your visage; and yet, across that waste of years we seem to hear the steady tramp of men and the blare of martial music: it is the immortal pioneers, the men of America springing up at their mother's call to defend her far-flung frontier against foreign guile and greed, and force and Indian savagery.

"This far north bulwark of American liberty is a peculiarly proper stage from which to speak the fame of Lewis Cass at this hour of our history. Those who had the task of preparing the text for this tablet might well have been content to inscribe upon it but these few words:

" 'In Memory of
LEWIS CASS,
An American.'

"This simple tribute would have met his own conception of his claim to distinction, for when he spoke a message to the United States or the world in any other name than his own, the nom-de-plume he chose was the simple title—An American.

"Why do I say that this instant hour is a peculiarly timely one to do honor to Lewis Cass, American? Because the need of this hour is for the Americanism of Lewis Cass; an Americanism that is all American; a hyphenless Ameri-

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canism; an Americanism that has a heart for but one land and one flag; that land, the American republic; that flag, the Stars and Stripes.

"The inspiration of Lewis Cass in all his career was his burning love of the American republic, and its institutions. It was this love of his country that inspired him to leave his comfortable home in the Ohio Valley, his lucrative business, his family and his friends, and march at the head of his regiment through hundreds of miles of trackless swamp and forest to the defense of the frontier post of Detroit. It was this love of country that impelled him to fight the first battle of the War of 1812; this love of his country compelled him to rejoin his regiment, after being exchanged as a prisoner of war, and serve with conspicuous gallantry at the battle of the Thames; this love of his country constrained him to resign his post as Minister to France because his government had negotiated a treaty with Great Britain which did not include an express disavowal of Great Britain's claimed right to search American ships; this love of country led him in a birch canoe from Fort Detroit to the very spot where now we stand, and then on and on through the Ste. Mary's River, across the waters of Lake Superior; across a trackless wilderness —today included in the commonwealths of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Iowa—winning an empire from savagery, to place it as a sparkling jewel in Columbia's diadem.

"It was this love of his country that constrained him to return with dignified disdain to Buchanan the premiership of the nation, when he declined to fortify the port of Charleston against threatened secession and rebellion. This love of country impelled him to stand by

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the Union in the troubled days of 1861, and with his voice and substance, rally the Northwest to the call of Abraham Lincoln. His learning, his enterprise, his military fame, his statesmanship, all were rooted in his love of the American republic. All found nurture, vitality and growth in the fact that he was, above all and before all, an American.

"For the quick, therefore, I speak the fame of the mighty dead; I speak it as I think he would wish it to be spoken; as though out of the dim vista of that bygone day he strode forth to this place, and here, a majestic shade, voiced his message of American patriotism to the children of his mighty empire.

"Lewis Cass was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, on October 9th, 1782. His father, Jonathan Cass, was the village blacksmith; but when the echoes of the battle of Lexington rolled into the New Hampshire hills, forthwith he closed his forge, cast away his sledge, and snatching his rifle, hurried to join the patriot hosts. He fought at Bunker Hill, at Princeton, at Trenton, and at Monmouth; he was no ninety-day volunteer. From the day after Lexington until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he followed the flag of his country through defeat and disaster to triumph and liberty. Of such stuff was the father of Lewis Cass.

"The boyhood of Lewis Cass fell in the troubled times of the Confederation. The very desperation of those trying days burned into his very soul an abiding love of the Union, and of its Constitution.

" 'You remember, young man,' he said to James A. Garfield in 1861, 'that the Constitution did not take effect until nine States had ratified it. My native State was the ninth. It hung a long time in the doubtful scale whether nine would

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agree, but when at last New Hampshire ratified the Constitution, it was a day of great rejoicing. My mother held me, a little boy of six years, in her arms at a window, and pointed me to the bonfires that were blazing in the streets of Exeter, and told me that the people were celebrating the adoption of the Constitution; so I saw the Constitution born.'

"The early education of General Cass was received in the Academy at Exeter. There he remained seven years, whilst his father fought in the army of Anthony Wayne, on the western frontier. The Cass family moved from Exeter to Fort Hamilton, of which post Major Jonathan Cass was in command. When Lewis Cass passed out of the academic environment of Exeter, he journeyed to Wilmington, Delaware, and there assumed the duties of schoolmaster. But the call of the West was ever ringing in his ears; the vision of the mighty empire beyond the Alleghanies, the land of dangers and hardships, yet also of freedom and opportunity, was ever before his eyes; and so at the age of eighteen, he swung his meager pack upon his back and walked across the Alleghany Mountains into the wilderness of the Northwest.

"Contemplate, my friends, the adventurous boy; self-reliant, fearless, thrilling with hope and ambition as he cast off the trammels of eastern refinement and civilization to wrest an honorable career from the forest primeval, in whose depths the warwhoop of the savage still sullenly resounded.

"At Marietta, Ohio, he took up the study of law, and received, in 1802, the first certificate of admission to the bar issued by the state of Ohio under its new constitution. His career as a lawyer began at Zanesville. In 1804, being

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twenty-two years old, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Muskingum county, of which Zanesville was the county seat. In 1806, although only twenty-four years of age, and ineligible to membership, he was elected to the state legislature.

"Those were stirring days in Ohio. The brilliant but unscrupulous Burr, working on the guileless Blennerhasset, was busily plotting to establish a new western empire, and strip the Union of the vast reaches of territory west of the Great Lakes. Lewis Cass was too good an American to palter with treason or rebellion. Although the youngest member of the legislature, he drafted a bill authorizing the governor to use the military forces of the state to suppress the treasonable operations of Burr and his agents. Under the forceful leadership of young Cass, action followed on the heels of decision. Burr's conspiracy was nipped in the bud; his boats and his recruits were seized, and Burr himself sought safety in flight into the southern wilderness.

"President Jefferson, casting his keen eye over the vast reaches of the Northwest, where brave men were building a mighty empire, discerned from afar the bold figure and brilliant promise of young Cass; and so, in 1807, Jefferson tendered the post of United States Marshal for the territory of Ohio, to Lewis Cass. He was only in his twenty-fifth year, yet so successful had been his career as a lawyer, that he hesitated to accept the unsolicited distinction of the President's commission. But he recognized that the appointment, coming as it did, was a token of the President's confidence and gratitude, so he yielded his personal advantage to the public need, and held the office until the outbreak of the War of 1812.

"The prospect of war between the United States and

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Great Britain induced congress, when it met in 1812, to call on the governors of the states for militia volunteers. This action was taken in the face of opposition from critics of the President; from the Tories, the secret sympathizers with foreign powers, from the peace-at-any-price men of the day.

"It was obvious that in the event of war, the frontier bordering on the British possessions would be first attacked. The attack would undoubtedly be supplemented by the denizens of the forests, the resident allies of the foreign foe. Subsidized by the money of the enemies of America, the Indians might be counted upon, with tomahawk and scalping knife, to inflict upon the border population the unspeakable atrocities of savage warfare. Secret emissaries in the pay of King George had stealthily fomented opposition to due preparation on the part of the United States. By the use of foreign gold, an apparent public sentiment had been promoted which decried the possibility of war as a bugbear, a chimera, and urged the pure motives of the hostile Indians.

"With that clearness of vision which characterized Lewis Cass throughout his life, he saw the danger which threatened the republic. He discerned the hypocrisy of those who declared it impious to resort to arms; and with all the fervent patriotism of a descendant of the Puritans, he demanded a swift vindication of the country's rights. When, therefore, Governor Meigs of Ohio, in 1812, called for volunteers, Cass closed his law offices, abandoned his practice, resigned his marshalship, and volunteered in the militia of Ohio. He assisted in raising three regiments, one of which unanimously selected him as its colonel.

"In June, 1812, he started with his regiment for the mili-

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tary post of Detroit. It was a journey undertaken out of pure patriotism, and one which was fraught with destiny both for him and for the frontier wilderness through which he journeyed. Through the trackless forests, through swamp and morass, enduring countless dangers and privations, these dauntless frontiersmen toiled their way to the struggling little military post which today is the metropolis of this state.

"The conduct of Lewis Cass through the War of 1812, through the vicissitudes of defeat and ultimate victory stamps him as a wise, sagacious and daring leader; as an inspired patriot. In council, he was for action; in action, he was the leader. His was the first foot to land on enemy soil. He counseled and led the expedition against Fort Malden, which would have succeeded had the troops under his command not been recalled by the misguided action of Hull. Forced with the rest of the garrison to surrender by Hull's capitulation, he broke his sword rather than deliver it to the enemy, and during the period of his parole he zealously sought his exchange. Finally succeeding in his efforts, he hastened to rejoin his comrades in arms, and at the battle of the Thames he won new glory. By his subsequent bravery and devotion, he was successively promoted until he became brigadier-general in the United States Army. His distinguished services under General Harrison in reducing that part of the British provinces bordering on the Detroit River led to his being placed in command of the military operations in the territory of Michigan, with headquarters at Fort Detroit.

"While stationed at Detroit, and in the performance of his military duties, he was surprised to receive notice of his appointment as Governor of the Territory of Michigan.

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The tender of this appointment came to him without solicitation, and his decision caused him much concern. He had, as he supposed, established himself permanently in Ohio, where he had expected to return upon the ending of the war, there to resume the lucrative practice of his profession, and the enjoyment of his family and the comforts and security of private life. To accept the post offered him meant that he must abandon his residence and law practice in Ohio, and move his family into a wilderness, fraught with danger from hostile Indians, and with little, if any, prospect of substantial gain. Eighteen years later he thus stated the condition of the territory at the time he was asked to assume the office of Governor:

" 'The territory had just been rescued from the grasp of an enemy; its population was small; its resources exhausted; its prospects cheerless. The operations of the war had pressed heavily upon it, and scenes of suffering and oppression had been exhibited to which, in the annals of modern warfare, we may vainly seek a parallel.'

"As in all the other important events of his life, his decision to accept the burdensome and uninviting post thus offered him was inspired by love of his country. It required that he tear up his life by the roots out of the congenial soil wherein he had planted it, and transplant it to a new and strange home in the frontier wilderness; yet, patriot that he was, he responded to his country's call. He remained with us for eighteen years; laboring to establish civilization in the wilderness which surrounded him, and to found a city and a state upon those principles of true democracy which he believed essential to human happiness.

"During all these years he stood before the vast region of the Northwest as the sole representative of the federal

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government. To the whites he was the law-giver and defender. To the Indians he was the strong right arm of the Great Father at Washington. On the one hand, he had to protect the settlers from Indian ravages; on the other hand, he had to safe-guard his Indian wards against the unscrupulous cupidity of lawless whites. To all, he accorded firm but courteous hearing, and impartial justice.

"Rebuild, in your minds, if you can, the Detroit of 1813, the Detroit that Cass took over as Governor. Rebuild, if you can, the Territory of Michigan of that period. Do you know the area of country in the Michigan Territory that was possessed by the American nation free from Indian claims? Only the territory east of a line running north from the River Raisin to Lake St. Clair at a remove six miles from the Detroit River and the shore of Lake Erie. Out of this handful of soil he began the stupendous task of building the territory of the Northwest. Through his efforts, over 300,000 square miles were freed for settlement, a region with a population today of more than ten millions.

"You who have journeyed hither by some one of the palatial steamships of our Great Lakes, go back in memory with me to the morning of the twenty-fourth day of May in the year 1820. The place is Detroit—a huddle of buildings flung haphazard on the marshy shore of the strait. Upon the placid waters of the river lightly glides a small flotilla of birch canoes. Cass and his comrades are setting forth on their historic journey to the head waters of the Mississippi. Amid the enthusiastic tumult of the citizenry, the fleet gets under way. *Voyageurs* and Indian guides bend to their paddles, to the rhythm of jolly chants. Up through the St. Clair River, then cautiously skirting the shore of Lake Huron, they come to this place where now

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we stand. Across the years I can almost hear the salute of the guns from this venerable Fort in greeting of the bold voyagers upon their safe arrival, after fourteen days buffeting by wind and rain in their frail birch canoes. For eight days Cass and his comrades abide within these friendly walls, recuperating their strength and replenishing their supplies against the long journey before them. Then they press forward in their canoes to Drummond Island, and thence by the River Ste. Mary to Sault Ste. Marie.

"Here occurred an incident which well exemplifies the indomitable courage and burning patriotism of Cass. On the shore of the Ste. Mary's rapids he pitched his tent and summoned the Indians to a council. After earnest parley, the Indians summarily withdrew from the council tent to their own lodges. The Indian encampment was situated on a small hill, a few hundred yards west of Governor Cass' marquee, with a small ravine between. The Indians raised the British flag as soon as they reached their encampment. The Governor instantly ordered the expedition under arms, and calling his interpreter, proceeded with him, single-handed and alone, to the lodge of the Indians on the hill. On reaching the lodge he, with his own hands, tore down the British flag, and trod it under foot, and bursting into the lodge, told the chief that the hoisting of a foreign flag was an indignity which would not be tolerated on American soil; that the flag was the emblem of national power, and that two national flags could not fly in friendship on the same territory; that the red man must not raise any but the American flag, and if they again did it, he, for the American government, would set a strong foot upon their necks and crush them to the earth. He then stalked forth trailing the offensive flag in the dirt, to his own quarters. The very

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audacity of his conduct awed the hostile warriors. They resumed their parley, and finally struck a treaty of peace whereby the American government secured a strip of territory four miles wide bordering the River Ste. Mary, for a military post.

"On the next day, the 17th of June, the canoes were launched, and the bold explorers entered the vast waters of Lake Superior. On the 25th of June they passed from Lake Superior into the Portage River; after a boisterous passage and rainy weather, and after passing from one portage to another, they reached the Fond du Lac; then ascending the St. Louis River to one of its sources, they descended a tributary stream of Sandy Lake to the Mississippi River; thence ascended to the Upper Red Cedar Lake, the principal tributary of the Mississippi; thence they descended the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien; they then navigated the Wisconsin River to Portage, and entering the Fox River, descended it to Green Bay. Thence Governor Cass proceeded up Lake Michigan to Chicago, and returned thither on horseback to Detroit. He arrived home on the tenth of September, after a journey by canoe or on horseback of four thousand miles. His four months' sojourn in the wilderness was devoted not alone to exploration and topographical survey, but to fair and generous treaty-making with the Indian tribes.

"I have dwelt upon this phase of Cass' career because therefrom shines forth the thorough Americanism of his character. What cared he for the dangers and hardships of the vast wastes of water and primeval wilderness? Was he not building an American commonwealth in this region, to which, with far-seeing vision, he could see countless thousands of Americans coming to rear homes for

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LEWIS CASS

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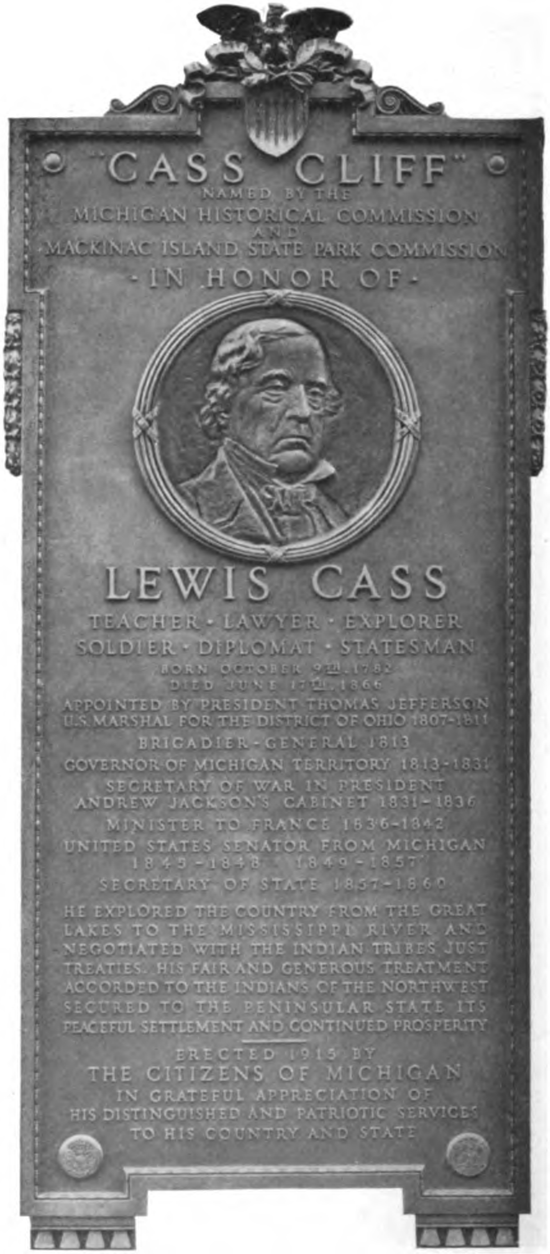

LEWIS CASS MEMORIAL TABLET
Cass Cliff, Mackinac Island

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themselves and for their children and their children's children after them? In vision, in purpose, in achievement, he typified the masterful genius of American character; in political thought he reflected the essential democracy of the nation.

"As he was inspired, when he enlisted in his country's cause, by his love for democracy, and by his jealous regard for the territory and dominions of the republic, so in his office of Governor, he was inspired by the sentiments expressed in the Declaration of Independence that all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. From the very first, he exercised his influence, not to extend the almost despotic power which was vested in him by the act of Congress governing the territory under his charge, but rather to transfer to the citizens of the city and state that equal voice in the municipal and state governments which is enjoined by that splendid Declaration. To him home rule was a natural and necessary method of conducting local affairs.

"He initiated our public school system. He helped to found the University of Michigan. He was the moving spirit in the formation of the first Michigan historical society. He designed the great seal of the State of Michigan, boldly writing thereon: 'TUEBOR'—'I will defend,' to express the idea that his frontier domain stood ever ready to bulwark the nation against foreign invasion.

"Unlike most men he did not need to die to be appreciated. His mental and moral eminence was recognized by his neighbors. They gathered to bid him farewell when, in 1831, he was called by President Jackson to the post of Secretary of War. Major Biddle, speaking for the commonwealth over which he had so wisely ruled, thus reviewed

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his conduct and services while in the office of Governor of the Territory of Michigan:

" 'Many of us have witnessed your administration of the affairs of this Territory for a series of years, which embrace a large portion of the active period of life. The situation is one of the most difficult to which an American citizen can be called. The public officer who is delegated, without the sanction of their suffrages, over the affairs of a people elsewhere accustomed to exercise, in its fullest extent, the right of self-government, is regarded with no indulgent feelings. The relation is truly colonial, and the history of territories, like other colonial history, has been too often a mere chronicle of the feuds of the governing and the governed, exhibiting a domineering and arbitrary temper on the one side, met by a blind and intemperate opposition on the other.

" 'From the evils of such a state of things we have been happily exempted. You have preserved harmony by wisely conceding to public opinion that weight to which it is entitled under every government, whatever may be its forms; thus giving to your measures the support of the only authority to which the habits of American citizens will allow them cheerfully to submit. The executive powers of the Territory have been administered in the spirit of republican habits and principles, too firmly fixed to yield to temporary circumstances, leaving the people nothing to desire but an occasion to manifest their approbation, by bestowing themselves an authority so satisfactorily exercised.'

"His long experience in negotiating treaties with the Indians, and the intimate knowledge which he obtained of the Indian character and of the history of the tribes, enabled him, as Secretary of War, to take the foremost place in the

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government in settling the vexed questions relating to the occupancy of Indian territory by white settlers, and the ever-existing feuds and strifes between the Indian tribes. His conduct of the office of Secretary of War was characterized by wisdom, courage and a diplomacy that never tired. So assiduous was his devotion to his official duties that his health was impaired. He determined to seek relaxation and restored health in foreign travel. The President, being unwilling to lose entirely the valued services of General Cass at a critical time in the history of the country, appointed him Minister to France.

"But even this moiety of repose was not to be his. In a strange land, in the court of Kings, he still remained Lewis Cass, an American. Yea, his very absence from the land of liberty intensified his love of liberty, and made him even more resentful of any stain upon her honor. Because Secretary of State Webster negotiated a maritime treaty with Great Britain which did not express a specific disavowal of Great Britain's claimed right to stop and search American ships, General Cass indignantly tendered his commission back to the President. His return home was greeted with the enthusiastic approval of his countrymen; and the commonwealth of Michigan, whose early fortunes he had so efficiently guarded and advanced, selected him to sit in the senate of the United States.

"He entered upon his senatorial duties in a time when the nation was deeply stirred by the pretensions of England to Oregon territory. With Cass there was no hint of compromise or concession in this controversy. He stood prepared to appeal to the God of battles in defense of American rights. He stood for '54–40, or fight,' and all that it implied. I invite the pacifists, the peace-at-any-price men

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of our day, to hearken to these sturdy words of this great American:

" 'During the progress of this discussion, the blessings of peace and the horrors of war have been frequently presented to us with the force of truth, and sometimes with the fervency of an excited imagination. I have listened attentively to all this, though much of it I remember to have heard thirty-five years ago. But I beg honorable senators to recollect that upon this side of the chamber we have interests, and families, and homes, and a country, as well as they have, and that we are as little disposed to bring war upon our native land unnecessarily as they can be; that some of us know by experience, all of us by reading and reflection, the calamities, moral and physical that war brings in its train; that we appreciate the blessings of peace with a conviction as deep and as steadfast; and no one desires its continuance more earnestly than I do. But all this leaves untouched the only real subject of inquiry. That is not whether peace is a blessing and war is a curse, but whether peace can be preserved and war avoided, consistently with the honor and interest of the country. That question may come up for solution; and, if it does, it must be met by each one of us, with a full sense of its abiding importance, and of his own responsibility.

" 'I suppose there is not a gentleman in this body who will not say that cases may occur, even in this stage of the world, which may drive this country to the extreme remedy of war, rather than she should submit to arrogant and unreasonable demands, or to direct attacks upon our rights and independence—like impressment, or the search of our ships, or various other acts, by which power is procured and maintained over the timid and the weak. The true,

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practical question for a nation is not the cost of war, whether measured by dollars, or by dangers, or by disasters, but whether war can be honorably avoided; and that question each person having the power of determination, must determine for himself when the case is presented. Good men may indulge in day-dreams upon the subject, but he who looks upon the world as it has been, as it is, and as it is likely to be, must see that the moral constitution of men has undergone little change, and that interests and passions operate not less upon communities than they did when the law of public might was the law of public right, more openly avowed than now.

" 'Certainly a healthful public opinion exerts a stronger influence over the world than at any former period of its history. Governments are more or less restrained by it, and all feel the effects of it. Mistresses and favorites and minions no longer drive nations to war; nor are mere questions of etiquette among the avowed causes of hostilities . . . Humanity has gained something; let us hope it will gain more. Questions of war are passing from cabinets to the people. If they are discussed in secret, they are also discussed before the world, for there is not a government in Christendom which would dare to rush into a war unless that measure were sanctioned by the state of public feeling.

" 'Still, let us not deceive ourselves. Let us not yet convert our swords into plowshares, nor our spears into pruning hooks, nor neglect the maritime and military defenses of the country, lulled by the siren song of peace! peace! when there may be no peace. I am afraid we have not grown so much wiser and better than our fathers, as many good people suppose. I do not discern upon the horizon of

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the future the first dawn of the millennium. The eagle and the lion will not always lie down in peace together. Nations are yet subject to human passions, and are too often their victims. The government which should say, 'I will not defend myself by force,' would soon have nothing to defend.

. . . .

" 'To attempt to purchase safety by concessions is to build a bridge of gold, not for a retreating, but for an advancing enemy. Nations are like the daughters of the horse leech; they cry, "give," "give," "give." It is idle, sir, to array ourselves against the powerful instincts of human nature; and he who is dead to their influence will find as little sympathy in this age of the world as he would have found had he lived in the ages that are passed. If we suffer ourselves to be trodden upon, to be degraded, to be despoiled of our good name and of our rights, under the pretext that war is unworthy of us or our times, we shall find ourselves in the decrepitude of age before we have passed the period of manhood.'

"Not only was Lewis Cass jealous of the liberty of his own country and of the preservation of her sacred honor, but his heart went out in sympathetic approbation to every struggle for freedom the world over. He hoped for the ultimate universal democracy of man. He believed that to his own country was given the divine mission of proselyting the world to that democracy. He looked to see the pollen from the flowers upon the tree of American liberty wafted by the winds and tides of time to every clime; that thereby the incipient buds of liberty might be quickened into living luxurious bloom.

"His conception of the duty of America to extend sym-

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pathy and aid to those struggling for liberty led him to introduce a resolution in the senate instructing the committee on foreign relations to look into the expediency of suspending diplomatic relations with Austria, when, in 1849, the gallant freemen of oppressed Hungary rose against the tyranny of the House of Hapsburg. He supported his resolution in a speech fired with manly patriotism. In the course of his remarks, he said:

" 'But, sir, while I maintain that the cessation of diplomatic intercourse with Austria would give the government of that country no just cause of offense, I do not seek to deny or conceal that the motives for the adoption of this measure will be unacceptable and peculiarly obnoxious to the feelings of a power proverbially haughty in the days of its prosperity, and rendered more susceptible by recent events, which have destroyed much of its ancient prestige, and compelled it to call for Russian aid in the perilous circumstances where the noble efforts of Hungary to assert her just rights had placed the oppressor. On the contrary, the course I propose would lose half its value were any doubts to rest upon the motives that dictate it.

" 'And certainly, were they not open to the day, I should not look for that cordial approbation which I now anticipate from the American people for this first effort to rebuke, by public opinion expressed through an established government, in the name of a great republic, atrocious acts of despotism, by which human liberty and life have been sacrificed under circumstances of audacious contempt for the rights of mankind and the sentiments of the civilized world, without a parallel even in this age of warfare between the oppressors and the oppressed. I say this first effort, for, though the principles of public disapprobation in situations

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not very dissimilar may be traced in the proceedings of at least one of the representative bodies of Europe, I do not recollect that any formal act has been adopted rendering the censure more signal and enduring. If we take the first step in this noble cause, where physical force, with its flagitious abuse, if not conquered, may be ultimately restrained by moral considerations, we shall add to the value of the lesson of 1776, already so important to the world, and destined to become far more so by furnishing one guarantee the more for the preservation of human rights where they exist, and for their recovery where they are lost.

" 'Mr. President, I do not mistake the true position of my country, nor do I seek to exaggerate her importance by these suggestions. I am perfectly aware that whatever we may do or say, the immediate march of Austria will be onward in the course of despotism, with a step feebler or firmer as resistance may appear near or remote, till she is stayed by one of those upheavings of the people, which is as sure to come as that man longs for freedom and longs to strike the blow which shall make it his.

" 'Pride is blind, and power tenacious; and Austrian pride and power, though they may quail before the signs of the times, will hold out in their citadel till the last extremity. But many old things are passing away; and Austrian despotism will pass away in its turn. Its bulwarks will be shaken by the rushing of mighty winds—by the voice of the world, wherever its indignant expression is not restrained by the kindred sympathies of arbitrary power.

" 'Here is an empire of freemen, separated by the broad Atlantic from the contests of force and oppression, which seem to succeed each other like the waves of the ocean in

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the mighty changes going on in Europe—twenty millions of people enjoying a measure of prosperity which God, in His providence, has granted to no other nation of the earth. With no interest to warp their judgment; with neither prejudice nor animosity to excite them; and with a public opinion as free as the air they breathe, they can survey these events as dispassionately as is compatible with that natural sympathy for the oppressed which is implanted in the human breast. Think you not, sir, that their voice, sent from these distant shores, would cheer the unfortunate onward in their work—would encourage them while bearing their evils to bear them bravely as men who hope—and when driven to resist by a pressure no longer to be borne, to exert themselves as men who peril all upon the effort?

" 'But where no demonstration of interest on the part of a government is called for by circumstances, a sound public opinion is ready to proclaim its sentiments, and no reserve is imposed upon their expression. It is common to this country, and to every country where liberal institutions prevail; and it is as powerful, and as powerfully exerted, in France and in England as in the United States. Its effects may not be immediate or immediately visible; but they are sure to come, and to come in power. Its voice is louder than the booming of cannon; and it is heard on the very confines of civilization. Our Declaration of Independence has laid the foundation of mightier changes in the world than any event since the spirit of the Crusades precipitated Europe upon Asia.

"The inspiration which these noble words gave to the struggling freemen of Hungary may be measured in the words of the patriot Kossuth:

" 'Your powerful speech was not only the inspiration

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of sympathy for unmerited misfortune, so natural to noble feeling hearts; it was the revelation of the justice of God —it was a leaf from the book of Fate, unveiled to the world. On that day, General, you were sitting, in the name of mankind, in tribunal, passing judgment on despotism and the despots of the world; and as sure as the God of justice lives, your verdict will be accomplished.'

"To the mind of Cass, our flag became an emblem of shame instead of honor, if we sat by tamely and silently, while the homes of freemen anywhere were destroyed, their cities razed by fire and sword, their women outraged, their country laid waste and running red with the blood alike of helpless age and helpless infancy—solely to gratify the power-lust of a despot. With keen discernment, he recognized that there was an irreconcilable conflict between democracy and despotism; and, with prophetic vision, he saw that, sooner or later, the world would be wrapped as in a cloak of fire in the mighty final struggle between these two natural and necessary foes. Against the day when the divine right of kings would make its last desperate stand to stem the onward-rushing forces of human democracy, he warned his countrymen to make ready in season; not to sit like unmanly sluggards amidst their flesh-pots—but to keep their swords ground sharp, their powder dry, and their guns near at hand so that they might do their proper share in that decisive clash. To him, the cause of human liberty anywhere was the cause of America; the foe of human liberty anywhere was the foe of America. He took the broad ground that American liberty could never be secure beyond all peradventure of peril until the last despot, near-despot or would-be world ruler, should be smitten hip and thigh to his doom.

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"And who will say, in the white light of recent history, but that the God of his fathers had taken Lewis Cass up to the mountain tops of vision and impelled him, with fire-touched lips of inspiration, to shout down the tidings of these days that are upon us.

"In 1848 the Democracy of the nation chose General Cass as its standard bearer. Unfortunately the defection of Martin Van Buren, who had received the highest honors from his party in state and nation, disrupted the Democratic army and encompassed the defeat of General Cass. He accepted this reverse with the even-minded philosophy which marked his whole life, and continued to serve with honor as Michigan's representative in the senate until 1856, when President Buchanan tendered him the premiership of his cabinet. In his seventy-fourth year he took up the arduous labors of this perplexing station. Meanwhile, the cloud of threatened secession and rebellion grew apace on the southern sky. Cass stood staunchly for the Union. In his old age he was as hostile to the treason of the Nullifiers as in his young manhood he had been to the treason of Aaron Burr.

"When President Buchanan, in 1860, harkened to the traitors in his cabinet and refused to reinforce the Charleston forts, Cass resigned the portfolio of Secretary of State and returned to private life in Detroit. The outbreak of the Civil War found him bent with years—yet still inspired by indomitable Americanism—rallying his beloved Northwest to the standard of the Union. All through those dark days when the fields of the Southland were drenched in fratricidal blood, his voice and his substance were given to the perpetuation of the republic of his love. At an immense Union meeting held in Detroit April 24th, 1861,

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he was made chairman, and delivered, in a few words, an eloquent address. Cheer followed cheer as the old General, stalwart and indomitable of soul, despite his almost eighty years, with dramatic effect, thanked God that the American flag still floated over his home and his friends.

" 'No American,' said he, 'can see its fold spreading out to the breeze without feeling a thrill of pride in his heart, and without recalling the splendid deeds it has witnessed. . . . You need no one to tell you what are the dangers of your country, nor what are your duties to meet and avert them. There is but one path for every true man to travel, and that is broad and plain. It will conduct us, not indeed without trials and sufferings, to peace and to the restoration of the Union. He who is not *for* his country, is *against* her. There is no neutral position to be occupied. It is the duty of all zealously to support the government in its efforts to bring this unhappy Civil War to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, by the restoration, in its integrity, of that great charter of freedom bequeathed to us by Washington and his compatriots.'

"The very last public speech of General Cass was delivered at Hillsdale, Michigan, August 13th, 1862, at a 'war meeting' called for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm and raising volunteers for the service. In part, he said:

" 'I am sufficiently warned by the advance of age that I can have but little participation in public affairs, but if time has diminished my power to be useful to my country, it has left undiminished the deep interest I feel in her destiny, and my love and reverence for our glorious Constitution which we owe to the kindness of Providence and to the wisdom of our fathers.'

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"With pride he spoke of the energy of his own state, and of its efforts in defense of the Union.

" 'I have lived,' said he, 'to see it rivalling its sister states in the sacred work of defending the Constitution. And now the course of events has rendered it necessary for the government to appeal again to the people. Additional troops are required for the speedy suppression of the rebellion. Patriotism and policy equally dictate that our force should be such as to enable us to act with vigor and efficiency against our enemies, and promptly to reduce them to unconditional submission to the laws.'

"He lived to see the clouds of battle lift and the black night of rebellion fade into the glorious dawn of triumphant peace for the Union; and then, rich in years, in achievement and in the love of his friends and fellow-citizens, he passed peacefully into the Great Beyond. His death occurred at the Detroit of his heart's love, on the 17th day of June, 1866, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

"Almost half a century of time, as men measure it, has rolled by since the passing of Lewis Cass. The generation which knew and loved him are nearly all gathered to his side 'in the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust.' Today, we, their children, who knew him not save by his mighty deeds, gather to speak his fame. In the very heart of the domain which he gave to the nation, we pay his memory reverent and loving honor. Not as a ruthless conqueror nor an imperious empire builder, do we know him. Not so much as a statesman, or an orator, or dauntless explorer do we pay him tribute of grateful memory, but for what he was and was proud to be—

"LEWIS CASS,
An American.

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"Let those who read the lines upon the tablet admire, if they will, the versatility of his genius, the variety of his attainments, the vastness of his achievements. But beneath these surface manifestations let them discern the noble soul of the patriot. Whether we see him at Fort Detroit, wrathfully breaking his sword in protest against Hull's surrender; or leading his men at the battle of the Thames; or boldly fronting England's shrewdest diplomats and baffling their intrigues in the court of Louis Philippe; or raising his voice in ringing defense of America's rights in Oregon; or flinging back the highest office of the nation, save the Presidency, rather than give countenance to treason; whether we regard his career as a soldier, or explorer, or treaty-maker, or empire builder, or diplomat or statesman, through it all, and in all, we find, like a thread of purest gold, sturdy love of his native land; sturdy hate of her enemies; sturdy resolve to do or to die for her honor.

"We, the children of America, send greetings to you, Lewis Cass, 'in that mysterious bourne whence no traveler returns.' Father of the Northwest, indomitable American, we, the children of America, with loving memory, salute you!"

THE CHAIRMAN: "If I were asked to name the two or three men who have accomplished the most for permanent good in Michigan, I would name among them the next speaker, the man placed at the head of the Historical Commission of this state, who has determined that the material for the first one hundred and fifty years of the history of this region and this state, which came to us through the noble and heroic missionaries, as well as its later history, shall be brought together, and that there shall be fostered and stimulated in every community an earnest spirit of

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historical interest and study. I was recently honored by being invited to Kalamazoo, to the investiture of my friend the Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Brien, LL.D., and there I found represented not only those of his own Church, laymen, high prelates and dignitaries, but also the officials of the city and state represented; and I found his friends and neighbors of Kalamazoo; I cannot recount for you all that he has done for humanity in that city. My friends, we are most highly honored by having with us today the President of the Michigan Historical Commission, the Right Reverend Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D., who will now, on behalf of the committee, as well as the individual donors, and acting for the Michigan Historical Commission and the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, present this tablet to the State of Michigan."

ADDRESS OF RT. REV. MONSIGNOR O'BRIEN

GOVERNOR: "To you is given the privilege of witnessing some of the results of your efforts in the cause of uplifting mankind; it may be a comfort, and in a way make up for disappointments. The Mackinac Island State Park Commission was in existence when you entered office, but you enthused its members with activity and your spirit of progress, so that it has accomplished more during the past three years than it had from its inception. Mackinac Island State Park has been made more beautiful each year, and great plans have been outlined for the future.

"It is said in Europe, 'See Naples and die;' for when one had seen the beauty of the Adriatic, it was thought that he had seen enough for a life time. Will not a similar expression regarding Mackinac be the watchword of Americans, and this Island become a real Mecca? The more the

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Wolverines see it, the more proud they are of having it in their possession.

"The Historical Commission is of your own making. It is true it succeeded to a part of the work of the Pioneer Society, which accomplished much in a limited sphere, and we have benefited and will profit by its experiences. Now that the Historical Commission is a regular department of the state, more can be accomplished. We assure you, that it appreciates all that you have done for it from its organization.

"Your constant presence, kindly interest, and cooperation have proven that your heart and soul are in the cause of this department. The members of the Commission remember your advice at its opening session. You then said, you expected great things from it, in gathering whatever might be left of the history of the Northwest, which it was their duty to conserve and give to posterity. They were to honor the memory of the great men who made the history of this part of our country so prominent, 'that one who runs may read.' We were to conserve and hand down the story of what our forefathers accomplished for our civilization and comfort.

"We know your attitude towards every department of the state, that you want no tired men on your boards. As you are active, they must be; and as soon as one feels that he cannot fulfill the duties of his charge, he had better resign. Your motto, 'The state demands the best service, or none at all,' has brought Michigan to a position in this country that it has never occupied before.

"We believe that every member of this Commission has done his best to promote the realization of the ideals you

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had in view. Today we feel that you must be gratified in seeing the crowning event of the year brought to such a fitting consummation. Only a few days ago, we placed on this Island, so dear to you, a tablet to the memory of a neglected Frenchman. We know this happy incident has accomplished much towards the study of the history of the state. The story of Nicolet has been brought to the attention of the world in a way that it never would have been otherwise. Today we fittingly honor *our own* whose memory is one of our richest legacies.

"You have heard much of the 'pride of our state,' of the great and good General Cass, who might be likened in many ways to our present ruling executive. He was one who loved righteousness and hated iniquity. He had the moral courage to defend the weak against the strong, against great odds. Constant, beautiful and advantageous, the holiest aim of humanity, is that which is upheld by justice. Wisdom, moderation, and conciliation, all were his virtues. He realized that nothing is more detrimental to a nation's development than self-deception and self-laudation. He knew that faith is the best guardian of Freedom. He nobly breasted the storm at its highest fury. He would tell the truth in the face of angry tribes, with the threat of ruin and death staring him in the face. No bribe, menace, or insult could drive him from what he thought was right. He was an honest man, a valiant conqueror.

"It is but meet and just that we honor this man who always stood for the right, who ever remained the faithful soldier, under the banner of Truth at a time when many abandoned it altogether, or by their silence, or still worse by their opposition, encouraged error and falsehood. He

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detested a lie. His honesty of intention and earnestness of purpose brought to us the happy results which have made Michigan a great State of the Union.

"In the name of the Governor Cass Memorial Committee and on behalf of the donors representing every county in the state, in the name of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, and in the name of the Michigan Historical Commission, we herewith present to the State of Michigan, and to you, Governor, its head and representative, this magnificent tribute to a noble man, one after your own heart, as an incentive to the youth of these times, and succeeding generations to imitate. We know it will be well guarded. We believe this day of its presentation will be long remembered, that its participants will have a story to recount of all that has occurred which will be an inspiration for future citizens, an encouragement to the youth, and a comfort to old age.

THE CHAIRMAN: "I now have the pleasure and the honor of presenting to you Michigan's distinguished Governor, Woodbridge N. Ferris, who will address you."

GOVERNOR FERRIS: "Mr. Chairman, and fellow-citizens: I can add nothing to the magnificent oration you have heard; it must needs cover my subject, 'Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan Territory.'

"Human greatness, which has always commanded the admiration of the world, is in origin more or less shrouded in mystery. Washington, in his youth, gave no special promise of greatness; but his achievements in mature manhood, under gigantic difficulties, placed him in the front rank of the world's greatest statesmen. Lincoln's closest boyhood friends never so much as dreamed of his possible

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future; his mature life was fraught with responsibilities which would have crushed any but the greatest of men, and his life continues to be the study of all lovers of humanity. The more I study the life of Lewis Cass, the more I am reminded of Washington and Lincoln. During his service for eighteen years as Governor of Michigan Territory, he was confronted with problems of government that would have taxed the diplomacy and statesmanship of a Washington or a Lincoln.

"In 1813, Lewis Cass found Michigan Territory devastated, poverty stricken and honeycombed with anarchy. The total number of white inhabitants was approximately six thousand. The estimated number of Indians was forty thousand. The whites lived in constant terror of the Indians, who were aided and abetted by the British.

"In the fall of 1814, General Cass organized 'a little company,' and led a successful attack on the Indians. This encouraged the white people to assert their rights, and compelled the savages to exercise a wholesome fear in relation to the Governor. His unremitting vigilance and energetic conduct saved our people from many of the horrors of war. General Cass possessed the courage that conquers. He had an accurate knowledge of Indian traits and of Indian character. During his governorship he made many important treaties with the Indians; he was scrupulously honest in all of his dealings with them. Furthermore, he attempted to advise and encourage them in all matters relating to their own highest welfare. The injustice and perversity of England not only made the solution of the Indian problem very difficult, but hindered him in his efforts to Americanize Michigan Territory.

"By an act of congress passed at the beginning of the

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war, two million acres of land were to be selected in Michigan to be given as bounty lands to volunteers. Cass desired that these surveys should be quickly made, in order that at least a few settlers might make their homes in the Territory and introduce a larger American element on which, and with which, to work. This resulted disastrously. The President, assured by the commissioner of the land office that scarcely one acre in a thousand was fit for cultivation, advised congress in February, 1816, that the quota of bounty lands might better be located in other parts of the Northwest; in other words, the lands of Michigan in the southern peninsula were declared to be a barren waste. This adverse report was a serious handicap to the development of Michigan for many years.

"General Cass was an undaunted pioneer and explorer. He traveled thousands of miles in a birch bark canoe and on horseback visiting Indian tribes, and at the same time discovered for himself the vast riches of this great undeveloped Territory. Before 1830 the alleged barren waste, Michigan, was actually exporting flour to the East, and there was an air of comfort on her borders and an appearance of thrift along her inland roads which spoke of the success of Governor Cass's efforts to attract eastern knowledge and energy. By the third census of the century, Michigan was shown to have over thirty thousand people and to have just claims for speedy admittance as a state.

"General Cass was thoroughly democratic, both in theory and practice. He was a Jeffersonian. He did not arrogate to himself the functions of an autocrat, nor of a monarch. As rapidly as possible, he organized the Territory for self-government; like Lincoln, he wished the people to govern. He was an enthusiastic advocate of good roads.

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He encouraged education through the agency of schools and the newspaper. On Nov. 6, 1826, Lewis Cass said in a speech at Detroit: 'Whenever education is diffused among the people generally, they will appreciate the value of free institutions, and as they have the power, so must they have the will to maintain them. It appears to me that a plan may be devised that will not press too heavily upon the means of the country and which will ensure a competent portion of education to all the youth in the Territory; and I recommend the subject to your serious consideration.'

"Lewis Cass had extraordinary opportunities for studying the conduct of the civilized and the uncivilized. He was a lawyer and sociologist, and with his practical knowledge of human nature, exhibited what bordered on a prophetic vision of how coming civilization would treat crime. The following statement made by him in his message to the territorial council January 5, 1831, is profoundly significant:

" 'In fact, the opinion gains ground through the civilized world, that human life has been too often sacrificed to unjust laws, which seek the death of the offender rather than his reformation. Governments have found it easy to put an end to the transgression of offenders by putting an end to their lives; while the difficult problem, whose solution is equally required by policy and humanity, of uniting reformation, example and security, has been neglected as unimportant or unttainable. The period is probably not far distant when it will be universally acknowledged that all the just objects of human laws may be fully answered without the infliction of capital punishment.'

"Lewis Cass was a natural born leader of men. He never asked any man to do what he was afraid or unwilling

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to do himself. He co-operated with the federal government in all movements for progress and self-defense. He was a profound statesman and diplomat. In this age of steam, electricity and iron we find it difficult to appreciate the heroic and constructive work of Lewis Cass.

"The life of Lewis Cass is worthy of careful study. We gain inspiration and enthusiasm from knowing what great Americans have accomplished under the most adverse circumstances. Public men and citizens will find in the experience of this sturdy pioneer many of the concrete examples of the regenerating power of democracy. This so-called progressive age has not overshadowed Lewis Cass. I commend to economists, lawyers, teachers and political students the careful examination of this remarkable man's achievements. I feel so deeply the importance of this suggestion that my highest aspiration is to be guided by the ideals of this great man."

[Lifting his eyes to the audience and to the tablet, Governor Ferris said:] "In behalf of this great commonwealth, I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan, accept this memorial tablet as a historical mark of love and esteem for one of our greatest constructive government builders. It is fitting that this tablet be placed upon Mackinac Island, one of Nature's choicest creations, an island whose historic associations are sacred, an island visited annually by people from every state in the union and by tourists from all parts of the world. May those who in the years to come pause to read the inscription on this tablet, be inspired with the patriotism that has led America to recognize and maintain the inalienable rights of all men 'to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' "

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CHAPTER XXI

TSHUSICK

INTERESTING STORY OF A REMARKABLE INDIAN WOMAN

"A PORTION only of the history of this extraordinary woman has reached us. Of her early life we know nothing; but the fragment which we are enabled to present, is sufficiently indicative of her strongly marked character, while it illustrates with singular felicity the energy of the race to which she belongs. In tracing the peculiar traits of the Indian character, as developed in many of the wild adventures related of them, we are most forcibly struck with the boldness, the subtlety, the singleness of purpose, with which individuals of that race plan and execute any design in which they may be deeply interested.

"The youth of ancient Persia were taught to speak the truth. The lesson of infancy, inculcated with equal care upon the American savage, is, to keep his own counsel, and he learns with the earliest dawnings of reason the caution which teaches him alike to deceive his foe, and to guard against the imprudence of his friend. The story of Tshusick shows that she possessed those savage qualities, quickened and adorned by a refinement seldom found in any of her race; and we give it as it was communicated to the writer by the gentleman who was best acquainted with all the facts.

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"In the winter of 1826–27, on a cold night, when the snow was lying on the ground, a wretched, ill-clad, way-worn female knocked at the door of our colleague, Colonel McKenney, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at the City of Washington. She was attended by a boy, who explained the manner in which she had been directed to the residence of Colonel McKenney. It seems that, while wandering through the streets of Georgetown, in search of a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, she was allured by the blaze of a furnace in the shop of Mr. Haller, a tin-worker. She entered, and eagerly approached the fire. On being asked who she was, she replied that she was an Indian, that she was cold and starving, and knew not where to go. Mr. Haller, supposing that Colonel McKenney, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was bound to provide for all of that race who came to the seat of government, directed her to him, and sent his boy to conduct her. On this representation the Colonel invited her into his house, led her to a fire, and saw before him a young woman, with a ragged blanket about her shoulders, a pair of man's boots on her feet, a pack on her back, and the whole of her meagre and filthy attire announcing the extreme of want. She described herself to be, what her complexion and features sufficiently indicated, an Indian, and stated that she had travelled alone, and on foot, from Detroit. In reply to questions which were put to her, for the purpose of testing the truth of her story, she named several gentlemen who resided at that place, described their houses and mentioned circumstances in reference to their families which were known to be correct. She then proceeded, with a self-possession of manner, and an ease and fluency of language that surprised those who heard her, to narrate the cause of

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her solitary journey. She said she had recently lost her husband, to whom she was much attached, and that she attributed his death to the anger of the Great Spirit, whom she had always venerated, but who was no doubt offended with her, for having neglected to worship Him in the manner which she knew to be right. She knew that the red people did not worship the Great Spirit in an acceptable mode, and that the only true religion was that of the white men. Upon the decease of her husband, therefore, she had knelt down, and vowed that she would immediately proceed to Washington, to the sister of Mrs. Boyd, who, being the wife of the great father of the white people, would, she hoped, protect her until she should be properly instructed and baptized.

"In conformity with this pious resolution, she had immediately set out, and had travelled after the Indian fashion, not by any road, but across the country, pursuing the course which she supposed would lead her to the capital. She had begged her food at the farmhouses she chanced to pass, and had slept in the woods. On being asked if she had not been afraid when passing the night alone in the forest, she replied, that she had never been alarmed, for that she knew the Great Spirit would protect her.

"This simple, though remarkable recital, confirmed as it was by its apparent consistency, and the correctness of the references to well-known individuals, both at Detroit and Mackinac, carried conviction to the minds of all who heard it. The Mrs. Boyd alluded to, was the wife of a highly respectable gentleman, the agent of the United States for Indian affairs, residing at Mackinac, and she was the sister of the lady of Mr. Adams, then President of the United States. It seemed natural that a native female, capable of

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acting as this courageous individual had acted, should seek the protection of a lady who held the highest rank in her nation, and whose near relative she knew and respected. There was something of dignity, and much of romance, in the idea of a savage convert seeking, at the mansion of the chief magistrate, the pure fountain of the religion which she proposed to espouse, as if unwilling to receive it from any source meaner than the most elevated.

"Colonel McKenney recognized in the stranger a person entitled alike to the sympathies of the liberal, and the protection of the government, and, in the exercise of his official duty towards one of a race over whom he had been constituted a sort of guardian, immediately received his visitor under his protection, and conducted her to a neighboring hotel, secured her a comfortable apartment, and placed her under the especial care of the hostess, a kind and excellent woman, who promised to pay her every requisite attention.

"On the following morning, the first care of the commissioner was to provide suitable attire for the stranger, and, having purchased a quantity of blue and scarlet clothes, feathers, beads, and other finery, he presented them to her; and Tshusick, declining all assistance, set to work with alacrity, and continued to labor without ceasing, until she had completed the entire costume, except the moccasins and hat, which were purchased. There she was, an Indian belle, decorated by her own hands, according to her own taste, and smiling in the consciousness that a person to whom nature had not been niggard, had received the most splendid embellishments of which art was capable.

"Tshusick was now introduced in due form to the presidential mansion, where she was received with great kind-

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ness; the families of the secretary of war, and of other gentlemen, invited and caressed her as an interesting and deserving stranger. No other Indian female, except the Eagle of Delight, was ever so great a favorite at Washington, nor has any lady of that race ever presented higher claims to admiration. She was, as the faithful pencil of King has portrayed her, a beautiful woman. Her manners had the unstudied grace, and her conversation the easy fluency, of high refinement. There was nothing about her that was coarse or commonplace. Sprightly, intelligent, and quick, there was also a womanly decorum in all her actions, a purity and delicacy in her whole air and conduct, that pleased and attracted all who saw her. So agreeable a savage has seldom, if ever, adorned the fashionable circles of civilized life.

"The success of this lady at her first appearance on a scene entirely new to her, is not surprising. Youth and beauty are in themselves always attractive, and she was just then in the full bloom of womanhood. Her age might have been twenty-eight, but she seemed much younger. Her dress, though somewhat gaudy, was picturesque, and well calculated to excite attention by its singularity, while its adaption to her own style of beauty, and to the aboriginal character, rendered it appropriate. Neat in her person, she arranged her costume with taste, and, accustomed from infancy to active exercise, her limbs had a freedom and grace of action too seldom seen among ladies who are differently educated. Like all handsome women, be their color or nation what it may, she knew her power, and used it to the greatest advantage.

"But that part of Tshusick's story which is yet to be related is, to our mind, the most remarkable. Having at-

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tended to her personal comforts, and introduced her to those whose patronage might be most serviceable, Colonel McKenney's next care was to secure for her the means of gratifying her wish to embrace the Christian religion. She professed her readiness to act immediately on the subject, and proposed that the Colonel should administer the rite of baptism—he being a great chief, the father of the Indians, and the most proper person to perform this parental and sacerdotal office. He of course declined, and addressed a note to the Reverend Mr. Gray, Rector of Christ Church, in Georgetown, who immediately called to see Tshusick. On being introduced to him, she inquired whether he spoke French, and desired that their conversation might be held in that language, in order that the other persons who were present might not understand it, alleging, as her reason for the request, the sacredness of the subject, and the delicacy she felt in speaking of her religious sentiments. A long and interesting conversation ensued, at the conclusion of which Mr. Gray expressed his astonishment at the extent of her knowledge, and the clearness of her views, in relation to the whole Christian scheme. He was surprised to hear a savage, reared among her own wild race, in the distant regions of the northern lakes, who could neither read nor write, speak with fluency and precision in a foreign tongue, on the great doctrine of sin, repentance, and the atonement. He pronounced her a fit subject for baptism; and accordingly that rite was administered, a few days afterwards, agreeably to the form of the Episcopalian Church, in the presence of a large company. When the name to be given to the new convert was asked by Mr. Gray, it appeared that none had been agreed on; those of the wife and daughter of the then secretary of war were suggested on the emer-

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STATUE OF FATHER JOGUES

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FATHER EDWARD JACKER
Who with Mr. Murray discovered Father Marquette's grave at St. Ignace, Michigan

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gency, and were used. Throughout this trying ceremony, she conducted herself with great propriety. Her deportment was calm and self-possessed, yet characterized by a sensibility which seemed to be the result of genuine feeling.

"Another anecdote shows the remarkable tact and talent of this singular woman. On an occasion when Colonel McKenney introduced her to a large party of his friends, there was present a son of the celebrated Theobald Wolf Tone, a young Frenchman of uncommon genius and attainment. This young gentleman no sooner heard Tshusick converse in his native tongue, than he laughed heartily, insisted that the whole affair was a deception, that Colonel McKenney had dressed up a smart youth of the engineer corps, and had gotten up an ingenious scenic representation for the amusement of his guests—because he considered it utterly impossible that an Indian could speak the French language with such purity and elegance. He declared that her dialect was that of a well educated Parisian. We do not think it surprising that a purer French should be spoken on our frontier, than in the province of France. The language was introduced among the Indians by the priests and military officers, who were educated at Paris, and were persons of refinement, and it has remained there without change. The same state of facts may exist there which we know to be true with regard to the United States. The first emigrants to our country were educated persons, who introduced a pure tongue, and the English language is spoken by Americans with greater correctness, than in any of the provincial parts of Great Britain.

"We shall not only add to this part of our strange eventful history, that all who saw Tshusick at Washington, were alike impressed with the invariable propriety of her deport-

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ment; her hostess especially, who had the opportunity of noticing her behavior more closely than others, expressed the most unqualified approbation of her conduct. She was neat, methodical, and pure in all her habits and conversation. She spoke with fluency on a variety of subjects, and was, in short, a most graceful and interesting woman. Yet she was a savage, who had strolled on foot from the borders of Lake Superior to the American capital.

"When the time arrived for Tshusick to take her departure, she was not allowed to go empty handed. Her kind friends at Washington loaded her with presents. Mrs. Adams, the lady of the President, besides the valuable gifts which she gave her, intrusted to her care a variety of articles for her young relatives, the children of Mr. Boyd, at Mackinac. It being arranged that she should travel by the stage coaches as far as practicable, her baggage was carefully packed in a large trunk; but as part of her journey would be through the wilderness, where she must ride on horseback, she was supplied with the means of buying a horse; and a large sack, contrived by herself, and to be hung like panniers across the horse, was made, into which all her property was to be stowed. Her money was placed in a belt to be worn round her waist; and a distinguished officer of the army, of high rank, with the gallantry which forms so conspicuous a part of his character, fastened with his own hand this rich cestus upon the person of the lovely tourist.

"Thus pleasantly did the days of Tshusick pass at the capital of the United States, and she departed burdened with the favors and good wishes of those who were highest in station and most worthy in character. On her arrival at Barnum's hotel in Baltimore, a favorable reception was secured for her by a letter of introduction. Mrs. Barnum

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took her into her private apartments, detained her several days as her guest, and showed her the curiosities of that beautiful city. She then departed in the western stage for Frederick; the proprietors of the stages declined receiving any pay from her, either for her journey to Baltimore, or thence west, so far as she was heard of.

"Having thus with the fidelity of an impartial historian, described the halcyon days of Tshusick, as the story was told us by those who saw her dandled on the knee of hospitality, or fluttering with child-like joy upon the wing of pleasure, it is with pain that we are obliged to reverse the picture. But beauties, like other conquerors, have their hours of glory and of gloom. The brilliant career of Tshusick was destined to close as suddenly as that of the conqueror of Europe at the field of Waterloo.

"On the arrival of the fair Ojibway at Washington, Colonel McKenney had written to Governor Cass, at Detroit, describing in glowing language, the bright stranger who was the delight of the higher circles at the metropolis, and desiring to know of the Governor of Michigan her character and history. The reply to this prudent inquiry was received a few days after the departure of the subject of it. The Governor, highly amused at the success of the lady's adventure, congratulated his numerous friends at Washington, on the acquisition which had been gained to their social circle, and, in compliance with the request of his friend, stated what he knew of her. She was the wife of a short squat Frenchman, who officiated as a scullion in the household of Mr. Boyd, the Indian agent at Mackinac, and who, so far from having been spirited away from his afflicted wife, was supporting her absence without leave with the utmost resignation. It was not the first liberty of this

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kind she had taken. Her love of adventure had more than once induced her to separate for a season the conjugal tie, and to throw herself upon the cold charity of a world that has been called heartless, but which had not proved so for her. She was a sort of female swindler, who practised upon the unsophisticated natures of her fellow men, by an aboriginal method of her own invention. Whenever stern necessity, or her own pleasure, rendered it expedient to replenish her exhausted coffers, her custom had been to wander off into the settlements of the whites, and, under a disguise of extreme wretchedness, to recite some tale of distress; that she had been crossed in love; or was the sole survivor of a dreadful massacre; or was disposed to embrace the Christian religion; and such was the effect of her beauty and address, that she seldom failed to return with a rich booty. She had wandered through the whole length of the Canadas to Montreal and Quebec; had traced the dreary solitudes of the northern lakes, to the most remote trading stations; had ascended the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, and had followed the meanders of that river down to St. Louis, comprising, within the range of her travels, the whole vast extent of the northern and northwestern frontier, and many places in the interior. Her last and boldest attempt was a masterpiece of daring and successful enterprise, and will compare well with the most finished efforts of the ablest imposters of modern times.

"It will be seen that Tshusick had ample opportunities for obtaining the information which she used so dexterously, and for beholding the manners of refined life, which she imitated with such success. She had been a servant in the families of gentlemen holding official rank on the fron-

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tier, and, in her wanderings, been entertained at the dwellings of English, French and Americans, of every grade. Her religious knowledge was picked up at the missionary stations at Mackinac, and from the priests at Montreal; and her excellent French resulted partly from hearing that language well spoken by genteel persons, and partly from an admirable perception and fluency of speech that are natural to a gifted few, and more frequently found in women than in men. Although an imposter and vagrant, she was a remarkable person, possessing beauty, tact, spirit, and address, which the highest born and loveliest might envy, and the perversion of which to purposes of deception and vice affords the most melancholy evidence of the depravity of our nature.

"Tshusick left Washington in February, 1827, and in the month of June following, Colonel McKenney's official duties required him to visit the north-western frontier. On his arrival at Detroit he naturally felt some curiosity to see the singular being who had practiced so adroitly on the credulity of himself and his friends, and the more especially, as he learned that the presents with which she had been charged by the latter, had not been delivered. On inquiry, he was told she had just gone to Mackinac. Proceeding on his tour, he learned at Mackinac that she had left for Green Bay; from the latter place she preceded him to Prairie du Chien; and when he arrived at Prairie du Chien, she had just departed for St. Peters. It was evident that she had heard of his coming, and was unwilling to meet him; she had fled before him, from place to place, probably alone, and certainly with but slender means of subsistence, for more than a thousand miles, giving thus a new proof of

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the vigilance and fearlessness that marked her character.

"In reciting this singular adventure, we have not been able to avoid entirely the mention of names connected with it, but we have confined ourselves to those of persons in public life, whose stations subject them, without impropriety, to this kind of notice. The whole affair affords a remarkable instance of the benignant character of our government, and of the facility with which the highest functionaries may be approached by any who have even a shadow of claim on their protection. Power does not assume, with us, the repulsive shape which keeps the humble at a distance, nor are the doors of our rulers guarded by tedious official forms, that delay the petitions of those who claim either mercy or justice.

"The beautiful stories of *Elizabeth*, by Madame Cottin, and of *Jeanne Deans*, by Scott, are both founded on real events, which are considered as affording delightful illustrations of the heroic self-devotion of the female heart; of the courage and enthusiasm with which a woman will encounter danger for a beloved object. Had the journey of Tshusick been undertaken, like those alluded to, to save a parent or a sister, or even been induced by the circumstances which she alleged, it would have formed a touching incident in the history of woman, little inferior to any which have ever been related. She came far, and endured much; emerging from the lowest rank in society, she found favor in the highest, and achieved, for the base purpose of plunder, the success which would have immortalized her name, had it been obtained in a virtuous cause.

"This remarkable woman is still living, and though broken by years, exhibits the same active and intriguing spirit which distinguished her youth. She is well known on

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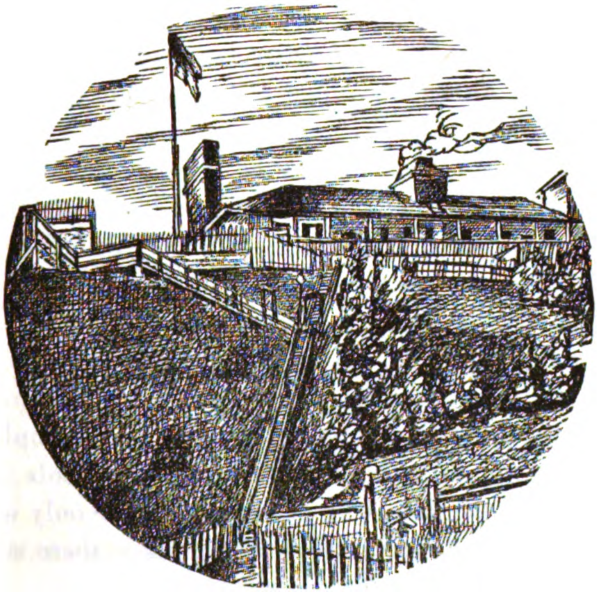
the frontier; but, when we last heard of her, passed under a different name from that which we have recorded."—McKenney and Hall, *History of the Indian Tribes of North America* [etc.] I, 119–129.



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CHAPTER XXII

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

LEGEND OF THE GREAT HARE

FATHER ALLOUEZ relates the following Indian legend connected with Michilimackinac:

"They say that it is the native Country of one of their gods, named Michabous—that is to say, 'the great Hare,' Ouisaketchak, who is the one that created the Earth; and that it was in these Islands that he invented nets for catching fish, after he had attentively considered the spider while she was working at her web in order to catch flies in it. They believe that Lake Superior is a Pond made by Beavers, and that its Dam was double,—the first being at the place called by us the Sault, and the second five leagues below. In ascending the River, they say, this same god found that second Dam first and broke it down completely; and that is why there is no waterfall or whirlpools in that rapid. As to the first Dam, being in haste, he only walked on it to tread it down; and, for that reason, there still remain great falls and whirlpools there.

"This god, they add, while chasing a Beaver in Lake Superior, crossed with a single stride a bay of eight leagues in width. In view of so mighty an enemy, the Beavers changed their location, and withdrew to another Lake, Alimibegoung (Nipigon),—whence they afterward, by means of the Rivers flowing from it, arrived at the North Sea, with the intention of crossing over to France; but, finding the

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water bitter, they lost heart, and spread throughout the Rivers and Lakes of this entire Country. And that is the reason why there are no Beavers in France, and the French come to get them here. The people believe that it is this god who is the master of our lives, and that he grants life only to those to whom he has appeared in sleep. This is a part of the legends with which the Savages very often entertain us."—*Jesuit Relations*, LIV, 201.

MICHILIMACKINAC—APPLICATION OF NAME

"MICHILIMACKINAC (*Mishinima'kinung*, 'place of the big wounded person,' or 'place of the big lame person.' —W. J.). A name applied at various times to Mackinac Island in Mackinac County, Mich.; to the village on this Island; to the village and fort at Point St. Ignace on the opposite mainland, and at an early period to a considerable extent of territory in the upper part of the lower peninsula of Michigan. It is derived from the name of a supposed extinct Algonquin tribe, the Mishimaki or Mishinimakinagog."—Bureau of American Ethnology, *Bulletin* No. 30, Part 1, p. 857.

VARIOUS SPELLINGS OF "MICHILIMACKINAC"

"MACHILIMACHINACK.—Watts (1763) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Colls., 4th s., IX, 483, 1871. MACHILLIMAKINA.—Bouquet (1760), *Ibid.*, 345. MACKANAW.—Drake, Bk. Inds., bk. 5, 134, 1848. MACKELIMAKANAC.—Campbell (1760) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Colls., 4th s., IX, 358, 1871. MACKILEMACKINAC.—*Ibid.*, 383. MACKINAC.—Jefferson, (1808) in Am. St. Pap., Ind. Aff., I, 746, 1832. MACKINAW.—Hall, N. W. States, 131, 1849. MACKINANG.—

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Baraga, Eng.-Otch. Dict., 165, 1878 (Chippewa form, abbreviated). MASSILIMACINAC.—Map of 1755 in Howe, Hist. Coll., 35, 1851. MESH E NE MAH KE NONG.—Jones, Ojebway Inds., 45, 1861 (Chippewa name). MESILIMAKINAC.—Hennepin, New Discov., map, 1698. MICHELIMAKINA.—Writer of 1756 in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., X, 482, 1858. MICHELIMAKINAC.—Campbell (1761) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 4th s., IX, 417, 1871. MICHIHMAQUINAC.—Homann Heirs Map U. S., 1784 (misprint). MICHILEMACKINAH.—Campbell (1761) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 4th s., IX, 426, 1871. MICHILIMACKINAC.—Johnson (1763) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., VII, 533, 1856. MICHILIMACQUINA.—Doc. of 1691, *Ibid.*, IX, 511, 1855. MICHILIMAKENAC.—Albany conf. (1726) *Ibid.*, V, 791, 1855. MICHILIMAKINA.—Vaudreuil (1710), *Ibid.*, IX, 843, 1855. MICHILIMAKINAC.—Du Chesneau (1681), *Ibid.*, 153. MICHILIMAKINAIS.—Jeffreys, French Doms., pt. 1, 19–20, 1761 (tribe). MICHILIMAKINONG.—Marquette (*ca.* 1673) in Kelton, Annals Ft. Mackinac, 121, 1884. MICHILIMAQUINA.—Denonville (1686) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., III, 461, 1853. MICHILIMICANACK.—Bradstreet (*ca.* 1765), *Ibid.*, VII, 690, 1856. MICHILIMICKINAC.—Peters (1760) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 4th s., IX, 318, 1871. MICHILLEMACKINACK.—Amherst (1760), *Ibid.*, 348. MICHILLEMAKINACK.—Malartic (1758) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., X, 853, 1858. MICHILLIMACINAC.—Johnstown conf. (1774), *Ibid.*, VIII, 505, 1857. MICHILLIMACKINACKS.—Lords of Trade (1721), *Ibid.*, V. 622, 1855 (used as synonymous with Ottawas). MICHILLIMAKENAC.—Bouquet (1761) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 4th s., IX, 392, 1871. MICHILLIMAKINAK.—Cadillac (1703) in Minn. Hist. Soc. Coll., V., 407, 1885. MICHILLIMAQUINA.—Denonville

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(1687) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., IX, 336, 1855. Michillmiackinock.—Domenech, Deserts, II, 452, 1860. Michi Mackina.—Brown, West. Gaz., 161, 1817 (Indian form). Michimmakina.—M'Lean, *Hudson Bay*, I, 51, 1849. Michinimackinac.—Henry, *Travels*, 107, 1809 (Chippewa form). Michlimackinak.—Montreal conf., (1700) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., IX, 709, 1855. Micilimaquinay.—Joutel (*ca.* 1690) in Kelton, *Annals Ft. Mackinac*, 121, 1884. Micinimakinunk.—Wm. Jones, inf'n., 1906 (proper form). Mikinac.—La Chesnaye (1697) in *Margry, Dec.*, VI, 6, 1886 (same?; mentioned with Ojibwas, Ottawa Sinagos, etc., as then at Shaugawaumikong on L. Superior). Miscelemackena.—Croghan (1764) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., VII, 603, 1856. Misclimakinack.—Colden (1727), *Ibid.*, III, 489, note, 1853. Mishinimaki.—Kelton, *Annals Ft. Mackinac*, 9, 10, 1884 (tribe). Mishinimakina.—*Ibid.*, 151 (correct Indian name). Mishinimakinago.—Baraga, *Otchipwe-Eng. Dict.*, 248, 1880 (Chippewa name of the mythic (?) tribe, whence comes Michilimackinac; the plural takes *g*). Mishinimakinak.—Kelton, *Annals Ft. Mackinac*, 135, 1884. Mishinimakinang.—Baraga, *Eng.-Otch. Dict.*, 165, 1878 (Chippewa form). Mishinimákinank.—Gatschet, Ojibwa MS., B. A. E., 1882. Misilimakenak.—Burnet (1723) in *N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist.*, V, 684, 1855. Misillimakinac.—Vaudreuil conf. (1703), *Ibid.*, IX, 751, 1855. Mislimakinac.—Memoir of 1687, *Ibid.*, 319. Misselemachinack.—Croghan (1760) in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 4th s., IX, 377, 1871. Misselemakinach.—*Ibid.* Misselemaknach.—*Ibid.*, 372. Missilikinac.—Hennepin, *New Discov.*, 308, 1698. Missilimachinac.—Hennepin (1683) in Harris, *Voy. and Trav.*, II, 918, 1705. Missilimack-

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INAK.—De La Barre (1687) in Minn. Hist. Soc. Coll., V, 418, 1885. MISSILIMAKENAK.—Colden (*ca.* 1723) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., V, 687, 1855. MISSILIMAKINAC.—*Jes. Rel.*, 1671, 37, 1858. MISSILIMAKINAK.—Cadillac (1694) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., IX, 587, 1855. MISSILIMAQUINA.—Denonville (1687), *Ibid.*, III, 466, 1853. MISSILINAOKINAK.—Hennepin, *New Discov.*, 316, 1698. MISSILINIANAC.—Mt. Johnson conf. (1755) in N. Y. Doc. Col. Hist., VI, 975, 1855. MISSILLIMACKINAC.—Johnson (1763), *Ibid.*, VII, 573, 1856. MISSILLIMAKINA.—Denonville (1686), *Ibid.*, IX, 287, 1855. MISSILMAKINA.—Denonville (1687), *Ibid.*, 325. MITCHINIMACKENUCKS.—Lindsey (1749), *Ibid.*, VI, 538, 1855 (here intended for the Ottawa). MONSIEMAKENACK.—Albany conf. (1723), Ibid., V, 693, 1855. ST. FRANCIS BORGIA.—Shea, Cath. Miss., 370, 1855 (Ottawa mission on Mackinaw id. in 1677). TEIJAONDORAGHI.—Albany conf. (1726) in N. Y., Doc. Col. Hist., V, 791, 1855 (Iroquois name.)"—Bureau of American Ethnology, *Bulletin* No. 30, p. 857.

MISHINIMAKI, OR MISHINIMAKINAGOG, EARLY INDIAN TRIBE ON MACKINAC ISLAND

"According to Indian tradition and the *Jesuit Relations*, the Mishinimaki formerly had their headquarters at Mackinac Island and occupied all the adjacent territory in Michigan. They are said to have been at one time numerous and to have had 30 villages, but in retaliation for an invasion of the Mohawk country they were destroyed by the Iroquois. This must have occurred previous to the occupancy of the country by the Chippewa on their first appearance in this region. A few were still there in 1671,

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but in Charlevoix's time (1744) none of them remained. When the Chippewa appeared in this section they made Michilimackinac Island one of their chief centers, and it re-

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tained its importance for a long period. In 1761 their village was said to contain 100 warriors. In 1827 the Catholic part of the inhabitants, to the number of 150, separated from the others and formed a new village near the

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old one. When the Hurons were driven west by the Iroquois they settled on Mackinac Island, where they built a village some time after 1650. Soon thereafter they removed to the Noquet Islands in Green Bay, but returned about 1670 and settled in a new village on the adjacent mainland, where the Jesuits had just established the mission of St. Ignace. After this the Hurons settled near the mission; the fugitive Ottawa also settled in a village on the island where Nouvel established the mission of St. Francis Borgia among them in 1677, and when the Hurons removed to Detroit, about 1702, the Ottawa and Chippewa continued to live at Michilimackinac."—Bureau of American Ethnology, *Bulletin* No. 30, Part I. p. 857.

THE MICHILLIMACKINACS, AN EARLY TRIBE OF INDIANS ON MACKINAC ISLAND

"Mackinac Island," says Charlevoix (1721), is "one of the most celebrated places in all Canada, and has been a long time according to some ancient traditions among the Indians, the chief residence of a nation of the same name, and whereof they reckoned as they say to the number of thirty towns, which were dispersed up and down in the neighborhood of the Island. It is pretended they were destroyed by the Iroquois, but it is not said at what time nor on what occasion; what is certain is, that no village of them now remains (1721). I have somewhere read that our ancient missionaries have lately discovered some relics of them."—Charlevoix, *Journal,* II, 46.

MACKINAC, THE TURTLE, AND INDIAN CHIEF

"Pontiac, exhorting his French followers, said in a speech in 1763: 'Remember the war with the Foxes, and

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the part which I took in it. It is now seventeen years since the Ojibwas of Michillimackinac, combined with the Sacs and Foxes, came down to destroy you. Who then defended you? Was it not I and my young men? Mackinac, a great chief of all these nations said in council that he would carry to his village the head of your commandant [at Detroit]—that he would eat his heart and drink his blood. Did I not take your part? Did I not go to his camp, and say to him, that if he wished to kill the French, he must first kill me and my warriors? Did I not assist you in routing them, and driving them away?' "

"Dr. Lyman Copeland Draper, commenting on this passage, cites a vague allusion, made by Gen. Smith (*Hist. Wis.* I, 343), to 'a war under "Mackinac the Turtle" against the French, in 1746.' The war apparently took place in the region of Detroit."—*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, V. 104 note.

NAME OF MICHILLIMACKINAC

"The name of Michillimackinac," says Charlevoix, "signifies a great quantity of turtles, but I have never heard that more of them are found here at this day than elsewhere."—Charlevoix, *Journal*, II, 46.

THE HURONS TAKE REFUGE ON MACKINAC ISLAND, 1650

"The Hurons of the Tobacco Nation, known as the Tionnontatés," says Father Dablon, "being expelled years ago from their country by the Iroquois, took refuge in that Island so noted for its fisheries, named Missilimakinac. Here, however, they were suffered to remain but a few years, that same foe compelling them to leave so advantag-

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eous a position. They therefore withdrew farther to some Islands, which still bear their name, situated at the entrance to the bay des Puans; but, not finding themselves even there sufficiently secure, they retired far into the depths of the woods; and thence finally sought out, as a last abode, at the very end of Lake Superior, a spot that has received the name of point St. Esprit. There they were far enough from the Iroquois not to fear them, but too near the Nadouessi, —who are the Iroquois, so to speak, of those Northern regions, being the most powerful and warlike people of that country."—*Jesuit Relations,* LVI, 115.

FATHER MAREST'S DESCRIPTION OF MICHILLI-MACKINAC (1712)

"*Michillimackinac* is situated between two large lakes, into which other lakes and many rivers empty. For this reason this village is the general resort of the Frenchmen and of the Savages; and it is the center of nearly all the fur trade of the country. The soil here is far from being as good as in the land of our Illinois. During the greater part of the year, fish is our only food. The water, which constitutes the charm of the place in summer, renders a sojourn here during the winter very dreary and very monotonous. The ground is covered with snow from All Saints' until the month of May.

"The character of these Savages bears the impress of the climate in which they live; it is harsh and indocile. Religion does not take so deep root in them as we could wish; and there are only a few souls who, from time to time, give themselves truly to God, and console the Missionary for all his labors."—*Jesuit Relations,* LXVI, 283.

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SOLILOQUY OF AN INDIAN CHIEF AT DUSK FROM THE DECK OF A DEPARTING STEAMER, WITH THE DEEP BLUE OUTLINES OF MACKINAC ISLAND DIMLY SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

"Moc-che-ne-mock-e-nug-gonge, thou Isle of the clear, deep-water Lake, how soothing it is from amidst the curling smoke of my opawgun (pipe), to trace thy deep blue outlines in the distance; to call from memory's tablets the traditions and stories connected with thy sacred and mystic character, how sacred the regard, with which thou hast been once clothed by our Indian seers of gone-by days; how pleasant in imagination for the mind to picture and view, as if now present, the time when the Great Spirit allowed a peaceful stillness to dwell around thee, when only light and balmy winds were permitted to pass over thee, hardly ruffling the mirror surface of the waters that surrounded thee. Nothing then disturbed thy quiet and deep solitude, but the chippering of birds, and the rustling of the leaves of the silver-barked birch; or to hear, by evening twilight the sound of the Giant Fairies as they with rapid step, and giddy whirl, dance their mystic dance on thy limestone battlements."—Strickland, *Old Mackinaw*, p. 96.

AN EARLY DESCRIPTION OF MACKINAC ISLAND

Mr. George Heriot, the Canadian statesman and traveller, who passed through the Straits of Mackinac about 1807, says of Mackinac Island, in his *Travels through the Canadas*, published in that year:

"Michilimakinac is a small Island, situated at the northwest angle of lake Huron, towards the entrance of the channel which forms the communication with Lake Michigan, in latitude forty-five degrees, forty-eight minutes,

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thirty-four seconds, and upwards of a thousand miles from Quebec. It is of a round form, irregularly elevated, and of a barren soil; the Fort occupies the highest ground, and consists of four wooden block-houses forming the angles, the spaces between them being filled up with cedar pickets. On the shore below the Fort, there are several store-houses and dwellings. The neighbouring part of the continent, which separates Lake Superior from Lake Huron, derives its name from this Island. In 1671, Father Marquette came thither with a party of Hurons, whom he prevailed on to form a settlement; a Fort was constructed, and it afterwards became an important post. It was the place of general assemblage for all the French who went to traffic with the distant nations. It was the asylum of all savages who came to exchange their furs for merchandise. When individuals belonging to tribes at war with each other, came thither and met on commercial adventure, their animosities were suspended. . . .

"Their tradition concerning the name of this little barren Island is curious. They say that Michapous, the chief of spirits, sojourned long in that vicinity. They believed that a mountain on the border of the lake was the place of his abode, and they called it by his name. It was here, say they, that he first instructed man to fabricate nets for taking fish, and where he has collected the greatest quantity of these finny inhabitants of the waters. On the Island he left spirits, named Imakinakos, and from these aerial possessors it has received the appellation of Michilimakinac. This place came into possession of the American government in 1796, the period of delivering over all the other forts within its boundaries."—Heriot, *Travels through the Canadas*, p. 185.

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MICHAEL DOUSMAN
From oil portrait in possession of his grandson,
Edward Dousman
(*The Capture of Mackinac, in 1812.* By Kellogg)

MAJOR ROBERT ROGERS

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SCENE AT MACKINAC ISLAND'S OLD POST OFFICE

OBSERVATION TOWER AT FORT HOLMES, MACKINAC ISLAND
(Dismantled following a fatal accident to a tourist)

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CHARLEVOIX'S DESCRIPTION OF MACKINAC ISLAND

"When Michabou formed Lake Superior he dwelt at Michillimackinac the place of his birth: this name properly belongs to an Island almost round and very high, situated at the extremity of Lake Huron, though has extended it to all the country round about. This Island may be about three or four miles in circumference and is seen at the distance of twelve leagues. There are two other islands to the south; the most distant of which is five or six leagues long; the other is very small and quite round; both of them are well wooded and the soil excellent, whereas that of Michillimackinac is only a barren rock, being scarce so much as covered with moss or herbage."—Charlevoix, *Journal* II, 45–46.

PICTURESQUE MACKINAC COUNTRY

There are few spots in our country that afford so many beautiful places within a short radius of a few miles than does the Lake region environing Mackinac Island. The following are noted in Strickland's *Old Mackinaw*:

"Bois Blanc Island, at the head of Lake Huron, stretches in the form of a crescent between the Island of Mackinac and the lower peninsula of Michigan. It is from ten to twelve miles in length by three to four in breadth. The lower part of this island is sandy, but the larger portion of it is covered with a fertile soil bearing a forest of elm, maple, oak, ash, white-wood and beech. It has been surveyed and a government light-house stands on its eastern point.

"In the northern part of Lake Michigan are located

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Beaver Islands. There are five or six of this group bearing different names. Big Beaver is the most considerable, and contains perhaps forty square miles. These islands all lie in the vicinity of each other, and within a few miles northwest of Grand and Little Traverse Bays in Lake Michigan. The Big Beaver was, up to July, 1856, in possession of the Mormons, who claimed it as a gift from the Lord.

"Another interesting locality is Drummond's Island, between the Detour and the False Detour. It was taken possession of by the British troops when they surrendered Fort Mackinac in 1814. On this island they built a fort and formed quite a settlement. Upon an examination of the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain, it was ascertained that this island was within the jurisdiction of the former, and it was accordingly evacuated by the British in 1828. The British subjects living on the island followed the troops, and the place was soon deserted and became a desolation.

"St. Helena Island is a small island near the Straits of Mackinac, not far from the shore of the northern peninsula, containing a few acres over a section of land. It is a great fishing station, and enjoys a good harbor protected from westerly winds. Its owner, who has exiled himself *a la Napoleon*, spends his time in fishing, and other pursuits adapted to his mind.

"In addition to the numerous islands constituting the surroundings of Mackinac there are a number of interesting localities denominated 'Points,' that we must not omit to mention. The first, because the most important, and one which is connected with many historic associations which we shall direct attention to, is the 'Iroquois Woman's Point,'

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the Indian name for Point St. Ignatius on the opposite side of the straits of Mackinac, distant between three and four miles, about the same as from the Battery at New York to Staten Island. The original inhabitants with their descendants have long since passed away. Its present occupants are principally Canadians. It has a Catholic chapel.

"Point La Barbe, opposite to Green Island Shoals and Mackinac, is a projection of the upper peninsula into the straits. It is four miles distant from Gross Cape, and derives its name from a custom which prevailed among the Indian traders in olden time on their annual return to Mackinac of stopping here and putting on their best apparel before making their appearance among the people of that place.

"About half way between Mackinac and Cheboye-gun, a projection from the lower peninsula into the straits, is Point aux Sable. Point St. Vital is a cape projecting into Lake Huron from the southeastern extremity of the upper peninsula. There is a reef of rocks off this point where the steamer *Queen City* was wrecked. On a clear day this point may be seen from Fort Holmes, and it presents an enchanting view. The St. Martin's Islands are also in full view from this point.

"In the southwestern part of the straits, about twenty miles distant from Mackinac, is Fox Point. A light-house has been erected on a shoal extending out two miles into the lake. Moneto-pa-maw is a high bluff still further west, on the shore of Michigan, where there are fine fisheries, and is a place of considerable resort. Further west, near the mouth of the Mille au Coquin River which empties into Michigan, there are also excellent fisheries, and to those who are fond of this kind of sport apart from the profit con-

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nected with it, there is no place in the world possessing half the attractions as Mackinac and its surroundings, while the 'Mackinaw trout,' with the 'Mackinaw boat,' and the 'Mackinaw blanket,' are famous over the world."—

BOIS BLANC

"The term *bois blanc* (white wood) is still in use among the French-Canadians, to designate various trees, 'the wood of which is whitish, and not very compact, such as poplar, aspen, etc.' "—Clapin's *Dict. Canad.-Fran. cited in Jesuit Relations,* XLVII, 315.

MACKINAC ISLAND IN 1815

The following interesting extract from a letter written by an officer at Fort Mackinac, Nov. 17, 1815, is printed in the supplement of *Niles' Weekly Register* for February 24, 1816:

"The situation of this Island is most beautiful and interesting, affording a very extensive prospect uninterrupted on the expansive lake in one direction, and enlivened on the other by the main, on the right and left, with beautfiul islands, scattered around. This is the most elevated island on the lakes; its highest ground is several hundred feet above the lake, and resembles a naked ridge terminating abruptly at its extremities of about one mile in length. Below, and half a mile nearer the margin of the lake, is situated fort Makina, which, although more than an hundred feet lower than the elevation first mentioned, is yet upwards of 100 feet above the lake. The British, when last in possession of this Island, erected a small work on the summit of this ridge, and at that extremity nearest the

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fort, consisting of a blockhouse surrounded by a circular parapet of earth, but left it unfinished. It is, however, intended to be completed, with some improvements, and occupied by a guard. Its distance from water, and impracticability of obtaining any by digging, prevented the main fortifications being erected on this position, which is capable of being rendered impregnable, from whence, with a few pieces of ordnance, the Fort, with any garrison, is entirely untenable.

"I have examined the ground where Croghan landed, and the lamented Holmes fell. The retreat must have been most timely and fortunate, or his command would inevitably have been destroyed; fifty men could have prevented his force ever reaching the Fort. The land intervening being covered with a small growth of wood impenetrably thick. There are many individual advantages attending a residence on this Island, from the healthiness of its climate, which I doubt not is equal to any known, the air and water, both of the springs and lake, being as pure as can exist. The military forces here exceed,—and the sick report seldom exceeds one to a company. A variety of the finest fish I ever saw, can be procured in tolerable abundance every season of the year, and the vegetables of the Island are superior in size and nutriment, although the soil which produced them is gravelly."

WISHING SPRING

Constance Fenimore Woolson, tells in *Harper's*, for September, 1872, the following story of a moonlight visit to Wishing Spring:

"It was eleven o'clock as the *Columbia* passed Bois Blanc light, and we all sat watching the approach of the beautiful

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Island of Mackinac. It rose before us in the moonlight, its high cliffs, and bold, dark outlines looking far more romantic and wild than anything we had seen on the fresh-water seas. The little Fort on the height and the little village on the beach seemed fast asleep; but the *Columbia's* whistle woke them, and a crowd stood on the dock as we came along-side.

"Oh, I must, I must go ashore!' said Persis. 'It is a Fairy Island, I am sure.'

" 'It is too late, child; it is almost midnight. You had better come in and go to bed.'

" 'The captain tells me the boat will lie here two hours, Mrs. Varick,' said Major Archer, coming toward us. 'I know all about the Island, as I was once stationed at the Fort. I have a boat engaged, and I should like to row you around to the Fairy Spring.'

"Now, I am a sensible, middle-aged woman, but something in the moonlight bewitched me, and I consented, much to the delight of my niece. In a few moments we were gliding over the silvery water, round the point, and under the dark cliffs crowned with evergreens.

" 'I do not wish to alarm you, Mrs. Varick, but this is the Devil's Kitchen,' said Major Archer, as we landed on the beach near a rocky cave.

" 'Never mind: it is after twelve now,' said Morris, looking at his watch.

"We reached the little spring gushing out just above the beach, and stood in a circle around it.

" 'Now you must each make an offering to the fairy, drink three times from the fountain, and wish,' said the Major gravely.

"Persis threw in some bluebells, I gave a knot of ribbon,

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and Morris pinned a ten-cent scrip to an over-hanging branch.

" 'Well, Major, what do you give?' he said, after we had performed the rites in silence.

" 'I made my wish some years ago; the fairy never listens twice,' he answered, leading the way back to the boat.

" 'I vote we all tell our wishes; exact truth,' said Morris, when we were once more on the silvery water.

"After some banter Persis consented. She had wished for a trip to Europe, I had wished for health during the year, and Morris for a million dollars.

" 'Come, Major, what did you wish for years ago?' asked Morris.

"But the officer was silent. He would not disclose his wish."

A LETTER FROM CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON FROM ITALY [1884?]

"Florence, Italy,
"Dec. 27th.

"Lieut. D. H. Kelton,

"Dear Sir:—

"I have recently had far away here in Italy a most pleasant hour of recollections and old associations, revived by your 'Annals of Fort Mackinac'—for which please accept my best thanks. Years have passed since I last saw Mackinac, and I have been in many countries, and seen many world-famed things; but nothing has in the least changed my old affection for the Island, nor made me think it anything less than the most beautiful in the world. Last winter, at Naples, the best compliment I could give Capri, was that it looked at sunset, something

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like Mackinac. 'But where is Mackinac?' said my English friends. I tried to tell them (English ideas of American geography are vague); but I asked myself at the time whether it would not be truer to answer,—'It is in my affection and imagination. But I do not really think so; I am sure, that when I see it again, it will be quite as beautiful as ever. Your book seems to me an excellent one. I have read it with great interest. The map of the Island I was glad to see, as I have never known where the new National Park was laid out. The illustrations, too, take me back to the happy days I spent there.

"On my wall here, I have the illustrations brought out in 'Harper's Weekly,' this last summer.

"I address this to Mackinac, though, of course, I know that you may not be there; but I shall hope that the postmaster will forward it. Should you be still on the Island, and there be any of my old acquaintances there who remember me, will you be so good as to give them my regards, and tell them that I shall certainly come back some day.

"Very truly yours,

"C. F. Woolson."

EARLY IMPORTANCE OF MACKINAC ISLAND

"It was, until the day of railroads, the central point for all travel on the upper Great Lakes, and for a vast extent of wilderness and half-settled country beyond. As we have seen (vol. xi, *note* 16), it was in 1641 that Jesuits first visited that region; but their missionary labors were not begun on the lakes until nearly twenty years later. Not until 1670 is Mackinac (Michillimackinac) mentioned in the *Relations*, although Ménard and Allouez must have seen

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it in their early voyages. The reason for this is suggested in our text; the tribes who had dwelt there had been, long before, driven thence by the fierce Iroquois, and that region was practically deserted until 1670—when the Hurons on Superior, in fear of the Sioux, retreated to the shore north of Mackinac Island. Here Marquette continued his missionary labors with them, at the site of the present St. Ignace. This had long been the location of a French trading post; Denonville's memoir of 1688 claims (*N. Y. Colon. Docs.*, vol. ix, p. 383) that the French had inhabited that place for more than forty years. A small French garrison was sent thither at some time between 1679 and 1683. The name of Michillimackinac (later abbreviated to Mackinac) was applied generally to the entire vicinity, as well as specifically to the post at St. Ignace—and, later, to the fort and mission established on the south side of the Strait of Mackinac."—*Jesuit Relations*, LV, 319. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

DRUMMOND ISLAND

In his charming brochure on *Drummond Island*, Mr. Samuel F. Cook writes:

"Lying across the northern end of Lake Huron, and separated from the main land of the upper peninsula of Michigan by the strait of the Detour, is an island, twenty by thirteen miles in extreme length and breadth, and comprising an area of about one hundred and eighteen square miles. Its shores are lined with beautiful harbor bays, which are thickly studded with small islands whose high lying surfaces are decked with a dense covering of perennial green. Streams and small woodland lakes abound on

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the island, which is densely wooded with both the larger and smaller growths native to that northern clime.

"What may be called the southwestern corner of this island, is a long point of high rocky formation, averaging less than a mile in width, the sunny southeastern slope of which looks out on a bay in which are numerous islands, and affords both land and waterscape views of no ordinary beauty. On the west side of this point is the Detour strait —the pathway of the immense commerce passing through the St. Mary's river. On the eastern side of the point, in a locality which seems to have been chosen more on account of its beauty than for its value for military strategy, the British flag floated and the red coats performed garrison duty, during a period of thirteen years, in defiance of the treaty of Ghent, the award of the boundary commissioners thereunder, and the comity of nations."—Cook, *Drummond Island*, pp. 5–6.

REMINISCENCES OF MACKINAC IN THE TWENTIES AND EARLIER

From the *Wisconsin Historical Collections* is taken the following reminiscences of early Mackinac, by Mrs. Elizabeth Thérèse Baird:

"My earliest recollections of Mackinac, which date back to 1814, are perfectly delightful. All about the Island was so fresh and fair. True, the houses were quaint and old; however, they were but few, not enough to mar the beauty, but rather to add to the charms of the little crescent-shaped village.

"How vividly I still see the clear, shining broad beach of white pebbles and stones, and clear blue water of the 'Basin.' The houses were of one story, roofed with cedar

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bark. Some of the fishermen's residences were entirely covered with bark in the place of clap-boards. Every house had its garden enclosed with cedar pickets, about five feet in height, making a close enclosure. This was white-washed, as were also the dwelling-houses, and the Fort as well, giving the entire place more the appearance of a fortress than an ordinary village.

"One street, if it may be called so, ran from one point of the crescent to the other, and as near the water's edge as the beach would permit, the pebbles forming a border between the water and the road. The other street, for there are but two, is a short one, which runs back of the front street. A foot-path in the middle of the street was all that was needed. Weeds grew luxuriantly on each side of the trail; those next to the enclosures were almost as high as the pickets. There were no vehicles of any description on the Island in those early days, except dog-trains or sleds in the winter. Hence, the weeds had it all their own way.

"The natural curiosities of the Island seemed more wonderful in those days, because reached with so much difficulty. The surroundings were wild, and no carriage road led up to them. A visit to the Arched Rock, and the Sugar Loaf, made a high holiday. Ascending the hills in the outset, to get the fine view from above; we then followed a rough path which led through a thick growth of pines, cedar and juniper, the view that rewarded our exertions was grand, but it needed a good guide to reach and enjoy it. In returning, we descended by way of 'Robinson's Folly,' and so on down, reaching home by the beach. The whole Island is a rock, covered with grass, cedar, juniper, and some pines. Among our favorite walks, was one to

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Fort Holmes, which is on the highest hill of the Island.

"Small fruits, such as the wild straw-berry, raspberry, and gooseberry were abundant on the Island; and the surrounding islands abounded in huckleberries, blackberries, and sand cherries. These were the sole varieties of fruit known to the writer in childhood.

"Mackinac is a true summer home, but I loved it in the winter, with its mountains of ice. The isolation of the place was great—eight months of the year were passed in seclusion from the outside world; communication with it was impossible. But the other four months of the year made up for it all. About the middle of October navigation closed. How well I remember the quiet of the place. Once a month the mail came, when it didn't miss.

"The religion of the inhabitants was Roman Catholic. There was no regular priest stationed there, but one came occasionally. We had no schools, and no amusements except private parties, and these were principally card parties. All ladies played whist and piquet. The other set had their balls. The children were happy in making houses in the snow-drifts, and in sliding down hill, or coasting, as it is now called. In the autumn of 1823, the ice made very early, but owing to high winds and a strong current in the Straits, the ice would break up over and over again, and was tossed to and fro, until it became piled up in clear, towering, blue masses. These immense blocks extended from island to island, block piled upon block to a great height, so that all that met the eye were beautiful mountains of ice, with gorges of exquisite light and shade. A beautiful sight, indeed, on a sunny day. As soon as the mass became sufficiently solid, the soldiers—for Mackinac

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had been a military post for years, held in turn by the French, British and Americans—and the fishermen turned out and cut a road through the ice from one island to the other. This was necessary, as fire-wood had to be procured from the opposite island. The fishermen also had to cut places for their nets.

"A sleigh-ride through that road-way was novel and grand; and in a dog-sled it was at times in a degree terrifying. On each side a high wall of ice, nothing to be seen but the sky above; the road so winding that one seemed hemmed in by the high masses of ice, until a sharp turn brought him into the road again. With horse and cutter, which at a late date had been introduced on the Island, it was a charming drive-way.

"Some seasons the lakes and basins would be clear of ice, except as great cakes of it would fill the shore; it was piled up so high at times, as to exclude all sight of the water, except through occasional glacial openings. Other seasons the ice would be as smooth as possible. Spring always came late at Mackinac, and it used to be the custom to plant a May-pole on the frozen surface. Quoting from a friend's diary, we find: '1837, May 1st, May-pole put on the ice to-day. Monday, May 8th, May-pole renewed, and flags added to it. Ice in basin good.'

"Mackinac, or as the Indians formerly named it, Machilimackinac, 'The Great Turtle,' was, in those days, called the emporium of the West, a town of extensive commerce. All the fur-traders went there to sell their furs, and buy their goods. Prior to the establishment of the American Fur Company by John Jacob Astor, the Hudson's Bay Company occupied the Island in the same manner, as

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a depot. All the goods for this large trade came from Montreal in birch bark canoes, by way of Niagara Falls. All goods and canoes were carried past the rapids on the backs of the Indians. It made most exciting times when *Le Caneau du Nord* came, arriving sometimes as early as June, and bringing from Montreal merchants, and merchandise. As the canoes neared the town, there would come floating on the air, the far-famed Canadian boat-song. How plainly I hear it now! Then the *voyageur* came in with furs, and then the Indians, and the little Island seemed to overflow with human beings. These exciting, busy times would last from six weeks to two months, then would follow the quiet, uneventful, and to some, dreary days, yet to most, days that passed happily."—*Wis. Hist. Colls.*, IX, 316–319.

MACKINAC ISLAND IN 1830

In the year 1830, Mackinac was visited by the Rev. Calvin Colton, a native of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, whose interest in the cause of the Red Man led him to make an extensive tour through the wild and romantic region of the Old Northwest. The following is taken from the account of his observations given in his *Tour of the American Lakes and among the Indians of the North-west Territory in 1830:*

"At break of day, on Sunday morning, the 8th of August, after sailing all night upon the bosom of Lake Huron, and from the entrance of the straits of St. Mary, the Island of Mackinac, the snow-white Fort upon its rocky summit, and the beautiful town below, adorned with a Christian church, lifting up its steeple, opened upon us with a fine and most welcome display:—and at sunrise we lay still in

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the clear waters of its crescent harbour, directly under the guns of the Fort.

"If Quebec is the Gibraltar of North America, Mackinac is only second in its physical character, and in its susceptibilities of improvement, as a military post. It is also a most important position for the facilities it affords, in the fur-trade, between New York and the North-West. From this point, the bateaux of the traders, boats of fifteen tons, go annually in the autumn to the most distant shores of Lake Superior, in one direction; and to the upper regions of the Mississippi in another, laden with provisions, blankets and ammunition, and other articles of merchandise, to give the Indians in exchange for furs:—and return to Mackinac in the spring, where these furs are shipped for New York, by way of Buffalo. Mackinac is used merely, as a frontier garrison, and a trading post; and has a population of 600 to 700. It is a beautiful Island, or great rock, planted in the strait of the same name, which forms the connection between Lakes Huron and Michigan. The meaning of the Indian name—Michillimackinack—is a *great turtle.* The Island is crowned with a cap 300 feet above the surrounding waters, on the top of which is a fortification, but not in keeping. The principal Fort, and the one kept in order and garrisoned, rests upon the brow of the rocky summit, 150 feet below the crown, or cap, and the same number of feet above the water; and in such relation to the semicircular harbour, as to command it perfectly, together with the opposite strait. The harbour forms an exact crescent, the tips of its horns being about one mile asunder. The town itself, for the most part, lies immediately on the crescent, near the water's edge, and under the towering rock, which sustains the Fort above.

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The harbour, town, and Fort look with open and cheerful aspect towards the Huron waters, south-east, inviting or frowning, according as they are approached by friend or foe. The Island of Mackinac is nearly all covered with forests of slender growth. The shores and beach are composed of small pebbles and gravel, without a single particle of pulverized substance to cloud the transparent waters, which dash upon them. So clear are the waters of these Lakes, that a white napkin, tied to a lead, and sunk thirty fathoms beneath a smooth surface, may be seen as distinctly, as when immersed three feet. The fish may be seen, playing in the waters, over the sides of the various craft, lying in the harbours.

"There are two objects of natural curiosity at Mackinac, worthy of notice: *the Arched Rock and Sugar-loaf.* The latter is a cone of solid rock (and when seen from one direction, it has the exact form of the loaf, after which it is named) lifting itself about 100 feet above the plain, in the heart, and on the summit of the Island, with a base of fifty feet. Some trees and shrubbery shoot out from its sides and crevices, in defiance of the lack of soil.

"As to the *arched rock*: suppose a perpendicular shore of rock, 250 feet high, on the margin of the sea—from the brow of which, in retreat, lies a romantic broken ground, and an almost impervious thicket. Then suppose a notch were scalloped out of the edge, extending back about thirty feet, and down the precipice about one hundred, measuring across the supposed broken edge, fifty feet. Suppose, however, a string of the rocky edge, three feet in diameter, still to remain, stretching across this chasm, in the form of an arch, smallest in the centre, and increasing somewhat in its dimensions towards either of its natural abutments:—and

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this is the picture of the *Arched Rock* of Mackinac. From the giddy summit above, the spectator looks down upon the lake beneath the arch, which has the appearance of an immense gate-way, erected from the delineations of art. Or, from the bosom of the waters below, he looks up, as to the gate of heaven, inviting him to the celestial regions; and it is even possible for him to *get up*;—and then to get down again, beneath the arch;—but it is a giddy task. And it is a still more perilous piece of sport to walk across the arch itself—and yet it has been done, not only by men of nerve, but by boys in their play. In descending near the base of this arch on the right, is a natural tunnel, six feet in diameter, running down some rods through the solid rock, letting out the passengers on the shore below, or by which they may ascend, if they prefer it, to the broad highway under the arch. But in ascending or descending this grand and perilous steep, the adventurer must hug the pointed rocks with the most tenacious adherence, or be precipitated and dashed in pieces at the bottom. These two objects are interesting and magnificent specimens of nature's masonry."—Colton, *Tour of the American Lakes*, I, 91–95.

MACKINAC IN 1831 AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER

This pleasing description is characteristic of a robust type of visitors to Mackinac, who, as this author did, came with "note-book, sketch-book, gun, and fishing rod—alone, unbewifed and unbevehicled, as a man ought to travel, and with the determination of being, as far as an Englishman can be, unprejudiced." The writer is Godfrey T. Vigne, Esq., of Lincoln Inn, London, Barrister at Law:

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"The next morning we approached the Island of Michilimackinac, signifying in the Indian language, the Great Turtle; and so called from its outline bearing a supposed resemblance to that animal when lying upon the water, though I cannot say that I could discover so flattering a likeness. When within a short distance it appeared to be diamond-shaped, with an angle projecting towards us, and the sides regularly scarped by the hand of nature. Apparently about the centre of the Island rises what in America is called a 'bluff'; a word which is provoking from its absurdity, and constant recurrence in American descriptions of scenery. What is a bluff?—I asked, and so would any other Englishman: 'A bluff, sir! don't you know what a bluff is? A bluff, sir, is a piece of rising ground, partly rock, not all of it, with one side steep, but yet not very steep, the other side sloping away, yet not too suddenly; the whole of it, except the steep side, covered with wood; in short, sir, a bluff is a bluff!' The word, I think, may do well enough to express a rough rocky hill, but sometimes it happens that a bluff is highly picturesque, and then to talk of a most beautiful bluff, is something like talking of 'Beauty and the Beast.' As a substantive, and, in the sense in which it is used in America, the word is exclusively their own, and it really would not be fair to call it English. Nevertheless, there is, and shall be a 'a bluff' in the midst of the Island of Michilimackinac, rising to the height of more than three hundred feet above the waters of the lake, which have been ascertained to be about six hundred feet above the level of the Atlantic. On the left side of the Island is the town, and above it appeared the Fort. In the bay were several trading sloops, smaller craft, and Indian canoes; and the sun shone brilliantly on the whole of this

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enlivening scene, which we saw to the best advantage. The town may contain about eight hundred inhabitants, exclusive of the garrison. The Indians are sometimes to be seen in great numbers, even to the amount of one thousand or one thousand five hundred, who live in wigwams close to the water's edge. A wigwam, or Indian village, is a collection of small tents constructed of matting and birch bark. The day before, we had met twenty-two canoes in the open lake, each containing seven or eight Indians, who were going from Mackinac to our settlement at Pen-y-tang-y-shen, on Lake Huron, to receive their annual presents from the British government.

"Mackinac is the rendezvous of the North-West American missionary establishment. It contained six missionaries; of whom four were Presbyterian, one a Catholic, and one of the Church of England, and a large establishment for the instruction of one hundred children, of whatever persuasion.

"A very curious and regularly shaped natural Gothic arch, on the top of a rock at the northeastern side, elevated about two hundred feet above the level of the lake; a huge isolated calcareous rock; and a small cave called Skull Cave, are the natural curiosities of the Island.

"The principal trade is the fur trade, which is carried on there to a great extent, chiefly through the medium of Canadian *voyageurs*. The Fort, which is kept in admirable order, commands the whole town, but is itself commanded by another eminence in the woods behind it. During the late war a strong party of British and Indians pushed across from Drummond's Island, with eleven pieces of cannon, and being favoured by the darkness of the night, contrived to gain this eminence, distant half-a-mile, without

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being perceived by the Americans in the Fort, who had not received notice of the war having broken out. They beat the 'reveillée' as usual in the morning, and were exceedingly astonished to hear it immediately answered by the British, who were above them. Resistance would have been useless, and the Fort surrendered. The remains of the old British fortification are still to be seen upon the hill: it is called Fort Holmes, after Major Holmes, a gallant American officer, who was advancing to retake it, and met his fate at the head of the attacking column. Mackinac was given up to the Americans by the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814. There was originally a French fort and settlement on the main land of the Michigan territory. The first British garrison who occupied it were murdered by the Indians, and the Fort and settlement were afterwards removed by the British to the Island.

"I amused myself with shooting pigeons, which are to be found on the Island in great numbers. I was quite surprised at the extraordinary facility and quickness of eye, with which my guide, half Indian and half Canadian, discovered them sitting in the thickest foliage; his sight seemed to me to be far keener than that of an English sportsman when looking for a hare. The woods with which the Island is covered, are principally composed of hazel and maple; I could have fancied myself in a Kentish preserve, but that wild raspberries were in great abundance in the open spaces.

"In the evening I went to see the Indians spear fish by torch light. A lighted roll of birch bark, emitting a most vivid flame, was held over the head of the boat, where the Indians were stationed with their spears. The water was excessively clear, and the fish were attracted by the

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light, and several of them were instantly pinned to the ground at the depth of four or five feet.

"About ten miles north-east of Mackinac are the St. Martin's Islands; one of them abounds in gypsum. At about the same distance from Mackinac and on the main land, I was informed that there was a remarkably fine trout stream that would amply repay the fly-fisher for his trouble in going there. There is no fly-fishing at Mackinac, but very fine fish are to be taken with a bait: they have pike, bass, white-fish, and what are called salmon-trout, in great perfection. As to these last, I very much question whether they are of the salmo genus at all; as they never rise at a fly. They certainly are not what are called salmon-trout by English sportsmen, nor are they the large butt-trout of the English lakes. I saw a boat-load containing a dozen that had been caught—in one night, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds each; they more resembled in every respect the fish called the salmon in Lake Wenner in Sweden, and which I have seen taken of an enormous size below the falls of Trollhattä. The meat at this season (August) was white, but well flavoured. I was informed that it becomes of a reddish colour in October or November."—Vigne, *Six Months in America*, II, 109–117.

MRS. STEELE'S VISIT TO MACKINAC IN 1840

Mrs. Steele, in *A Summer Journey in the West*, 1840, writes entertainingly of people and scenes on the Island:

"O Mackinac, thou lonely Island, how shall I describe thy various beauties! certainly for situation, history, and native loveliness, it is the most interesting Island in our States. We approach it through an avenue of islands, Drummond and Manitoulin, dimly seen on our east, and

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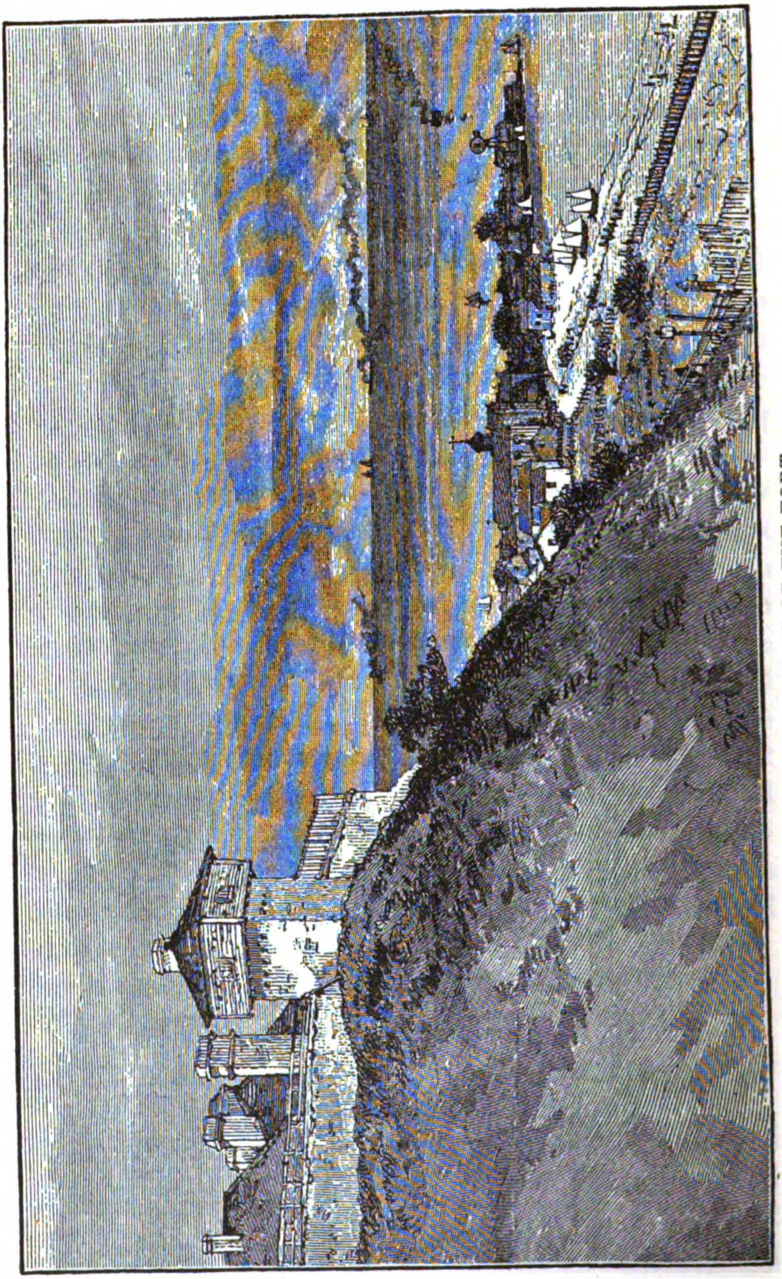

AN OLD PICTURE OF THE FORT

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Boisblanc and Round, on our western side. Stretching across our path, far away in front of us, is Mackinac, painted against the clear blue sky. The Island of Michilimackinac, or Mackinac, as it is commonly spelt and pronounced, is a high and bold bluff of limestone about three hundred feet above the water, covered with verdure. Its name signifies in the Indian tongue, great turtle, as it is something of the figure of this animal. At the foot of the bluff are strewed the buildings of the town. Among the most conspicuous of these are, the Agency house and gardens, residence of Mr. Schoolcraft, Indian Agent—and the church and mission house. Along the beach were several Indian wigwams, while numerous pretty bark canoes were going and coming, as this is the Indian stopping place. A very beautiful and conspicuous object was the United States Fort, presenting at a distance the appearance of a long white line of buildings inserted, into the top of the Island high above the town. As we approached, its picturesque block-houses, the pretty balconied residences of the officers, came out to view, having the banner of the 'Stars and Stripes' waving over them. While gazing at this fair picture, suddenly a brilliant flame, and volumes of white smoke arose above the Fort, while a booming sound told us they were firing their mid-day salute in honor of the day. This added much to the beauty and grandeur of the scene. As our boat was to remain there for some hours, we disembarked and ascended to the Fort to visit our friends the commanding officer and his family. We found them sitting upon their balcony, looking down upon the newly arrived steamboat. After the first greetings and mutual enquiries were over, we were shown all it was thought would interest us.

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"The view from our friend's balcony was beautiful in the extreme. The bay in front, the lovely islands around covered with a luxurious vegetation—the town spread out at our feet— the Indian lodges, and the canoes skimming the bright waters, each called forth our expressions of admiration. Passing into the interior of the Fort, and through the fine parade ground and a large gateway, we found ourselves upon the summit of the Island. Our path lay through copses of white birch, maple, and various other trees, and over green sward covered with strawberries and a variety of wild flowers. Our friends kindly gathered for me a variety of these, among which was a fine scarlet lilium superbum, blue bells, and kinni kanic, or Indian tobacco, and a pretty plant called Indian strawberry. Suddenly the silver tones of woman's voice, sounded near, and in a fairy dell we came upon a tent, surrounded by a party of ladies and gentlemen, busily engaged in preparing for a fete in honor of the day. Among them was the daughter of our host, and some of the celebrated family of S——t. We were presented to the party, and were quite chagrined our limited time would not permit us to accept their invitation to remain and partake of their festivities. The grace and beauty of Mrs. S——t made great impression upon us. To me she was pecularly interesting from the fact of her being descended from the native lords of the forest; for you know I have always taken the greatest interest in the fate of our Indian tribes. From the accent, the deep brunette of her smooth skin, and her dark hair and eyes, I should have taken her for a Spanish lady. From the tent we wound our way up to a high peak of the Island. When near the summit, we left a grove, and

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saw before us one of the most picturesque and singular objects imaginable. It was a high arched rock of white limestone, stretching across a chasm before us, making a pretty natural bridge, through which we gazed far down into the waves of Huron, at least two hundred feet below. The surprise, the beauty and novelty of this striking object, brought forth expressions of admiration from us. The white arch was adorned with tufts of wild flowers, and shrubbery. Ascending the arch, we gazed down upon the white beach below, whose pebbles could be here distinctly seen under the limpid water although many feet deep—and out upon the fair waters, and the pretty islands, which

> " '. . . Like rich and various gems inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep.'

"We were obliged to be satisfied with a hasty view of this charming scene, as our time was limited; and we turned reluctantly towards our boat, without visiting the ruins of Fort Holmes, upon the high summit of the Island. While passing through the town we observed several antique houses which had been erected by the French, who first settled this place in sixteen hundred and seventy-three.

"These are frail dilapidated buildings, covered with roofs of bark. Upon the beach a party of Indians had just landed, and we stood while they took down their blanket sail, and hauled their birch-bark canoe about twenty feet long, upon the shore. These are the Menominies, or wild rice eaters, the ugliest Indians I had ever seen—also Winebagoes, with dark skin, low foreheads and shaggy hair, and having no pretensions to dress. I saw a chief, however, afterwards who was gaily bedizened with tinsel,

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beads, and paint, having one side of his face a light pea green, and the other cheek scarlet. We watched them erect their lodges which was done very soon—a few poles were placed in a circle, one end of each stood in the earth, while the others met at the top—coarse matting was folded around these, leaving an opening for a door, over which a blanket was hung. Some matting being spread upon the floor inside, the children and moveables were placed inside, and the canoe drawn up near it. We visited some of the shops and laid up a store of Indian articles, which are made by these poor people and sold here. Among them were small baskets called Mococks, made of birch bark embroidered with porcupine quills, stained different colors—this was filled with maple sugar. It is pleasant to meet friends so far from home, but I think the pleasure is almost counterbalanced by the pain of parting. This we felt keenly, when the planks had withdrawn, and our friends had been forced to leave us, as we gazed after them winding their way up to the Fort, the shores, and waters around seemed more desolate, more lonely than before.

"Just before the steamboat started we had an opportunity of judging of the boasted transparency of this water, its depth having prevented this on our voyage. I looked down into it from the boat, where it was twenty feet deep, and could scarcely believe there was anything but air between us and those shining pebbles below. We had also an opportunity of hearing some Indian music. Upon the shore sat a group of unearthly beings, one of whom struck several taps upon a sort of drum, accompanied by the others, in what sounded like a wolf recitative—at the end of this all united in a yell which died away over the lake, much in the style of a howling blast accompanied by the

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shrieks of a drowning traveller. Our fishing party left us here to go up to the Sault St. Mary, into Lake Superior, spending their summer days among the picturesque scenery of that magnificent lake. We bade adieu with much regret to this pretty Island, whose green terraces, Fort and picturesque town, Indian lodges, and light canoes, made a beautiful scene—but the most interesting point in the view, was that white handkerchief waving farewell from the fortress balcony.

"This Island is 615 miles from Buffalo; 319 from Detroit. There are water marks upon the rocks 200 feet above the lake, proving the water had once stood so high. The scenery here has been prettily described by an author of talent, Mrs. Jameson; but, as much pleased as I was with her book, I must regret she came here under such circumstances. It is with reluctance I censure one so gifted, but it is with a view of warning you, and my young friends to whom I know you will show my letters, against errors to which the very witchery of her genius would blind you. However passionate a desire you may entertain for the picturesque, I hope you may never leave the protection of your friends and wander in search of it alone. May your curiosity to see great men never lead you to invade the retreat of a world hating bachelor; and may you never stray in wild forests, through storms and tempests, with no companion save a rude Indian, or a 'bronzed, brawny, unshaven back-woodsman,' 'very much like a bear upon his hind legs,' and you 'a poor, lonely, shivering woman.' I quote her words. You had better be a 'tarry at home traveller,' or write 'voyages around my own room.' If you do thus, you must expect the ladies where you visit will look 'formal and alarmed,' as she tells us the ladies of Toronto looked

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upon her. But I now have done scolding and will pursue my journey. Upon a green slope of the Michigan shore, a pile of ruins were pointed out as the site of old Fort Mackinaw, which was taken by Pontiac with a stratagem and afterwards every one within were massacred. How must those unfortunates have felt, upon this desolate shore, hundreds of miles away from their country, and at the mercy of savages. A band of Chippewas or Ojibwas were just passing in canoes thirty feet in length. This tribe stands higher in rank than the others, and their language, like the French, is the polite tongue among the Indian tribes. They have a ruler whose office has been hereditary for ages. He is called Mudjikiwis, and they pride themselves much upon his and their own rank and lineage. There is an anecdote, related by Schoolcraft, of one of this tribe, which, if you have never seen, will amuse you. Chi Waishki, alias the Buffalo, was presented by the commissioners of the treaty of Fond du Lac, with a medal as a badge of distinction. 'What need have I of this?' he said haughtily. 'It is known whence I am descended!' Their canoes are the prettiest and lightest things imaginable. They are formed of the bark of the birch tree, sewn together with a thread made from fine roots of cedar split. The bark is soaked to make it more pliable. Sometimes they are very gaily painted and ornamented. The paddles are of light wood."—Mrs. Steele, *A Summer Journey in the West*, pp. 107–113.

MACKINAC, THE BEAUTIFUL

The following is from the pen of Mr. Charles J. Lanman, a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and long a resident of Monroe, Michigan:

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"I now write from Mackinac, the beautiful, which studs the waters of the north, as does the northern star its own cerulean home. But what can I say about this Island that will be new, since 'every body' now pays it a brief visit while journeying in the West. It is indeed one of the most unique and delightful places in the world. Its shores are laved by the waters of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, and rising abruptly as it does to a conspicuous height, it seems as if planted there by nature as a fortress, for the express purpose of protecting the lakes from which it sprung. I first approached it from the north, on a mild and hazy afternoon, and as it loomed before me, enveloped in a purple atmosphere, I looked upon it in perfect silence, fearing that even the beating of my heart would dispel what I thought to be a mere illusion. As our vessel approached, however, it gradually changed into a dreamy reality, and I could distinguish its prominent characteristics. First, was a perpendicular bluff, crowned with a diadem of foliage, at the foot of which was an extensive beach, occupied by an Indian encampment, where the rude barbarians were sunning themselves like turtles, playing fantastic games, repairing their canoes, making mats, or cooking their evening meal, as fancy or necessity impelled. One sudden turn, and our vessel was gliding gently into a crescent bay, which was skirted with a cluster of trading houses and ancient looking dwellings, above which, on a bluff, was a snow-white fortress, with soldiers marching to and fro upon the battlements.

"The circumference of this Island is about nine miles, and its shores are bold and rocky. The scenery is romantic in the extreme, and it has four natural curiosities, either one of which would give a reputation to any ordinary is-

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land. Arched Rock faces the north, and rises from the water to the height of nearly two hundred feet, presenting from your canoe, a superb piece of wave-formed architecture; and appearing, as you look through it from the summit, like the gateway to a new world. Robinson's Folly is also on the north shore, and is a picturesque bluff, which obtained its name after the following manner. Many years ago an Englishman named Robinson, spent a summer on the Island, and while here, erected for his own especial benefit, a summer-house on the summit of the bluff in question. He was laughed at for his pains, and was warned by the cautious traders and Indians not to spend too much of his time on the cliff, and especially not to visit it when the wind was blowing. He scorned the advice which was given him in kindness, and to show his independence, he frequently spent the night in his eyrie. On one occasion, however, in the darkness of midnight, a thunder-storm passed over the Island, and at sunrise on the following morning, the 'cabin of the cliff' and its unfortunate inmate were buried in the deep. Hence the name of Robinson's Folly. Another interesting spot on this Island is called the Cave of Skulls. It lies on the western shore, and is mainly distinguished for its historical associations. More than a hundred years ago, according to one tradition, a party of Sioux Indians, while pursued by the Ottawas, secreted themselves in this cave; and when they were discovered, which happened soon to be the case, the Ottawas built a fire before the entrance to the cave, which they kept up for several days, and when they entered the gloomy chamber, their enemies were all dead. The truth of this story is corroborated by an incident recorded by Henry. After the massacre of Michilimackinack, this traveller, whose life

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had been threatened, was secreted in this cave by a friendly Indian. He was shown into it in the evening, scrambled over what he thought a very singular floor, slept soundly during the night, and on awakening in the morning, found himself reclining on a bed of human bones. Another Mackinac curiosity is called the Needle, and is a lighthouse-looking rock, which overlooks the entire Island, and throws its shadow upon the ruins of Fort Holmes, which are now almost level with the ground, and overgrown with weeds.

"During my stay at Mackinac the weather continued extremely pleasant, and as I fancied myself midway between the wilderness and the crowded city,—escaped from the dangers of one, and not yet entered upon the troubles of the latter,—I threw away all care, and wandered hither and thither, the victim of an idle will. At one time I took my sketch-book for the purpose of portraying some interesting point upon the Island, and if a party of ladies happened to discover me in my shady haunt, I answered their smiles with a remark, and the interview generally terminated in my presenting each one of them with a sketch, when they would pass on, and I would dive deeper into the green woodland. At another time I sought the brow of some overhanging cliff; and gazed into the translucent waters, now letting my fancy revel among the snow-white caverns far below, and now watching the cautious movements of a solitary lake-trout, as he left the deeper waters for an exploring expedition in the vicinity of the shore. But I never witnessed such a sight without being affected, somewhat like the war-horse when listening to the trumpet's bray, and in an hour afterwards, I was usually in a boat, about a mile from shore, trying my luck with an artificial

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minnow and fifty yards of line. Now, I strolled along the beach where the Indians were encamped, and after gathering a lot of romantic legends from the old men, or after spending an hour talking with some of the virgin squaws, while making their beautiful matting, I would coax a lot of Indian boys to accompany me, when we enjoyed a swim, mostly for our mutual recreation, and partly for my own instruction in the manly art, which with the red man is a part of his nature. Sometimes I strolled into the Fort to converse with the commanding officers, or wasted a little powder in firing at a target with the soldiers.

"Mackinac, during the season of navigation, is one of the busiest little places in the world. All the Detroit and Chicago steamers stop here in passing to and fro, and usually tarry a sufficient length of time to let their passengers take a hasty ride over the Island, and to replenish their larders with trout and white-fish, which are commonly taken on board in cart-loads. From time immemorial the Indians have been annually summoned to this Island, for the purpose of receiving their regular instalments from the Government, in the shape of merchandise and money, and on these occasions it is not uncommon to see an assembly of three thousand fantastically dressed savages. But in the winter, this place is entirely ice-bound, and of course completely isolated. Then it is that the inhabitants are favored with a monthly mail, which is brought from Saginaw by Indians or half-breeds, on sledges drawn by dogs; and fishing, skating, and story-telling are about the only things which tend to relieve the monotony of a winter spent upon the Island.

"Like too many of the beautiful places of our western frontier, Mackinac is now in a transition state. Hereto-

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fore it has been the Indian's congregating place, but its aboriginal glory is rapidly departing, and it will soon be the fashionable resort of summer travellers. Its peculiar location, picturesque scenery, and the tonic character of its climate, are destined to make it one of the most attractive watering places in the country. But enough. One of the Chicago steamers is in sight, and I must prepare my luggage, previous to taking passage for the home of my childhood, in Southern Michigan, where I shall remain a few days, and then hasten to my city home on the Atlantic."—Lanman, *A Summer in the Wilderness*, pp. 162–166.

THE INDIANS AND THE MISSION IN 1843

The Rev. John H. Pitezel, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has left a pen picture of conditions on the Island as he saw them in 1843, particularly of the Indians:

"That night we crossed Saginaw Bay. It was succeeded by another beautiful day. The sun seemed to burst upon the world, from the bosom of the deep, like a globe of fire, sending out his golden beams, as if to enliven the scenes around us, already wearing an aspect of loveliness. We had soon neared the land, and swept gracefully by points, islands, and landscapes on the American shore, which I shall not detain the reader to describe. A little before noon we came in full view of the lofty Island of Mackinac, about three hundred feet high above the level of the Lake. From its summit frowned upon us the imposing battery of the Fort. Situated at its base is the village, comprising several hundred inhabitants, mostly French, Indian, and half-breeds. As we drew near we could see the shore

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dotted with Indian lodges, in the shape of pyramids, looking, in the distance, like so many ant heaps. The Indians, three or four thousand in number, and about twenty-five chiefs, were here to receive their annuity—some of them from a distance of two or three hundred miles. They were to receive $27,000 that year. Before landing the captain kindly coasted along the eastern shore of the Island, and pointed out some of its prominent objects, among which was the great natural curiosity, called Arch Rock. Turning about we glided leisurely into the straits, where we landed on the spot famed in the history of our country for daring exploits, scenes of slaughter and blood. . . .

"The afternoon was spent in strolling among the Indian wigwams, and seeing them receive their pay and spend it among the traders, who thronged the place, and were ready to grab the Indian's money as soon as it came into his hands, by fair or foul means. It was a little surprising to us to find cherries and currants, in their prime, the last of August.

"Among our excursions brother B—— and myself visited the mission establishment, once under the care of the Presbyterian Church, but now abandoned. It is a spacious building, and was once thronged with native and half-breed children and youth, there educated at vast expense. Little of the fruit of this self-sacrificing labor is thought now to be apparent. But it may be seen, in the revelations of eternity, that here was a necessary and very important link in the chain of events, connected with the Christianization of benighted pagans.

"*September* 1. This morning I took a walk along the shore of the straits about a mile, where I saw scenes of woe and wretchedness. . . .

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"The missionaries and their families, accompanied by brother Patterson and wife, from Detroit, took a ride on the straits, in a sail-boat. We sailed up and down the channel and into the verge of Lake Michigan. We had never before seen anything to equal the transparency of those waters. The bottom, at a depth of twenty to thirty feet, was perfectly visible. The stones and pebbles are white lime, which makes them perceptible at greater depth than otherwise. We passed over to the opposite island, and then returned, singing as we crossed the channel,

"'From Greenland's icy mountains,' etc.

We felt our spirits refreshed and the missionary fire rekindled.

"*September* 2. This morning brother Brown and myself visited a family of Christian Indians, from *Sault Ste. Marie.* A fire was burning in the center of the lodge and something cooking in a kettle. The ground around was covered with green branches of white cedar. On these were spread some neat mats of their own make. Opposite the door were two painted wooden trunks, which served as seats for visitors. Their blankets and bedding were carefully stowed away in the sides of the wigwam. They appeared glad to see us.

"We sung one of their favorite hymns—

"'Jesus my all to heaven is gone.'

such as could singing in the Ojibwa, and then prayed. Here were the visible fruits of our mission at the *Sault.* Contrast the scene presented here with that above. . . .

"We here formed the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Daugherty, a Presbyterian missionary, a pious and worthy man

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from Grand Traverse, who accompanied his Indians and had his tent among them. He was here to preserve his sheep from the destroyer. . . .

"That afternoon we visited Fort Mackinac, and without enumerating the objects of interest which we here saw, we thought it difficult to imagine how any thing could be kept in a more neat and orderly manner. Rev. Mr. O'Brien of the Episcopal Church, was chaplain. After conducting our wives back to their lodgings, brother Brown and myself reascended the heights of the Island, and took a fatiguing though romantic stroll to see some of its wonders. We went first to old Fort Holmes, which at different times had been in possession of the British and Americans. This is situated on the highest part of the Island. There are still large excavations remaining. Two posts and a beam of the gateway were standing, on which many have aspired to immortality by carving their names. Except in one or two narrow places, we could see water all around the Island, nine miles in circumference. We next went to see what is called Sugar Loaf, a huge rock which, in shape, resembles a sugar-loaf. Thence we followed a circuitous trail to the eastern extremity of the Island, to take a more accurate view of Arch Rock. Advancing toward the arch we came first to a fearful precipice, suddenly breaking off, perhaps, a hundred and fifty or more feet to the bottom. Before us was the magnificent arch, extending across this chasm, which opened to the east on Lake Huron. A path to the right led us along the brink to the arch itself. We removed our boots from our feet—went on the arch to the center, the loftiest spot. In reaching this we must cross one place where the rock was not much over a foot wide—its

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summit is about three feet in width. The other side of the arch is in no part much over a foot wide. There were growing on the narrow part some small twigs of cedar. On this lofty spot we stood for some time, filled with wonder at the august exhibition around us. In the rear, and on each hand, the lofty eminence was clothed with trees and shrubbery—maple, birch, poplar, cedar, and balsam, giving to the landscape richness and variety. Before us were the majestic waters of Lake Huron, dotted with three little islands, in full view, called St. Martin's Islands."—Pitezel, *Lights and Shades of Missionary Life*, pp. 25–31.

DELIGHTS FOR SUMMER VISITORS AT MACKINAC AND NEIGHBORING ISLANDS IN 1852

Daniel S. Curtiss in 1852, writes in *Western Portraiture:*

"Mackinac is becoming every year more and more a place of summer resort, principally by Southerners, for health and pleasure; as the opportunities for hunting and fishing are considerable. With pure water and air, and exciting incentives to healthful exercise, it cannot well fail to meet the expectations of visitors, and effect the end for which they go to that place.

"The permanent population is composed of French, Indians, and half-breeds, with a few business men; besides the officers and soldiers stationed in the U. S. garrison on the hill above. The articles of export consist almost entirely of lumber, fish, peltries, and Indian fabrics; the latter being much purchased by visitors and passengers, while the boats make their short stops for wood, fish, etc.

"What, with the neat white buildings, bastions, fences,

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and other fixtures of the Fort, as they stand along on elevated terraces, and the winding walks ranged around, one above another, up the towering banks of green turf and gray rock; the waving forests and beetling observatory still rising in the back ground; with the busy little village under the bluffs along the water's edge, and the Indian canoes scattered about upturned on the pebbly beach, while numerous schooner masts and steam pipes stretch up from the harbor—altogether Mackinac exhibits some of the most charmingly diversified and unique views that can well be imagined, particularly as seen from the boat on a bright day when riding through the Straits. On the other side the shores and peaks present more of a bald sandy appearance, studded with scattering clumps of pine trees, and small shrubs of other varieties.

"Yet, above all, the gorgeous spectacle of sun-setting, as seen at this place, exceeds every thing of the kind that I have ever beheld. The glorious sun, as he swings down from the circling, curving strata of deep red and blue clouds in the West—piled up in series closer and darker along the lake's horizon, but becoming more mellow and dispersed as the sight stretches farther up the soft ethereal vault above—emblazons the rippled surface with crimson and molten gold, as it were chased in brilliant metals, while the small broken ridges of surf curl along with a whiter glow, like flowing robes studded with sparkling gems; investing the whole scene with the most enchanting splendor. And at such times may be seen, through the mellow radiance, vessels standing away upon this glittering mirror beneath the blood-red clouds, stretched one over another in fervid folds, their canvas taking the hues of the surrounding elements throw back their reflected duplicates into the

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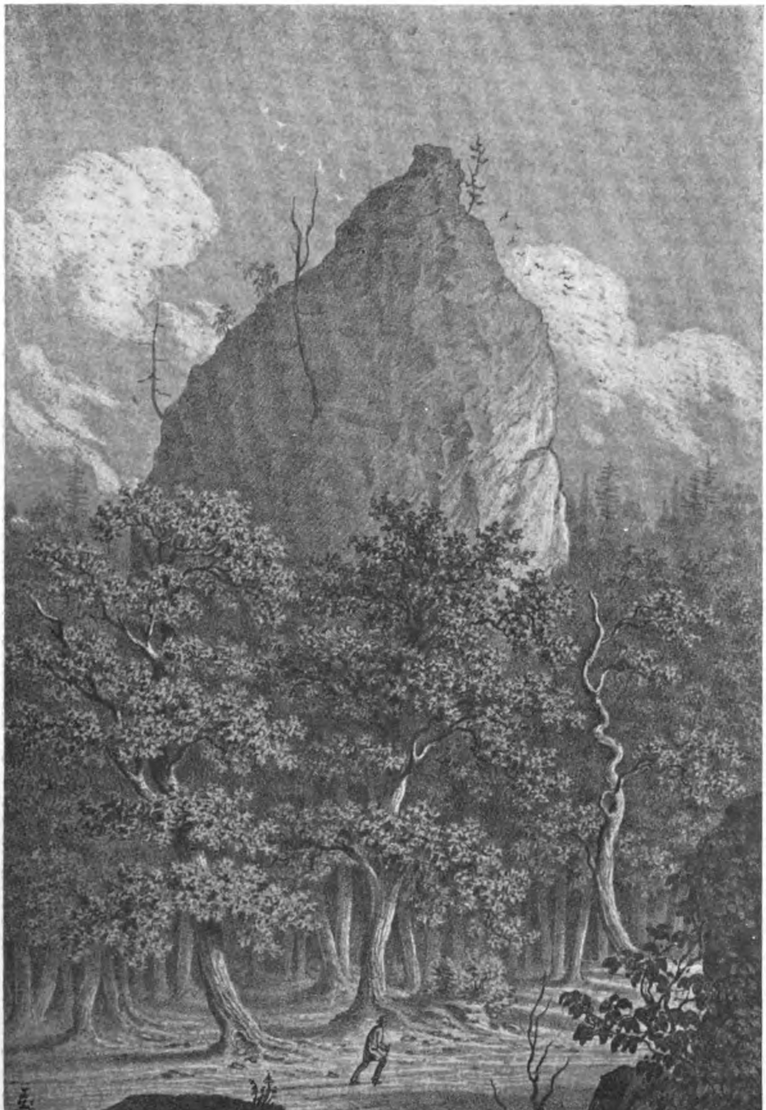

SUGAR LOAF ROCK
From an old print

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THE BUSINESS STREET OF MACKINAC ISLAND

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swelling bosom of the deep; and, with more or less sail set, as the breeze will permit, are wafted gracefully along, resembling so many giant birds with their glittering wings all spread, and plumage of varied hues—fabled phenixes—just risen from the flaming depths, as if, with their own fiery wings fanned into existence, so little do they resemble cumbrous earth-forms. And at these times, too, when the lakes are on fire with the gleaming sunbeams, to see the mighty steamer like a thing of life plowing through this sheet of waving crystals, emitting clouds of smoke, sparks and vapor, gives to fancy the impression that it is the legitimate voyager of these promethean elements.

"To the enthusiastic student of nature—be he pencil-artist, poet, or philosopher—a visit here is above pecuniary price. . . . And any one who can spare time and money for a trip to Mackinac, in summer or autumn, and stay long enough at least, to see the sun rise and set, should do so; he will be amply, delightedly compensated for all his pains. Kings love royal robes of magnificence; but all others dwindle into tame insignificance, when the King of Day here displays the splendid vestments of his morning and evening wardrobe. Go then, and see, for I can but faintly portray, the brilliance of this picture gallery of nature; unsurpassed even by Oriental dreams of mystic enchantment in fairy isles.

"Then visit, ye lovers of pleasure and sight-seeing, Lakes Huron and Michigan—bathe in their waters, hunt among their island forests, read in their grottos, where fragrant boughs are wildly interlaced above you, and you may drink deep of the fullest cup of rural life and romance.

"The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's clear expanse;

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Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
. . . . . .
It is a wild and strange retreat,
As ever was trod by outlaw's feet."

"Upon passing out of the Straits, on the left, are *Beaver* Islands, the largest of which has become somewhat noted as the location of a *Mormon* town or colony, who are building considerable, making other improvements, and doing a fair amount of business; though evil-disposed persons, it appears, have been inclined to harass them, for some reason or other. The soil is good, the timber excellent, and the general appearance of the island is delightful. They are situated at the mouth of Traverse Bay. Other small timbered tracts called *Fox* Islands are located near by them.

"Somewhat farther up the lake, to the left of the usual steamboat course, are the *Manitou* Islands, two romantic and healthful resorts, where fishing and hunting may be enjoyed to the highest zest of those rural sports; the shores and forests are beautiful, the water clear and cold, and the air bracing; there is some resort to these bright pastoral retreats for health, pleasure, and business; and steamers land here for wood, fish, etc. The pleasure of a few days' rambles here will richly compensate the pleasure-seeker for his expense and pains.

"In the opposite direction, near the entrance of Green Bay, are the *Grand Traverse* Islands, which possess many of the characteristics of the other islands in Lake Michigan; any of which, in their wild and picturesque features, present charms that will reward the trouble of a visit."—Curtiss, *Western Portraiture,* pp. 34–37.

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PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S MESSAGE RELATING TO MACKINAC

On January 30, 1808, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, sent the following message to Congress:

The posts of Detroit and Mackinac, having been originally intended by the governments which established and held them, as mere depots for the commerce with the Indians, very small cessions of land around were obtained or asked from the native proprietors, and these posts depended for protection on the strength of their garrisons. The principle of our government leading us to the employment of such moderate garrisons in time of peace, as may merely take care of the post, and to a reliance on the neighbouring militia for its support in the first moments of war, I have thought it would be important to obtain from the Indians such a cession of the neighbourhood of these posts as might maintain a militia proportioned to this object; and I have particularly contemplated, with this view, the acquisition of the eastern moiety of the peninsula between the Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Erie, extending to the Connecticut reserve, so soon as it could be effected with the perfect good will of the natives.

MARION HARLAND'S TRIBUTE TO MACKINAC

Marion Harland (Mary Virginia Terhune), the Virginian authoress, describes "the finest inland waterview upon the continent." She writes:

"The land-locked seas had all the lower world to themselves. From eastern to western horizon they rolled, an

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expanse of varying glory, but always sublime; day unto day uttering and hinting prodigality and reserves of beauty inconceivable by those who have never looked upon the divine panorama; indescribable by the tongue or pen of those whose eyes have feasted upon the sight. From height above height, robed in fir and cedar, poured down the elixir of life, filling lungs to their depth, and hurrying the reddening pulse, till the re-created wanderers from the lowlands walked as upon air, and spirit heard the recall to youth, strength and hopeful endeavor."—*Magazine of American History*, July, 1891.

It is generally stated that *The Man without a Country*, by Edward Everett Hale was written at Mackinac Island, and this seems probable, by the opening lines where the author mentions his being "stranded at the Old Mission House at Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior Steamer which did not choose to come."

A LETTER FROM MRS. BAIRD, INQUIRING, ABOUT THE CHARACTERS IN MISS WOOLSON'S *ANNE*

"Green Bay, March 23, 1884.

"Lieut. D. H. Kelton,

"Dear Sir:—

"I have expected to write ever since your last letter came, to say how sorry I am that you may be removed from dear old Mackinac. I suppose you do not yet know where you are to go. I hope to some interesting place. It will not be the old Island, nor one which will give you so much pleasure. Wherever you go, I shall hope to hear from you; for your admiration and interest in that paradise of my childhood gives me more than ordinary interest in yourself, which I hope you will permit one of

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my age (74) so to speak. I suppose you are in command of the Fort, as I never knew any one but the commanding officer occupy those quarters. I am very much obliged to you for Mrs. Clitz's [?] address, but I have not written to her yet. The same old story, I have not been well enough to write, but to my children for some time. I notice the death of Col. Pratt. Can it be Mrs. Clitz's [?] son-in-law? I fear it is. How do you get along with your book? March is more than half gone. I hope you have had no trouble, but hope to see it soon. Being on the Island of Mackinac you must have felt curious to read *Anne*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Could you ever trace any of her characters? Who was Dr. Douglas? Was there ever an Army physician who married a *halfbreed*. Who was the Chaplain? Could it be good Rev. A. O'Brien? I believe I knew 'Père Michaux.' Tita is a perfect halfbreed child. I could almost name her. What did the author call 'the Church house.' Miss Woolson writes of Ancient as well as Modern Mackinac. I wonder who her informers were. Do you know when she was at Mackinac? I suppose the 'Agency house' was gone before you came to the place.

"You will please excuse all these questions. I have long wanted to know these things, but never asked any one. Will you make my best respects to Mrs. Tanner.

"Respectfully,

"Mrs. H. G. Baird."

AN INDIAN GATHERING ON MACKINAC ISLAND IN 1841

An anonymous series of sketches appeared in London in 1842, entitled "Life in the West," in which there occurs this picturesque passage:

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"Makina, or Mackinac, with its antiquated French village and white-walled fort on the heights, is the most European-looking spot I have yet seen in this New World. This was one of the earliest, and I believe principal stations and rendezvous of the great fur-trading companies, servants, chasseurs, Indians, and mighty hunters; and at present it has all that striking appearance of mimic war, owing to the sudden influx of Indians; a regular gathering of the Chippewas and Ottawas seems to have taken place, and their long rows of wigwams, fires, canoes, picturesque dresses, varying from the eternal blanket, to the doe-skin hunting coat, scarlet leggings, and ornamental moccasins of the Indian braves and warriors, as they strode up and down the shore, mingled with French fishermen (half-breed), squaws, smart grey uniform of the U. S. troops from the fort, and presently the pink, green, and yellow parasols of our lady passengers, escorted by our exquisites, in their broad-leafed sombreros and white-sleeved roundabouts, presented a *coup d'oeil* from the promenade deck of our dashing and gaily-pennoned steamer, rarely to be met with in the midst of wild lakes and desolate regions. Several of our deck-passengers, traders and pedlers, went ashore, and quartered themselves in the village, their object being to trade away their trumpery with the Indians wherever they were paid. . . .

"We found a venerable old chief of the Ottawas, attended by some very respectable Indians, walking about the deck; he neither could nor would speak English or French, though he seemed desirous to shew that he was very friendly. He had fought against the Americans in the last war, and, like many of the Indians congregated here for payment, contrived to get paid in Canada also. I observed the Indians

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very proudly displayed their English blankets, or any other article they possessed of English manufacture. Having taken in our supply of wood, we walked away from Mackinac, and left the Indians in their glory."

AN INDIAN SCENE ON MACKINAC ISLAND ABOUT 1845

Captain R. G. A. Levinge, of London, in *Echoes from the Backwoods; or Scenes of Transatlantic Life*, has left the following picturesque description of the Indians on the Island:

"Next evening, we reached the beautiful Island of Mackinac. An American fort, half way up its rocky side, is a conspicuous feature in this Island. I was delighted, after returning home, with Miss Martineau's beautiful mention of this Island—'It is known to me as the tenderest little piece of beauty I have yet seen on God's earth.'

"By particular good luck, we found collected here four tribes of wild Indians, assembled to receive the presents annually distributed by the United States' government. They consisted of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Seminoles, and Meomis. The whole of the beach was covered with their wigwams, and the bay (it being night when we arrived) was brilliantly illuminated with their birch-bark torches: the effect was extremely striking. . . .

"All the Indians, male and female, were painted and tattooed in every conceivable shape and form. One woman, calling herself the wife of a chief of the Meomis, who was rather the worse for rum, sold me her garters—a beautiful pair, embroidered in red and white wampum, worked in the pattern of her tribe. Her forehead was painted with vermilion, and on each cheek was a patch of

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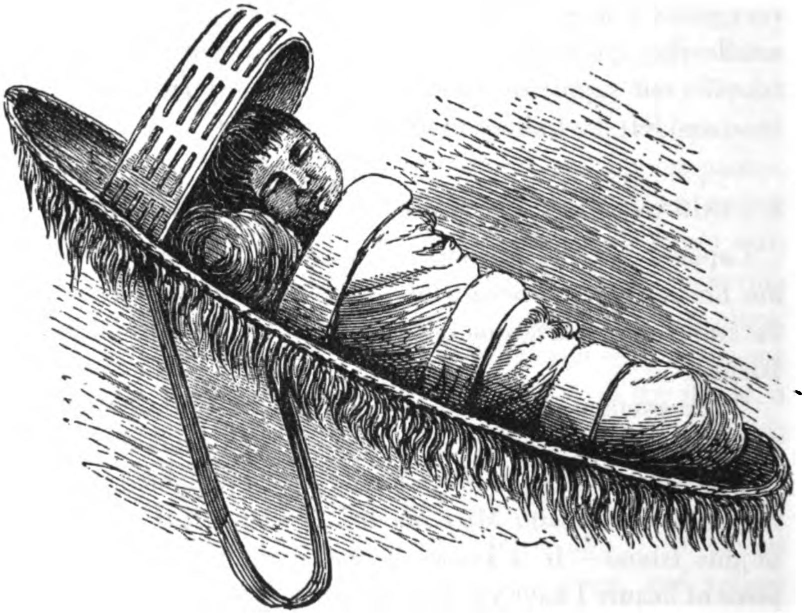

AN INDIAN CRADLE

the same colour, relieved with a white ring, and beyond that a sky-blue one, resembling the targets at our archery meetings. She had a ring through her nose; a musk-red skin hung over the top of her head; her hair was carefully divided, and abundantly greased with fish-oil; a profusion of scarlet feathers of the taninger were fastened into the back of it. Three long ones projected right and left towards the front, from which depended blue ones, tipped with scarlet. Her toilet was completed by some forty or fifty silver bells in her ears, which tinkled at every step which she took. Her chemise was made of deer-skin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and dyed moose hair, fastened by a series of silver plates, circular, and diminishing in size from the top. She also wore large armlets

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of silver; and the garters were placed below the knee, as ornaments merely, for no garment reached further, while a blanket, thrown over her, completed her costume.

"The men wore blankets of all hues, part of the presents received at different times. They were also tattooed in all ways. Some were perfectly naked, with large tufts of feathers in their heads; others had the skin of a fox or badger made into a cap, and the tail left hanging down behind. Outside most of the wigwams were tame bears, and the small Indian dog, the most faithful of all the race. The best watch-dog was left in charge of such huts as the owners had deserted.

"After a minute inspection of their spears, bows and arrows, canoes, and dresses, all most interesting to any one curious in the habits of these most extraordinary people, and in the distinctions of their different tribes, we examined a sort of museum collected by some of the fur-traders, containing specimens of their arms, spears, and weapons, also articles of bark, embroidered by the squaws. These latter, however, are much inferior to those made by the Micmac and Milicete tribes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

"The Island of Mackinac is important, as it commands Lakes Huron and Michigan, with the outlet of Lake Superior. The American government have therefore, built a strong fort upon it, overlooking, as I said before, its bay or harbour. The clearness of the water here is very striking; stones may be distinctly seen on the bottom at the depth of forty feet. In all these lakes are taken delicious white fish, superior in flavour to any salmon; when first taken out of the water, they shine and glisten like silver,

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and average from twenty to thirty pounds."—Levigne, *Echoes from the Backwoods*, II, 166, 189–192.

THE ARTIST, PAUL KANE, AT MACKINAC

Paul Kane, the Canadian artist, in 1858, published in his *Wanderings of an Artist Among the Indians of North America*, this interesting sketch of the Indians on Mackinac Island:

"There I found a large band of Indians to the number of 2600, who had come from all quarters to receive their pay of $25,000 for land ceded to the United States; these Indians were also Ojibbeways and Ottawas. On arriving among them I at once pitched my tent in their midst, and commenced to sketch their most remarkable personages. I soon had to remove my tent, from the circumstance that their famishing dogs, which they keep for the purpose of hunting and drawing their sleds in winter, contrived to carry off all my provisions, and seemed likely to serve me in the same way. This will appear by no means improbable, when I state that, while I was one evening finishing a sketch, sitting on the ground alone in my tent, with my candle stuck in the earth at my side, one of these audacious brutes unceremoniously dashed in through the entrance, seized the burning candle in his jaws and bolted off with it, leaving me in total darkness.

"The next day, as I approached my tent, I saw a dog running away from it, and thinking it probably the same rascal that had stolen my candle, I thought to inflict summary justice upon the marauder, and fired the contents of my pistol into his carcase. Beyond my expectations, which had only been to wound, I saw that I had killed him,

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and was immediately assailed with a demand, from the owner of the dog, and his wife, for payment for the loss of his services, which I agreed to liquidate on their paying me for the losses I had sustained in hams and other provisions which their dog had stolen from me. Hereupon they balanced accounts and considered that we were about even, giving me an invitation to join them at supper, and partake with them of the slaughtered animal, in which operation I afterwards saw them happily engaged.

"The Indian name of the Island is Mitchi-mac-inum, or, 'the Big Turtle,' to which animal it bears a strong resemblance in form when seen from a certain point.

"It is situated in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan; it contains some picturesque spots, one in particular, a natural bridge, which all strangers visit. There is a garrison on the Island, consisting of a company of soldiers. The inhabitants support themselves chiefly by fishing, the straits here yielding an immense supply of large salmon and white fish. Many traders assemble at Mackinac, at the periods of payment, bringing with them large quantities of spirituous liquors, which they sell clandestinely to these poor creatures, it being prohibited by Government; and many an Indian who travels thither from a long distance returns to his wigwam poorer than he left it, his sole satisfaction being that he and his family have enjoyed a glorious bout of intoxication.

"I took the likeness of a chief named Mani-tow-wah-bay, or 'He-Devil.' He anxiously inquired what I wanted the likenesses for. In order to induce him to sit, I told him that they were going home to his great mother, the Queen. He said that he had often heard of her, and was very desirous of seeing her, and that had he the time and means, he

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would pay her a visit. It pleased him much that his second self would have an opportunity of seeing her. He told me, with much pride that he had been a successful warrior, and had taken nine scalps in his warfare. He was very fond of liquor, and when under its influence, was one of the most violent and unmanageable among them."—Kane, *Wanderings of an Artist*, pp. 26–29.

APPLICATION OF THE NAME "MACKINAW"

The "Mackinaw coat," "Mackinaw boat," "Mackinaw trout," and "Mackinaw blanket," have each carried the name to every section of America.

The type of boat known as "Mackinaw" was fairly large, strongly built, flat-bottomed, and pointed at both ends. Its adaptation to ascend and descend easily dangerous rapids fitted it especially for the fur trade. With it was used a large sheet of painted or oiled canvas, to cover the merchandise or furs in bad weather.

The "Mackinaw coat" is a popular garment for boys and men, being used extensively in preparatory schools and colleges.

The "Mackinaw trout" has become a distinctive name for the trout which abound in the Straits of Mackinac.

Mackinac Island has fine hotels, a water works system, electric light plant and perfect sewerage lines, excellent mail, telegraph and telephone facilities, coupled with railroad and steamboat connections the equal of any health resort in the country. With all of its modern conveniences, the motor car is not in evidence. The Island is under a city government, and automobiles are prohibited. The

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roads and drives afford a safe avenue for pedestrians free from danger of accidents.

The Island and surrounding country is thronged with tourists and summer residents from June to September, and in the early Autumn thousands afflicted with hay fever come North for the relief afforded. Tourists do scant justice to themselves and the Island, when they limit their stay to the hurried drive in the little time afforded by the short stop made by the larger steamboats. Two weeks, at the least, should be given to inspecting the Island and enjoying its Indian trails and many historic and fascinating features. In fact, those who once spend a July and August at Mackinac Island are likely to return regularly with each succeeding season.

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CHAPTER XXIII

INDIAN NAMES IN THE MACKINAC COUNTRY

ALGONKIN. French *Algonquin;* originally *Algoumekin* (Angomeki), a tribal name of obscure signification. It was first applied to the Indians of the Upper St. Lawrence and some of its northern tributaries; afterwards, to all the western tribes of a similar speech, such as the *Ottawa, Ojibwa, Pottawatomies, Sacs* and *Foxes,* the "*Upper Algonkins,*" of the early French writers, and finally to all tribes of kindred speech, including the *Micmacs, Abenakis, Delawares,* and others in the east; the *Illinois, Shawnees,* and others in the south; the *Crees* and the *Satiskaa,* or "Blackfeet," in the north and northwest.

To distinguish the whole family from the Algonkins proper, or "Old Algonkins," all these Indians may be conveniently comprised under the name of the *Algic* tribes, or Indians of the *Algic* tongue. The term is of spurious coinage, but has obtained sufficient currency to be considered legitimate.

A small remnant of the "Old Algonkins" now have their home on the Lake of Two Mountains, near Montreal. The early French missionaries studied their dialect, in preference to the *Montagnais* (in use on the Lower St. Lawrence), as more distinctly spoken, and more closely resembling the dialects of the "Upper Algonkins," among whom many of them went to labour. Among the Algic dialects, the Ojibwa is the most widely understood and

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extensively studied. The nearest approach to the parent dialect, or original form of the language, is found in the *Cree*, *Old Algonkin*, *Ojibwa*, and *Ottawa* dialects.

AURORA BOREALIS. Chibáyag nimiídiwag, Cree *chipayak nimituwak*, "the dead are dancing." *Chibai*, "a dead person," "a corpse," "a ghost"; *nimi*, "he is dancing"; *nimiidiwag*, "they are dancing with each other."

BEAVER ISLANDS. *A-mic-wug-ain-dod*. Translation: Where the beavers live, their home. A group of islands lying in the vicinity of each other, northwest of Grand Traverse Bay, in Lake Michigan.

BEER. *Zhíngobabo*, "spruce-water." The first kind of beer the Indians on the Upper Lakes became acquainted with, was the Canadian spruce-beer.

BOIS BLANC ISLAND. *We-go-bee-min-is*. Translation: Bass Tree Island, deriving its name from the numerous basswood trees found there. The island stretches in the form of a crescent from the Island of Mackinac and the lower Peninsula of Michigan; it is from 10 to 12 miles in length by three in breadth. The lower part is sandy, but the greater part is fertile and well wooded, adapted to tillage. It furnishes firewood for Mackinac. It has been surveyed, and a lighthouse has been attached to its eastern point.

CANADIAN. *Monyàwinini*, "Canada-man." The same word also means "greenhorn"; *i. e.*, one fresh from Canada, and still unacquainted with Indian life, ways, etc. The Crees use *Wemistikozhi*, "Frenchman," in the same sense.

CARP RIVER. *O-ne-gig-o-minge*. Translation: At the Otter Portage, or going-over place. Otter Road or Trail passed from the river into a small lake, one of the sources

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of this river. This Carp River is on the southern shore of the Straits of Mackinac, discharging itself into a bay five to six miles southwest from Old Mackinaw.

CHICAGO. (Ill.) *Zhikágong*, the locative case of *zhikago*, "*a skunk*," also used as a personal name.

Early French writers mention a chief named *Chicagou*, who lived near the site of the present city. According to tradition, *Chicagou* was drowned in the river.

What ever may have been the occasion for applying that name to the locality, there can be no question about the etymology of the word. Algic proper names are very commonly derived from the names of animals by the addition of *o*. Thus *Zhikago*, is *zhikag* used as a man's name; and *zhikag*, or *zhigag*, is the *Mephitis Americana*, or "skunk." The English term "skunk" itself is a corruption of the *Abenaki* form of the word, which is *sikango*.

Some have sought to lend dignity to the term, by tracing in its first syllable, the second syllable of *kichi*, "great." This is plainly inconsistent with the Indian pronunciation of the name.

The origin of the word, however, undignified, is plain: *zhig*, is the Latin *mingere;* and *kag*, or *gag*, though now restricted to the porcupine species, was originally any horrid little beast; hence *zhi-kag*, is equal to *bestiola foeda mingens*.

Others have had recourse to *zhigagawâzh*, "wild garlic"; but this does not help matters, for the ugly root *zhig*, is still there, followed by *agawâzh*, "a plant"; hence *planta urinam redolens*.

CHICAGO, AND RIVER. Marquette called it "*Portage River*"; La Salle applies the name "*Checago*" to this local-

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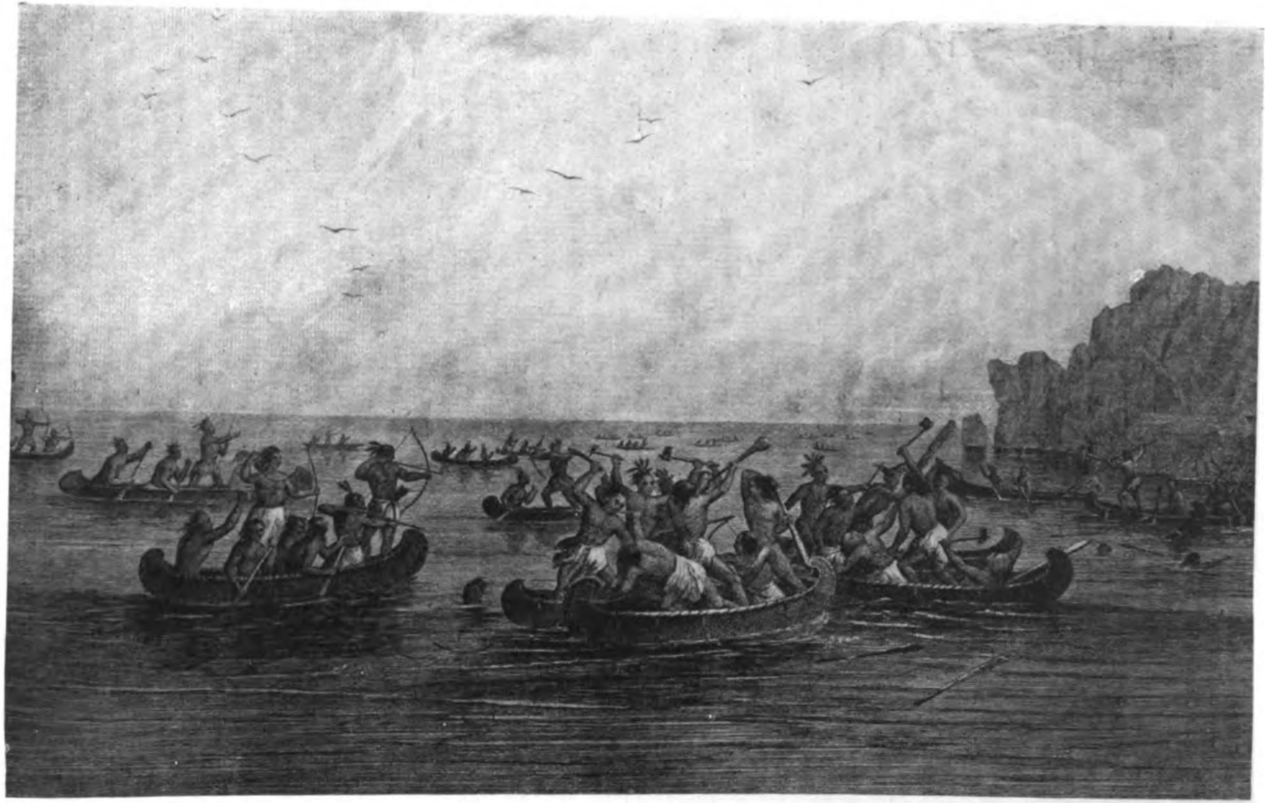

CONFLICT OF OJIBWAS, SACS AND FOXES ON LAKE SUPERIOR
(Reprint from a rare old engraving)

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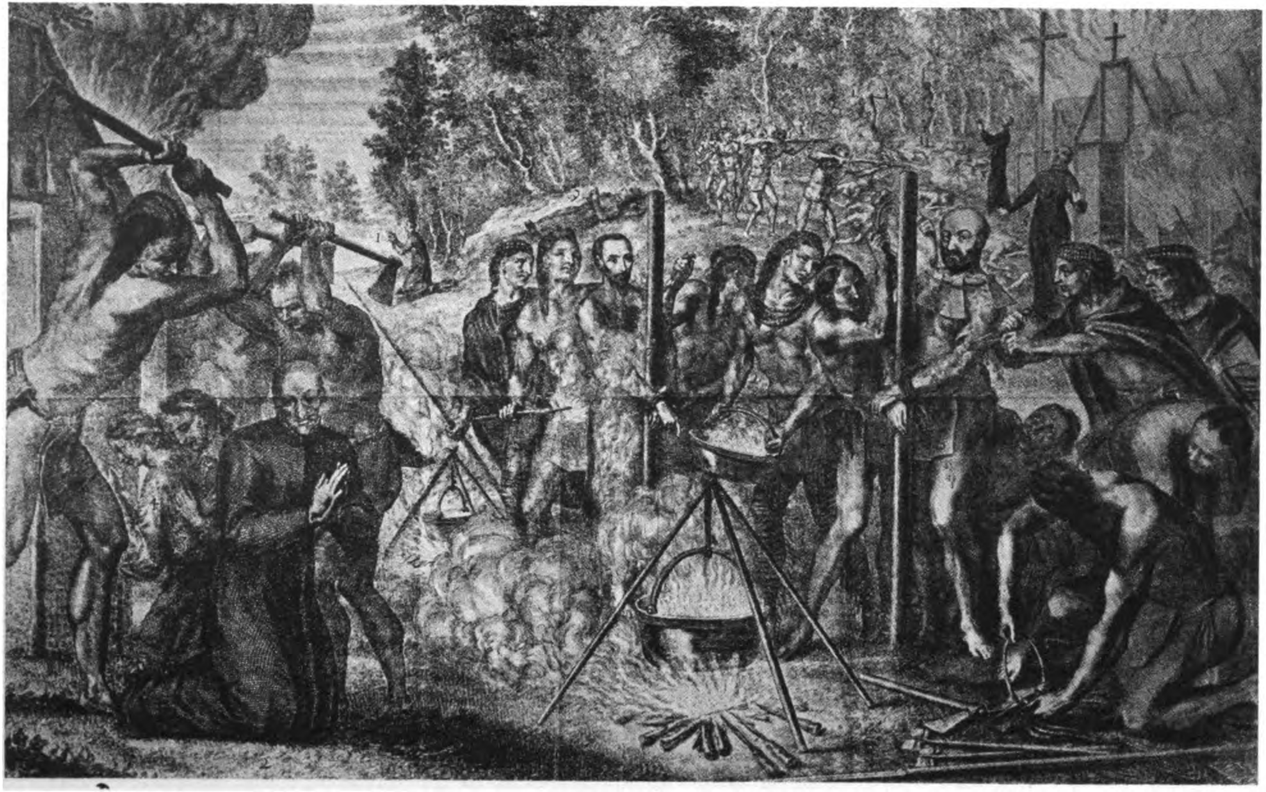

MARTYRDOM OF THE MISSIONARIES

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ity, but his *Checago River* was generally the *Desplaines;* Franquelin's map, 1684, gives to this locality or river the name of "*Cheagoumeinan,*" and to another stream "*R. Chekagou.*" Tonty, in 1685, says that he arrived at the "Fort of Checagou." St. Cosme calls it "*Chikagou,*" "*Chicagu,*" "*Chicaqw,*" and also "*Chicagou.*" LaHontan, 1703, has it "*Chegakou.*" Senex, 1710, gives it "*Checagou*"; De L'Isle's maps have it "*Checagou,*" also "*Chicagou*"; Moll, 1720, gives it "*Chekakou*"; Charlevoix, "*Chicagou.*" Col. De Peyster speaks of it as "*Eschecagou,*" and again as "*Eschicagou,* a river and Fort at the head of Lake Michigan." Popple's atlas, 1733, has it "*Fort Miamis ou Ouamis*"; Mitchell, 1755, "*R. and Port Chicagou,*" and Sayer & Bennett's map, 1797, says "*Point Chicago River.*"

CHIPPEWAY. *Be-to-bey-gouge.* Translation: A small body of water along side of another; a small lake lying parallel with a large lake. This is a sandy point four to five miles from Little Traverse Bay, on Lake Michigan.

CLOCHE ISLAND. (Ontario, L. H.) French Isle à la Cloche, "bell island." The Ojibwa name is *Assin Madweweg,* "sounding stone," or "Where the stone sounds."

It is said that by striking certain places on the rocky shore with a stone, a metallic sound is produced.

COFFEE. *Makatémashkkikiwabo,* "black medicine-water." Where coffee has become a beverage of ordinary use, the Ojibwa call it *kapi,* or, if they can, *kafi.* (They pronounced the name of the late President Garfield,—*Gapi.*)

COLD SPRING. *Tau-kee-bee-ing.* Translation: Cold water springing up through the earth. Little rivulets having their sources from these cold springs, discharging

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themselves into Lake Michigan, northeast from the old village of L'arbe Croche and two or three miles from the same place.

DETOUR. *Ta-wa-din.* Translation: Place of the sounding surge, or waters, as they roll, and dash, and shake the high rocky shore; a bluff of high perpendicular rocks facing the lake, with deep water at their base. Situated on the eastern entrance of Big Bay de Noquet, county of Delta, Mich.

French, "turning point." The Ojibwa name for the locality is *Giwideoónan*, "a channel where they turn, sailing." *Giwidewao*, "he goes around a point by water"; *-onan*, "a boat channel."

DETROIT. (Mich.) From the French, *Le Detroit.* "The Strait," *i.e.*, the passage between Lakes St. Clair and Erie.

The Indian name is *Wawiyátanong*, the locative case of *Wawiyatan*, "the river turns," or "a curving channel." *Wawiya-*, "round" (circular, or semi-circular); *-atan*, "the river runs thus," "a channel." (Compounds with this ending are used as verbs or nouns.) Hence the name of the *Weatanons*, *Ouatanons*, or *Weas*, a small tribe, now at the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory. Their original home seems to have been at the turn of the Illinois River near Hennepin (Ill.), which also bore the name of *Wawiyatan.*

DRUMMOND ISLAND. (St. Mary's River, Mich.) *Potiganíssing*, "mortar-shaped." From the obsolete *potigan*, (now *bodagan*,) "a mortar," "a pot"; and *-issin* "it lies thus." The term refers to a large Bay on the north-western side of the Island.

FRENCHMAN. *Wémitigózhi* (Cree *Wemistikozhi*), "one

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who has a canoe (vessel) of wood." *Mitig*, "tree," "wood"; *-on*, (Cree *osi*, *ozhi*), "canoe," "boat," "ship"; *omitigoni* (Cree *omistikosi*), "he has a wooden boat." The change of the initial *o* into *we*, makes the participle. The change of *n* to *zh* is quite common.

The term dates from the first appearance of the French in the St. Lawrence River, when their vessels excited the admiration of the natives. Among the Cree, the word is now also applied to any white or civilized man; just as the Ojibwa call whites of any nationality *Kichimokomanag*, "Big Knives"; which originally meant Virginians, and later, Americans.

GOOSE ISLAND. *Ne-ke-me-nis*. Translation: Brant Island,—this being the Indian name for the brant, which frequently lights there in spring and autumn. It is a small island about nine miles northeast from Mackinac, and is one of the cluster of the Cheneaux Islands.

GRAND TRAVERSE BAY. *Kichiwíkwed*, "big bay"; generally used in the locative case, Kichiwikwédong.

L'ARBRE CROCHE. *Wa-yog-a-nuck-e-zid*. Translation: Place of the crooked top tree. At this place a pine tree formerly stood, near the shore, with a crooked head or top, from whence the Indian name. This place is about ten miles south of Cross Village on Lake Michigan.

LES CHENEAUX. (Mackinac Co., Mich.) "The Channels"; the plural of the French *le chenal*, "the channel." The Ojibwa name is *Anáminang*, "in the bowels." *Anámina*, "underneath," "in the body." The name refers to the intricate tortuosity of the channels.

MANITOU ISLANDS. *Mon-e-to-me-nis*, singular *Mon-e-to-me-nis-un*, plural. Translation: A spirit. The term, Man-e-to is applied by the Indians to an agency which is

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unaccountable, extraordinary and supernatural, and which is beyond human understanding. The prefix good or bad, is always applied by Indians to designate a good or bad spirit. Two of these Islands are in Lake Michigan, now called the North and South Manitou. They are on the course to Chicago.

MANITOU PAYMENT. (Mackinac Co., Mich.) A French corruption of the Ojibwa *Manito Bimwa*, "the shooting of the Spirit."

MANITOULIN ISLAND. *Manitòwaning*, "at the Spirit's cave." *Manito*, "a supernatural being"; *wazh*, "the den of a wild animal"; *-ing*, locative ending. *Wazh* is a modification of *wan*, "hollow"; (*e. g.*, *wanike*, "he digs a hole.") The term refers to a "lightning hole" on the rocky shore of the deep inlet on the north side of the island. This hole was believed to be the den of the *Spirit-Snake*,—personified lightning.

The form *Manitoulin* is a corruption of *Manitooualin*, which is the French rendering of *Manitowaning*.

The Indians generally call it *Otawaminiss*, "Ottawa Island"; as the ancient home of that tribe and now again inhabited by a considerable number of them.

Its Huron name was *Ekaentoton*.

MICHILIMACKINAC. Marquette called it "*Michilimakinong*"; Hennepin and Membré speak of it as "*Missilimakinak*"; Joutel called it "*Micilimaquinay*"; De Lisle's map, 1703, calls it "*Isle et Habitation de Missilimakinac*."

Note: Marquette came nearest the Indian pronunciation of the word, which is "*Mishinimakinang*."

The change of "*n*" into "*l*" by the French, is frequent in Indian names.

In the Chippewa or Ojibwa language, the name of Mack-

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inac Island, is *Mishinimákina,* or *Mishinimagina;* in the locative case, *Mishinimakinang,* "at the great uplifted bow," "at the great hanging arch." *Mishi-,* "great," "grand"; *nim-, nima-,* "lifting up," "holding suspended at the top of something"; (e. g., *nimakonige,* "he carries something on a stick"; *nimashkaigan,* "a tuft," "plume," "a bayonet"; Cree *nimaskwsin,* "he is raised above the ground"; *nimaskwew,* "he carries his weapons"; *nimahwew,* "he raises his hand against him";) *wagina,* Cree *wakina* (from *wak- wag-,* "bent," and a substantive ending); "a semi-circle," "a piece of wood bent in the form of a bow," "rib of a canoe," "ground timber of a vessel." The initial *w* is dropped as is usual in compounds (*e. g., gimabi,* "he looks stealthily"; *wababigan,* "clay"; *missabenjakon,* "tree-moss"; instead of *gimwabi, wabwabigan,* and *missabenjwakon*).

The gesture for *nim-,* is the outstretched arm and hand, with the palm downward.

The greatest natural curiosity on Mackinac Island is the "arch rock." It would, then, be rather an exceptional case, if the Indian name-givers, with their keen sense of the beautiful, and admiration for the extraordinary in nature, had not seized upon this feature of the Island, to distinguish it from all other localties known to them. Still, the meaning of the term is utterly unknown to the Indians of the present day. The whites, too, have invariably failed in analyzing and explaining the word; chiefly, perhaps, in consequence of the faulty division,—*Michili Mackinac,* or *Michilli Mackinaw,*—introduced by French and English writers,—and the greater hardness with which the *k* is now generally pronounced, in that name.

MINDEMOYA LAKE. (Manitoulin Island), *Mindimóyes-*

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ágaigan, "Old Woman Lake." It has its name from an island, which is said to bear a striking resemblance to a woman floating on the water, and therefore called by the Indians *Mindimoye*, "the old woman."

MOCCASIN. *Mákisin*, "a shoe." From *magosid*, "foot compress." (*Mago*,—"compressing"; *-sid*, "foot"). Thus *minjikawan*, "mitten," "glove," literally means "fitting the hand."

OAK POINT. *Na-me-tic-o-mish-e-keonge*. Translation: "Where a ridge of oak trees are." The place of this point is about 15 miles west from the Island of Mackinac, on the straits.

OLD MACKINAW. *Pe-quot-e-nonge*. Translation: Head land, or bluff. A rounding elevation of land. Situated on the extreme northern point of the southern peninsula of Michigan, about nine miles distant from the Island of Mackinac.

OTTAWA. One of the largest and most advanced Algic tribes, and nearly related with the Ojibwa. *Otawa*, plural *Otawag*, shortened from the obsolete *odawáwe*, Cree *odattaw*, "he has (owns) fur." (From *-wawe*, *-awe*, "fur," we have *e. g.*, *minwawe*, "it has a good fur"; *bissagwawe*, "it has a thick costly fur"; *atawe*, "he traffics"; *atawagan*, "peltry" (in trade); Cree *nandawaganew*, "he hunts for fur.")

Like the names of many other tribes (as well as of some nations, ancient and modern), this name is of foreign origin. It was first given by the Algonkins on the St. Lawrence to one of the Ottawa clans on the east shore of Georgian Bay, who opened the fur trade with the French (descending by way of the Ottawa River), and, for some time, claimed its monopoly. From these, it passed to

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other clans of like speech, and for some time, was even applied to all the "Upper Algonkins." (Pottawatomies, Ojibwa, Menominees, *et cetera.*)

The French first called the tribe Cheveux Relevés, "Standing Hairs," from their fashion of wearing the hair in crest-like shape; afterwards, *Outaouan, Ondataonaouat* (pronounced *odatawawa*); and finally *Outaouak,* and *Outawais.*

The term Cheveux Relevés has made room for the more modern name Courtes Oreilles, "Short Ears." This is an erroneous translation of *Otawag Kishkakoyag* (or Kishkakosag), "Ottawa of the Short-tailed Bear Totem," one of the most prominent clans of the tribe. (*Kishkitawage,* "his ear is cut off," or "his ear is shortened"; a part being cut off.) (See *Kish-kau-ko.*)

PICTURED ROCKS. (Schoolcraft Co., Mich.) *Ishkweyázhibikong,* "at the last cliff." *Ishkwe-,* "the end of anything," "last ," *azhibik,* "rock," "cliff"; *-ong,* locative affix.

In travelling east, along the south shore of Lake Superior after passing the Pictured Rocks, no more steep rocks are encountered for a considerable distance.

POINT AUX BARQUES. *A-speake-keing.* Translation: Place of the high peak or bluff. A point of land in the county of Delta, attached to Mackinac; it is the point east of Big Bay de Noquet (de Noc).

POINT IROQUOIS. *Nau-do-wa-e-gun-ing.* Translation: The place of Iroquois' bones. It is about 15 miles southwest from Sault Ste. Marie, at the eastern entrance to Lake Superior. Traders, in 1794, noticed skulls, etc., on this point, unburied. Some 200 Iroquois Indians, about the year 1680, were making their hostile incursion into the southern borders of Lake Superior. The Gibways [Chip-

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pewas] unexpectedly attacked them at night while they were asleep and very few of the party escaped to tell the tale of their defeat. Tradition says only one was spared and permitted to return, first having his ears and the tip of his nose cut off. These Iroquois are said to have eaten prisoners they captured on their expeditions.

POINT LA BARBE. *Won-e-bee-mug-onge.* Translation: Point last to view in the water. This is about ten miles west from Mackinac, on the straits, and four miles south east from Gros Cap of the upper peninsula. When Michilimackinac was occupied as a trading post, the traders returning from the Indian country always stopped at this point to shave and wash preparatory to entering civilized life, whence the name Point la Barbe.

POINT ST. IGNACE. *Naw-do-wa-qua-au-me-sheeng.* Translation: Iroquois Woman's Point. Situated on the northern peninsula of Michigan, four miles west of the Island of Mackinac.

POINT WONGOOSHANCE. *Woug-oo-shance.* Translation: Little fox. A point in the southwestern part of the Straits of Mackinac and northwest of the lower peninsula of Michigan. Here is a light house two miles from the extreme end of the point.

PONTIAC. Ottawa *Bwanédiyag,* or *Bonítiyak,* "Anchor," *Bon-* "stopping"; *anit,* "a spear"; *-ak,* "a stick"; *anitiyak,* "a spear-handle"; hence *bonitiyak,* a stick planted in the ground to anchor (stop) a canoe.

The term is not in common use; they say instead, *bonakajigan,* from *bonakajige,* "he stops something (*bon-*) by means of a stick (*-ak*)."

The name just suits the famous chief Pontiac, who was *the last anchor of the Indian cause.*

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PYRAMID ROCK. (Mackinac Island, Mich.) *Petakábi-kideg ázhibik,* "Standing rock." Petakidig, "standing," "sticking in the ground";—*abik,* "hard mineral," *azhibik,* "rock."

The term *petakabikideg,* is a sample of the curious system of compounding words, called "incapsulation." An imitation of the word in English, would be *stick-stone-up-ing,* instead of *sticking up stone.*

The modern name, "Sugar-Loaf Rock" would be translated, *sisibakwatong ezhinagwak azhibik,* "sugar shaped rock."

ROUND ISLAND—(Min-nis-ais). Little Island.

ROUND ISLAND. *Ne-saue-we-nug-onge.* Translation: Middle Island or place of middle island. A small island southeast from Mackinac and between this and Bois Blanc Island. It is one mile from Mackinac and near three miles in circumference.

ROUND ISLAND (St. Mary's River, Mich.) *Kokoshimi-niss,* "hog island." *Kokosh,* "a pig"; from the French *cochon.*

This small island was formerly shunned by the Indians, and the more superstitious still fear to use it for a camping ground; for, as they say, *a manitou in the form of a large pig,* once appeared there to a travelling party, and forbade them on their peril to camp on *his* island.

ST. JOSEPH'S ISLAND. (St. Mary's River, Ontario.) *Pekwadináshing,* "where there is a bad bluff." *Pikwa-dina,* "there is a bluff"; *-shin,* a vituperative inanimate verbal ending; by changing *i* to *e,* and affixing *g,* the participle is formed.

A ridge of land with a steep bluff traverses the island.

SAILOR'S ENCAMPMENT. (Chippewa Co., Mich.) *Ash-*

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igánikan, "the place where bass-fish (*ashigan*) is found."

SAND HILLS. *Nau-ma-won-ong.* Translation: *Nau-ma,* name in Indian for sturgeon; *woning,* at the sturgeon place or the hills back from the lake, has the appearance of a sturgeon, from which it derives its name, in the bay. The Indians in winter and summer speared many sturgeon here. This place is about four miles south of Waugoshance Point on Lake Michigan.

SAULT STE. MARIE. (Mich.) Father Dablon named the mission established by him at the foot of the rapids in 1668, *Sainte Marie du Sault,* "Saint Mary's of the Rapids." *Sault,* is the modern spelling; *"Soo,"* the popular pronunciation.

From the word *Saut,* "falls," or "rapids," the Ojibwa tribe obtained its French name, *Sauteux.* At first, those only whose home was at the "Soo" were called by that name; but by degrees it passed to all Indians of the same speech. The spelling *"Sauteur,"* though very common, is wrong; this word is pronounced differently, and denotes "a springer," or "a jumper."

The Indian name of the town or rapids is *Bawíting,* from *bawitig,* "rapids." This is an abbreviation of *bawitigweya,* "the river is beaten into spray." (Some Indians pronounce it *bagwiting,* "where the river is shallow.")

The Ojibwa band residing at the Sault were called *Bawítigówininiwag,* or *Bawíting-dázhi-ininiwag,* "Men of the Rapids."

The Indians have no general name for St. Mary's River; but have for the lakes into which it expands. The mouth of the river is called *Giwideoonaning,* "where they sail around a point."

SHINGAUBAOSIN. (The name of a point of land two

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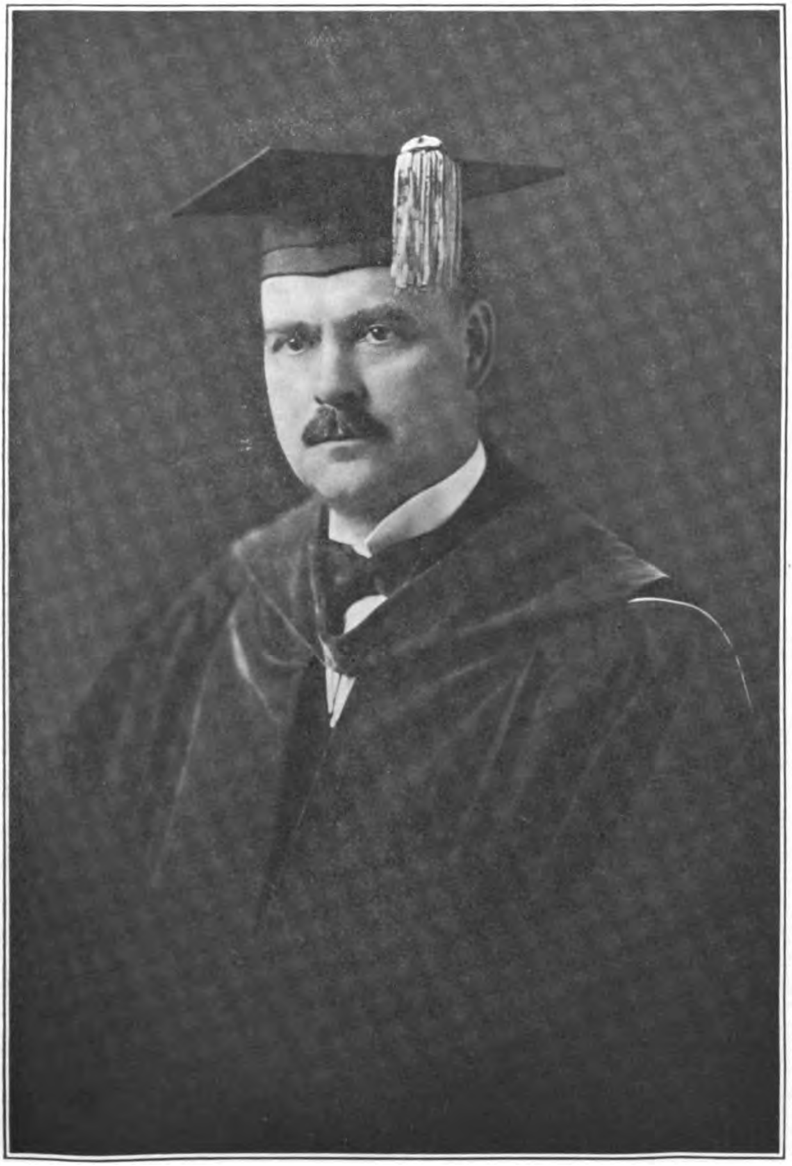

EDWIN O. WOOD, LL.D.
Author of *Historic Mackinac*

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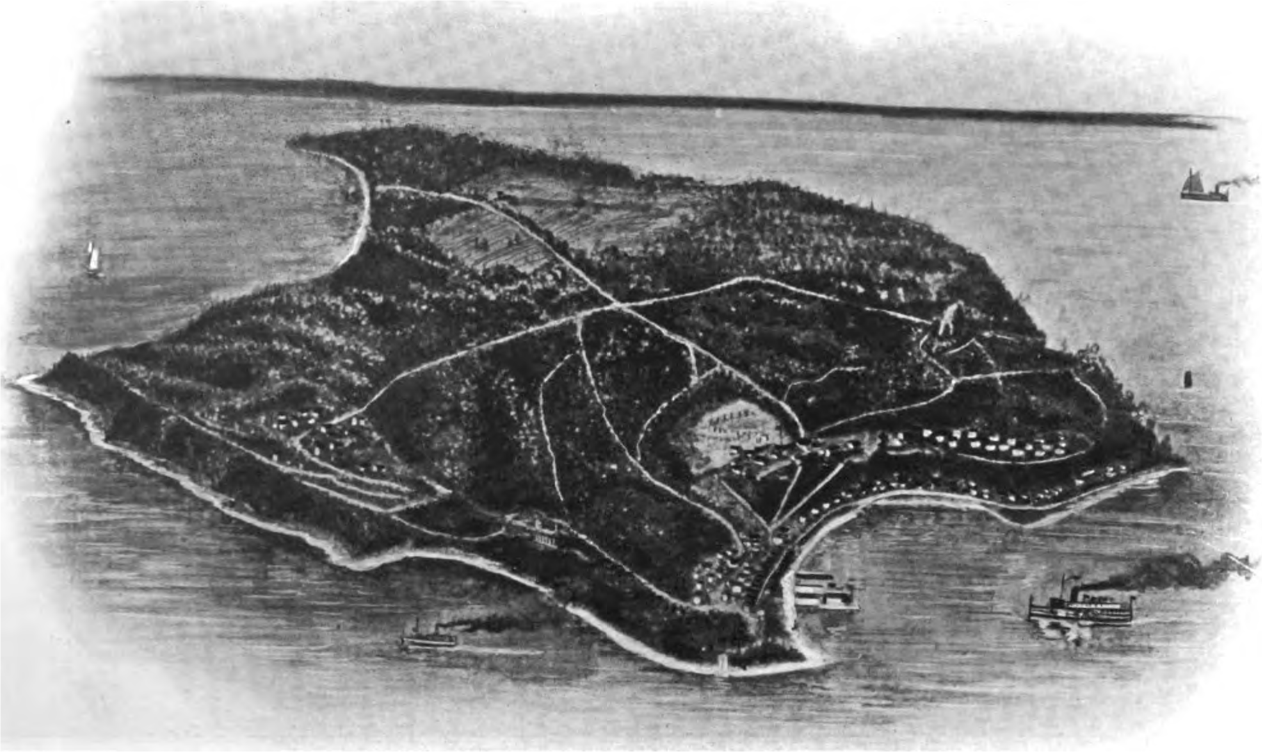

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MACKINAC ISLAND

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miles southwest from the Cross Village.) Translations: Singular bodied stone. A granite stone, frequently seen, of the lake shore, of various forms; veins of quartz passing through, giving it many fantastical shapes. An interesting tradition of this exists in Indian. Pagan Indians always placed tobacco there and asked for still weather.

SITTING RABBIT. *Wau-boose-nau-mud-a-bid.* Rabbit sitting. An isolated bluff northwest of Mackinac.

SUGAR ISLAND. (St. Mary's River, Mich.) *Sisibákwatôminiss,* "sugar-tree island." *Sisibakwat,* "sugar"; from *sib-*, or *sisib-*, "flowing," "dropping"; and *-akwa,* referring to a tree.

This island is also called *Ishkónigan,* "a reserve" (Indian Reserve); from *ishkonige,* "he keeps back."

SUN DIAL. *Dibaigísisswan,* a "sun-measure," *Dibaigan,* "measure"; *gisiss,* "sun."

The only sun-dial known to the Indians in their untutored state was a stick or twig stuck into the ground or snow, with a line traced in the direction of its shadow. This contrivance was, and is still, used by travellers. The intention is to let those in the rear know the time of the day at which the advance party started from, or passed, the spot thus marked.

At present, *dibaigisisswan* is the name of a watch, clock, or any time-piece.

TEA. *Anibìshábo,* "leaf-water," "leaf-fluid." Tea, in leaves, is simply called *anibish,* "leaf." *Kichianibish,* "big leaf," means "cabbage."

The Ojibwa are acquainted with several different kinds of herbs and leaves that serve as substitutes for our tea.

THERMOMETER. Kíssina-dibábishkódeg, "where the cold is weighed," "cold-balance," "cold-scales." *Kissina,*

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"it is cold"; *dib-*, *tip-*, "equal," "opposite"; *-abishk*, *-abik*, "stone," "metal"; *-ode*, verbal ending; *-g.* participle ending. *Dibabishkode*, "it is weighed," literally means, "it is balanced by means of a stone (or piece of metal)."

The archaic form *-abishk* (now *-abik;* Massachusetts *-ambsk;* Cree *-abisk*), shows that the term is not of modern coining, and, consequently, that the Ojibwa made use of weights before civilization reached them.

TOBOGGAN. A corruption of the Old Algonkin *otabágan*, "a sleigh." The Ojibwa form is *odaban*, from *odabi*, "he drags." *Titibissee-odaban*, or *titibidaban*, "a sledge on wheels," "a wagon"; though commonly, they use *odaban* for both sleighs and wagons. *Ish-kotè-odában*, "fire-wagon," "locomotive."

TOTEM. *Odè*, "family," "gens," "family mark," "ancestral animal." Whenever this word is used in the sense of "family mark," or "ancestral animal," it is invariably connected with a personal pronoun; and as in this case the connective *d*, and the possessive ending *m* are required, it has passed into the French and English languages under the form of *dodem*, or *totem*.

Here are some examples of its use. *Nizhode ayawag*, "there are two families there." *Wedetojig*, "persons living together in a village." *Nindodem*, "my family mark," "my ancestral animal." *Migisi nind ododeminan*, "I have the eagle for my totem." *Makwan adododeminan*, "his totem is the bear."

The principal totems of the Ojibwa tribe are, the bear *(makwa)*, the crane *(ajijak)*, the marten *(wabizheshi)*, the catfish *(manameg)*, the wolf *(maingan)*, the loon *(mang)*, the moose *(môs)*, the burbot *(awassi, awassissi)*, the bear's sirloin *(noke)*, the pigeon-tail *(aawe,)* the eagle

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(migisi). Others, less wide-spread, are the reindeer *(atik)*, the "merman" *(nibnabe)*, the lynx *(bishiw)*, the black duck *(makateshib)*, the pike *(ginozhe)*, the white-fish *(atikameg)*, the sucker *(namebin)*, the beaver *(amik)*, the wild goose *(nika)*, the gull *(gayashk)*, the hawk *(kekek)*.

Most of these totems are also found among the Ottawa, together with the following: the rattlesnake *(zhishigwe)*, the water-snake *(omissandamo)*, the sturgeon *(name)*, the sparrow-hawk *(pipigiwisês)*, the thunder, or thunder-bird *(animiki)*, and the fork *(nissawakwad)*.

WAUGOSHANCE. (Island, Lake Michigan). *Wagoshês*, "little fox"; from *wagosh*, "fox"; with the little diminutive ending *ês*.

WHISKEY. *(Rum, etc.,) Ishkotèwábo*, "fire-water."

This word, unfortunately but too well known to whites in Indian neighborhoods, is generally pronounced by them *shkotewabo*. The principal accent is on the *e;* but this vowel is short, while *a* is long,—hence the mistake.

WHITE FISH POINT. (Chippewa Co., Mich.) *Nêmikong*, "beaver point." *Ne-*, "a point"; *amik*, "a beaver"; *-ong*, local affix.

Nemikag, "point of breakers," may have been the original name.

WINE. *Zhóminábo*, "grape-water." *Zhomin*, (from *osawamin*, "yellow berry,") "a grape"; *-abo*, "water," "fluid"; *e.g.*, *ozhibiiganabo*, "writing-fluid," "ink"; *mashkikiwabo*, "medicine water," "liquid medicine." (*Mashkiki*, from the formative *-ashk*, "a blade," had originally the meaning "herb." The Cree *maskikiy* is still used in this sense.

WOLVERINE. (Gween-guh-auga). Underground drum-

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mer. The Wolverine was a great burrower. It is now quite extinct in Michigan, where it was formerly so plentiful as to give its name to the Wolverine State.

NOTE. The material in this chapter is taken from *Indian Names of Places near the Great Lakes*, by Major Dwight H. Kelton, A. M.

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE FLOWERING PLANTS, FERNS AND THEIR ALLIES OF MACKINAC ISLAND[1]

MACKINAC ISLAND is situated near the northern end of Lake Huron, in the Straits of Mackinac. It is about 3 miles from the shore of the northern peninsula and 7 or 8 miles from the shore of the southern peninsula. It is one of the historical places in Michigan. It is now under the control of a state commission, and about one-half is used for park purposes, the other half being privately owned.

Little work has been done upon the fauna and flora of the Island. A few species of plants have been recorded by travelers, but no attempt has apparently been made to list the flora as a whole. In the summer of 1912, the writer visited the Island in the course of his work upon the flora of the east coast of Michigan, for the Michigan Geological and Biological Survey, and made as careful study of the plants as time permitted. Five days were spent on the Island, from June 30 to July 2 inclusive, and Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 1912.

TOPOGRAPHY

The Island is roughly quadrangular in shape, about 3

[1] Published in the *Fifteenth Report, Michigan Academy of Science*, 1913, by C. K. Dodge, with the permission of Alexander G. Ruthven, Chief Naturalist, Michigan Geological and Biological Survey.

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miles long in a north and south direction and 2 miles wide, and contains 2,221 acres. Generally speaking the land rises from the beach to a high rocky area in the center that is much broken up by ravines. The highest point is 317 feet above the lake. Around most of the Island the cliffs rise abruptly from a narrow beach; but on the north side the elevation is not abrupt and on the south side a succession of terraces leads from the bay to the bluff.

The underlying rock is limestone, which is in general covered by a thin layer of morainic material. One small area near the northwest shore is covered with a considerable deposit of morainic material, and the terraces at the south end are made up of recent lake deposits.

PRESENT LAND COVERING

Notwithstanding its long inhabitation, Mackinac Island is still in a quite primitive condition as far as the flora is concerned. The original forests still remain substantially intact, except on the northern part where most of the large timber has been removed and a few pieces of land cleared and cultivated. In the dense forests of the interior the red oak, beech and sugar maple are often abundant and intermingled and in places the balsam, white spruce, and white cedar are abundant and usually associated. A large area of yellow birch stands by itself on high ground toward the east side. Canoe birch is scattering, and the white pine and red pine are not prominent.

Over 400 species have been noticed on the Island and it is not probable that more than 100 other species grow there. Of the 415 reported in the present paper at least 60 are introduced plants, usually known as weeds, leaving 355 observed native species, so it appears that 450 is probably

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a close approximation of the number of native species and varieties on the island.

LIST OF SPECIES

POLYPODIACEAE—FERN FAMILY

Phegopteris dryopteris (L.) Fee. Oak Fern. Plentiful in rich shaded ground.

Adiantum pedatum L. Maidenhair. Often abundant in rich shaded ground.

Pteris aquilina L. Common Brake. Occasional in shaded or open ground.

Asplenium filix-femina (L.) Bernh. Lady Fern. Frequent in rich shaded ground.

Aspidium thelypteris (L.) Sw. Marsh Shield Fern. Common in damp shaded or open ground.

Aspidium marginale (L.) Sw. Evergreen Wood Fern. In rich shaded ground; apparently rare.

Aspidium spinulosum (O. F. Müller) Sw. Spinulose Shield Fern. Occasional in shaded ground.

Aspidium spinulosum intermedium (Muhl.) D. C. Eaton. Spinulose Shield Fern. Frequent in rich shaded ground.

Cystopteris bulbifera (L.) Bernh. Bulblet cystopteris. Abundant on rocky shaded ground.

Onoclea sensibilis L. Sensitive Fern. In damp open or shaded ground.

OPHIOGLOSSACEAE—ADDER'S TONGUE FAMILY

Botrychium virginianum (L.) Sw. Rattlesnake Fern. Common in rich shaded ground.

EQUISETACEAE—HORSETAIL FAMILY

Equisetum arvense L. Common Horsetail. Frequent on the sandy beach and in damp open or shaded ground.

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Equisetum sylvaticum L. Wood Horsetail. Frequent and often abundant in damp shaded ground.

Equisetum fluviatile L. Swamp Horsetail. In wet marshy open ground on the east side.

Equisetum hyemale L. Scouring Rush. Occasional in dry open or shaded ground.

Equisetum scirpoides Michx. Sedge-like equisetum. Common in moist shaded ground.

LYCOPODIACEAE—CLUB MOSS FAMILY

Lycopodium lucidulum Michx. Shining Club Moss. In rich ground under evergreens.

Lycopodium complanatum L. Trailing Christmas-green. Occasional in dry shaded ground.

SELAGINELLACEAE—SELAGINELLA FAMILY

Selaginella apus (L.) Spring. Creeping Selaginella. Occasional on damp open ground.

TAXACEAE—YEW FAMILY

Taxus canadensis Marsh. American Yew. Common under evergreens especially on the west side under balsams and cedars.

PINACEAE—PINE FAMILY

Pinus strobus L. White Pine. Common but not large.

Pinus resinosa Ait. Red Pine. Common and many large trees.

Larix laricina (DuRoi) Koch. Tamarack. Frequent in swampy ground, but trees small.

Picea canadensis (Mill.) BSP. White Spruce. Abundant in spots especially in rich ground on the west side and at the south end.

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Abies balsamea (L.) Mill. Balsam. Abundant in spots associated with white cedar, especially on the west side.

Tsuga canadensis (L.) Carr. Hemlock. Frequent but trees usually small.

Thuja occidentalis L. White Cedar. Abundant in spots and associated with balsam.

Juniperus communis depressa Pursh. Low Juniper. Abundant under large trees especially on the east side.

Juniperus horizontalis Moench. Shrubby Red Cedar. Along and near the beach on the east side. Apparently rare.

TYPHACEAE—CAT-TAIL FAMILY

Typha latifolia L. Common Cat-tail. Noticed in a few marshy places.

SPARGANIACEAE—BUR-REED FAMILY

Sparganium eurycarpum Engelm. Broad-fruited Bur-reed. In low wet places.

JUNCAGINACEAE—ARROW GRASS FAMILY

Triglochin maritima L. Seaside Arrow Grass. Occasional in marshy places and in damp sand.

Triglochin palustris L. Marsh Arrow Grass. In marshy places on the east side.

ALISMACEAE—WATER-PLANTAIN FAMILY

Sagittaria latifolia Willd. Broad-leaved Arrow-head. Occasional in marshy places.

Alisma plantago-aquatica L. water plantain. Common in wet and muddy places.

GRAMINEAE—GRASS FAMILY

Digitaria sanguinalis (L.) Scop. Crab Grass. About

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the village of Mackinac Island and on cultivated grounds.

Panicum capillare L. Old-witch Grass. Noticed about the village and on cultivated grounds.

Echinochloa crusgalli (L.) Beauv. Barnyard Grass. Occasional about the village.

Setaria glauca (L.) Beauv. Foxtail. About the village and on cultivated grounds.

Setaria viridis (L.) Beauv. Green Foxtail. Occasional about the village and on cultivated grounds.

Cenchrus carolinianus Walt. Sandbur. Noticed about the village.

Phalaris arundinacea L. Reed Canary Grass. In wet marshy places on the east side.

Hierochloe odorata (L.) Wahlenb. Holy Grass. In damp meadow-like places on the east side.

Milium effusum L. Millet Grass. In rich woods.

Oryzopsis asperifolia Michx. White-grained Mountain Rice. Frequent in dryish woods.

Muhlenbergia racemosa (Michx.) BSP. Marsh Muhlenbergia. Borders of wet open places on the east side.

Phleum pratense L. Timothy. In the village and throughout the Island.

Agrostis alba L. Red Top. Bordering damp open places.

Calamagrostis canadensis (Michx.) Beauv. Bluejoint Grass. In marshy places on the east side.

Danthonia spicata (L.) Beauv. Common Wild-oat Grass. Frequent in dry open or slightly shaded places.

Dactylis glomerata L. Orchard Grass. More or less throughout the Island.

Poa annua L. Low Spear Grass. In streets and lawns of the village.

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Poa compressa L. Canada Blue Grass. In dry open or slightly shaded places throughout.

Poa triflora Gilib. False Red Top. In wet open ground on the east side.

Poa pratensis L. June Grass. In open or slightly shaded ground throughout.

Poa debilis Torr. Weak Spear Grass. Occasional in open woods.

Glyceria nervata (Willd.) Trin. Fowl Meadow Grass. In wet meadow-like open or slightly shaded places.

Festuca occidentalis Hook. Western Fescue Grass. Frequent in dry open woods.

Festuca ovina L. Sheep's Fescue. Common in dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Bromus ciliatus L. Fringed Brome Grass. In damp shaded places on the east side.

Bromus kalmii Gray. Wild Chess. In dry open ground on the east side.

Agropyron repens (L.) Beauv. Quack Grass. About the village and in cultivated grounds.

Agropyron caninum (L.) Beauv. Awned Wheat Grass. In dry open woods.

Elymus canadensis L. Nodding Wild-rye. Occasional on and near the sandy beach.

CYPERACEAE—SEDGE FAMILY

Eleocharis palustris (L.) R. & S. Creeping Spike Rush. In very wet marshy ground.

Eleocharis tenuis (Willd.) Schultes. Splender Spike Rush. In damp meadow-like ground on the east side.

Eleocharis rostellata Torr. Beaked Spike Rush. Plentiful in wet marshy spots on the east side.

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Scirpus americanus Pers. Three-square. In wet places and in wet sand fringing the beach.

Scirpus occidentalis (Wats.) Chase—Western Bulrush. In wet marshy places on the east side.

Scirpus atrovirens Muhl. Dark Green Bulrush. In wet marshy ground and in damp sand.

Eriophorum viridi-carinatum (Engelm.) Fernald. Tall Cotton Grass. In wet shaded places on the west side.

Rynchospora capillacea Torr. Capillary Beaked Rush. In boggy places on the east side.

Cladium mariscoides (Muhl.) Torr. Twig Rush. In wet meadow-like ground on the east side.

Carex scoparia Schkuhr. Painted Broom Sedge. Occasional in damp ground.

Carex tribuloides Wahlenb. Blunt Broom Sedge. Damp rich open ground on the east side.

Carex crawfordii Fernald. Crawford's Sedge. In open ground. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Carex sterilis Willd. Little Prickly Sedge. In wet open places.

Carex scirpoides Schkuhr. Inland Sedge. In damp open ground.

Carex deweyana Schwein. Dewey's Sedge. Common in open woods.

Carex trisperma Dewey. Three-fruited Sedge. In shaded boggy ground on the west side.

Carex tenella Schkuhr. Stellate Sedge. Common in open dry woods.

Carex rosea Schkuhr. Soft-leaved Sedge. In swampy shaded ground on the west side.

Carex vulpinoidea Michx. Fox Sedge. In damp open or slightly shaded ground.

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Carex stipata Muhl. Awl-fruited Sedge. In very wet open or shaded places.

Carex aquatilis Wahlenb. Water Sedge. In very wet places on the east side.

Carex stricta Lam. Tussack Sedge. In very wet open ground on the east side.

Carex aurea Nutt. Golden-Fruited Sedge. Frequent in open or slightly shaded ground.

Carex leptadea Wahlenb. Bristle-stalked Sedge. In swampy open or shaded ground.

Carex polygama Schkuhr. Brown Sedge. In wet marshy open ground on the east side.

Carex gracillima Schwein. Graceful Sedge. Frequent in open woods.

Carex albicans Willd. Northern Sedge. Frequent in open woods.

Carex communis Bailey. Fibrous-rooted Sedge. In open woods. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Carex pennsylvanica Lam. Pennsylvania Sedge. Dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Carex tetanica Schkuhr. Wood's Sedge. In wet open ground on the east side.

Carex eburnea Boott. Bristle-leaved Sedge. Often abundant in rocky shaded ground especially on bluffs.

Carex laxiflora varians Bailey. Loose-flowered Sedge. Beach-maple woods.

Carex laxiflora blanda (Dewey) Boott. Loose-flowered Sedge. Rich shaded ground.

Carex grisea Wahlenb. Gray Sedge. Beach-maple woods. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Carex granularis haleana (Olney) Porter. Shriver's Sedge. Open ground.

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Carez flava L. Yellow Sedge. In very wet open ground on the east side.

Carex oederi pumila (Cosson & Germain) Fernald. Green Sedge. In damp sand along or near beach.

Carex capillaris L. Hair-like Sedge. In damp slightly shaded ground on the west side.

Carex capillaris elongata Olney. Hair-like Sedge. In slightly shaded ground. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Carex arctata Boott. Drooping Wood Sedge. In open dryish woods.

Carex filiformis L. In very wet marshy places on the east side.

Carex hystericina Muhl. Porcupine Sedge. In wet open places.

ARACEAE—ARUM FAMILY

Arisaema triphyllum (L.) Schott. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Frequent in rich shaded ground.

JUNCACEAE—RUSH FAMILY

Juncus tenuis Willd. Slender Rush. About the village and along the roads.

Juncus dudleyi Wiegand. Dudley's Rush. In wet open ground near the beach on the west side.

Juncus balticus littoralis Engelm. Baltic Rush. On and near the beach.

Juncus alpinus insignis Fries. Richardson's Rush. In damp sand along beach.

LILIACEAE—LILY FAMILY

Zygadenus chloranthus Richards. Glaucous Zygadenus. In damp sandy ground near beach on the west side.

Lilium philadelphicum andinum (Nutt.) Ker. Western

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ONE OF MACKINAC ISLAND'S POINTS OF INTEREST; RICH IN LEGENDARY LORE

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SUMMER HOME OF THE AUTHOR OF *HISTORIC MACKINAC*, CASS CLIFF, MACKINAC ISLAND

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Red Lily. Abundant especially at north end. One stem noticed with nine flowers.

Erythronium americanum Ker. Yellow Adder's tongue. In rich shaded ground.

Clintonia borealis (Ait.) Raf. Yellow Clintonia. In damp rich shaded ground.

Smilacina racemosa (L.) Desf. False Spikenard. Common in open woods.

Smilacina stellata (L.) Desf. Star-flowered Solomon's Seal. In rich shaded or open dry sandy ground.

Smilacina trifolia (L.) Desf. Three-leaved Solomon's Seal. In very wet shaded ground on the west side.

Maianthemum canadense Desf. False Lily-of-the-Valley. Common in open woods.

Streptopus amplexifolius (L.) DC. Clasping-leaved Twisted-stalk. In moist shaded ground on west side. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Streptopus roseus Michx. Sessile-leaved Twisted-stalk. In rich shaded ground.

Polygonatum biflorum (Walt.) Ell. Small Solomon's Seal. Common in rich shaded ground.

Trillium grandiflorum (Michx.) Salisb. Large-flowered Wake Robin. Frequent in rich woods.

IRIDACEAE—IRIS FAMILY

Iris versicolor L. Larger Blue Flag. Occasional in damp open ground, not far from the beach.

Iris lacustris Nutt. Lake dwarf Iris. Reported by W. D. Whitney. Not noticed in 1912.

Sisyrinchium angustifolium Mill. Painted Blue-eyed Grass. In a marshy place at north end.

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ORCHIDACEAE—ORCHIS FAMILY

Cypripedium parviflorum Salisb. Smaller Yellow Lady's Slipper. In damp rich ground and on shaded bluffs.

Cypripedium parviflorum pubescens (Willd.) Knight. Larger Yellow Lady's Slipper. On rich shaded ground.

Cypripedium hirsutum Mill. Showy Lady's Slipper. In damp shaded ground. Apparently rare.

Habenaria bracteata (Willd.) R. Br. Long-bracted Orchis. Frequent in beech-maple woods.

Habenaria flava (L.) Gray. Small Pale-green Orchis. In rich wet shaded ground on the west side.

Habenaria hyperborea (L.) R. Br. Tall Leafy Green Orchis. In boggy shaded ground on the west side.

Habenaria dilatata (Pursh) Gray. Tall White Bog Orchis. In wet shaded ground on west side.

Habenaria obtusata (Pursh) Richards. Small Northern Bog Orchis. In rich shaded ground on the west side.

Habenaria hookeri Torr. Hooker's Orchis. In rich shaded ground on the west side.

Habenaria orbiculata (Pursh) Torr. Large Round-leaved Orchis. In rich-shaded ground on the east side. Apparently rare, only one specimen being noticed.

Habenaria lacera (Michx.) R. Br. Ragged Orchis. In open woods on the east side. Apparently rare.

Epipactis tesselata (Lodd.) A. A. Eaton. Checkered Rattlesnake Plantain. In rich shaded ground on the west side.

Epipactis decipiens (Hook.) Ames. Menzies' Rattlesnake Plantain. Frequent in rich woods especially on the west side.

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Listera convallarioides (Sw.) Torr. Broad-lipped Twayblade. In rich moist woods on the west side.

Corallorrhiza trifida Chatelain. Early Coral Root. Common in open woods.

Corallorrhiza maculata Raf. Large Coral Root. Common in open woods.

Corallorrhiza striata Lindl. Striped Coral Root. Frequent in rich shaded ground.

Liparis loeselii (L.) Richard. Loesel's Twayblade. In damp sand on or not far from sandy beach.

Calypso bulbosa (L) Oakes. Calypso. Reported by W. D. Whitney. Not noticed in 1912.

SALICACEAE—WILLOW FAMILY

Salix amygdaloides Anders. Peach-leaved willow. Noticed by Frank A. Kenyon, superintendent of park. Not common.

Salix lucida Muhl. Shining Willow. Frequent in wet open ground.

Salix glaucophylla Bebb. Broad-leaved Willow. On and near the sandy beach.

Salix syrticola Fernald. Furry Willow. Occasional near the sandy beach.

Salix discolor Muhl. Glaucous Willow. Frequent along edge of rocky bluffs.

Salix rostrata Richards. Bebb's Willow. Occasional on dryish open ground at north end.

Salix candida Flügge. Sage Willow. About and in wet places on the east side.

Populus tremuloides Michx. American Aspen. Occasional but nowhere abundant.

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Populus grandidentata Michx. Large-toothed Aspen. Frequent throughout the Island.

Populus balsamifera L. Balsam Poplar. Common especially on edge of woods near shore. A few large trees noticed.

MYRICACEAE—SWEET GALE FAMILY

Myrica gale L. Sweet Gale. Abundant in spots on east side of the Island about and in wet places.

BETULACEAE—BIRCH FAMILY

Corylus rostrata Ait. Beaked Hazelnut. Common throughout the Island.

Ostrya virginiana (Mill.) K. Koch. Ironwood. Plentiful, growing with birch and maple.

Carpinus caroliniana Walt. Blue Beech. Noticed by Frank A. Kenyon, superintendent of park.

Betula lutea Michx.f. Yellow Birch. Abundant and large on the east side of the high part of the Island, and scattering throughout.

Betula alba papyrifera (Marsh) Spach. Canoe Birch. Trees often large and growing with other trees throughout the Island.

Alnus incana (L.) Moench. Speckled Alder. Frequent in wet spots throughout.

FAGACEAE—BEECH FAMILY

Fagus grandifolia Ehrh. Common Beech. Abundant and tree large on the highest part of the Island.

Quercus rubra L. Red Oak. Abundant and fair sized trees growing with beech and maples on the highest parts of the Island.

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URTICACEAE—NETTLE FAMILY

Ulmus americana L. American Elm. In streets and yards of the village. Frank A. Kenyon, superintendent of park.

Urtica gracilis Ait. Slender Nettle. Frequent in damp open or shaded ground.

SANTALACEAE—SANDALWOOD FAMILY

Comandra umbellata (L.) Nutt. Bastard Toad-flax. Frequent in dry open or shaded ground. Perhaps this is doubtful and may be referred to next species.

Comandra richardsiana Fernald. Richards' Toad-flax. Plentiful on the east side in dry open or slightly shaded ground.

POLYGONACEAE—BUCKWHEAT FAMILY

Rumex crispus L. Yellow Dock. In the village and on cultivated ground.

Rumex obtusifolius L. Bitter Dock. About the village and occasional in open woods.

Rumex acetosella L. Field Sorrel. Occasional on dry ground in and near the village.

Polygonum aviculare L. Knotgrass. About the village and in cultivated grounds.

Polygonum acre HBK. Water Smartweed. Michigan Flora. Not noticed in 1912.

Polygonum persicaria L. Lady's Thumb. Occasional about the village and in cultivated grounds.

Polygonum convolvulus L. Black Bindweed. About the village and on cultivated grounds.

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CHENOPODIACEAE—GOOSEFOOT FAMILY

Chenopodium hybridum L. Maple-leaved Goosefoot. About the village and on cultivated grounds.

Chenopodium album L. Common Pigweed. About the village and on cultivated grounds.

Atriplex patula hastata (L.) Gray. Halberd- leaved Orache. In waste places about the village.

AMARANTHACEAE—AMARANTH FAMILY

Amaranthus retroflexus L. Amaranth Pigweed. About the village and on cultivated grounds.

CARYOPHYLLACEAE—PINK FAMILY

Arenaria serpyllifolia L. Thyme-leaved Sandwort. As an occasional weed about the village.

Stellaria media (L.) Cyrill. Common Chickweed. Only as an occasional weed about the village.

Cerastium arvense L. Field Mouse-ear Chickweed. Reported by G. H. Hicks. Not noticed in 1912.

Cerastium vulgatum L. Common Mouse-ear Chickweed. As a weed about the village and in cultivated grounds.

PORTULACACEAE—PURSLANE FAMILY

Claytonia virginica L. Spring Beauty. Reported by W. D. Whitney. Not noticed in 1912.

Claytonia caroliniana Michx. Carolina Spring Beauty. In rich shaded ground.

Portulaca oleracea L. Common Purslane. Occasional as a weed about the village.

RANUNCULACEAE—CROWFOOT FAMILY

Ranunculus sceleratus L. Cursed Crowfoot. Frequent in wet places.

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Ranunculus abortivus L. Small-flowered Crowfoot. Common in rich open or shaded ground.

Ranunculus recurvatus Poir. Hooked Crowfoot. Frequent in open or slightly shaded ground.

Ranunculus acris L. Tall Crowfoot. A weed about the village, and growing in open woods like a native plant.

Hepatica triloba Chaix. Round-leaved Liverleaf. Frequent in open woods.

Hepatica acutiloba DC. Sharp-lobed Liverleaf. Common in beech-maple woods.

Anemone multifida Poir. Red Wind Flower. In dry open ground on the west side.

Anemone virginiana L. Tall Anemone. Common in open or slightly shaded ground.

Anemone canadensis L. Canada Anemone. Occasional in damp open ground.

Anemone quinquefolia L. Wood Anemone. In open woods and thickets.

Caltha palustris L. Marsh Marigold. In wet places and along small creeks on the west side.

Aquilegia canadensis L. Wild Columbine. In shaded places on rocky bluffs and in dry open ground.

Actaea rubra (Ait.) Willd. Red Baneberry. In rich shaded ground.

Actaea alba (L.) Mill. White Baneberry. Frequent in rich open woods.

PAPAVERACEAE—POPPY FAMILY

Sanguinaria canadensis L. Bloodroot. Reported by W. D. Whitney. Not noticed in 1912.

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FUMARIACEAE—FUMITORY FAMILY

Adlumia fungosa (Ait.) Greene. Climbing Fumitory. Abundant on the shaded rocky bluff, east side.

CRUCIFERAE—MUSTARD FAMILY

Draba arabisans Michx. Twisted Whitlow Grass. Shaded rocky bluffs on east side.

Lepidium virginicum L. Wild Peppergrass. As a weed about the village.

Capsella bursa-pastoris (L.) Medic. About the village and on cultivated grounds.

Brassica arvensis (L.) Ktze. Common Mustard. Occasional about the village.

Sisymbrium officinale leiocarpum DC. Hedge Mustard. Occasional as a weed about the village.

Braya humilis (C. A. May) Robinson. Low Rock-cress. Reported by G. H. Hicks. Not noticed in 1912.

Erysimum cheiranthoides L. Worm-seed Mustard. As a weed in the village and on cultivated grounds.

Radicula nasturtium-aquaticum (L.) Britton & Rendle. True Water Cress. Established in small brooks.

Barbarea orthoceras Ledeb. Yellow Rocket. Abundant near the beach east of the village and occasional in other places. See Rhodora XI-140.

Dentaria diphylla Michx. Two-leaved Toothwort. In damp shaded ground.

Arabis hirsuta (L.) Scop. Hairy Rock Cress. Noticed by F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

DROSERACEAE—SUNDEW FAMILY

Drosera rotundifolia L. Round-leaved Sundew. In wet mossy open ground on the east side.

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CRASSULACEAE—ORPINE FAMILY

Sedum acre L. Mossy Stonecrop. Occasional in dry open ground.

Sedum purpureum Tausch. Live-for-ever. Occasional in open or shaded ground.

SAXIFRAGACEAE—SAXIFRAGE FAMILY

Mitella diphylla L. Two-leaved Bishop's Cap. In rich woods.

Mitella nuda L. Naked Bishop's Cap. In damp rich shaded ground.

Parnassia parviflora D C. Small-flowered Grass-of-Parnassus. In wet marshy ground at the north end. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Parnassia caroliniana Michx. Carolina Grass-of-Parnassus. Plentiful in marshy open ground.

Ribes cynosbati L. Prickly Gooseberry. In dryish shaded ground.

Ribes huronense Rydb. Lake Huron Gooseberry. In rich woods.

Ribes oxyacanthoides L. Smooth Gooseberry. Frequent in shaded or open ground.

Ribes oxyacanthoides calcicala Fernald. Smooth Gooseberry. Common in rich woods. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Ribes floridum L'Her. Wild Black Currant. Common in rich damp open or shaded ground.

Ribes lacustre (Pers.) Poir. Swamp Black Currant. In rich damp woods and common on shaded rocky bluff, east side.

Ribes prostratum L'Her. Skunk Currant. Occasional on shaded rocky bluff.

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HAMAMELIDACEAE—WITCH-HAZEL FAMILY

Hamamelis virginiana L. Witch-hazel. Frequent on the east side.

ROSACEAE—ROSE FAMILY

Physocarpus opulifolius (L.) Maxim. Nine-bark. In damp open ground on the east side.

Spiraea salicifolia L. Meadow-sweet. Frequent in damp open ground.

Pyrus malus L. Common Apple. Frequent throughout the Island.

Pyrus americana (Marsh.) DC. American Mountain Ash. Quite a number of trees fringing the woods on the east side.

Pyrus sitchensis (Roem.) Piper. Western Mountain Ash. H. Mann in Michigan Flora.

Amelanchier sanguinea (Pursh) DC. Round-leaved Juneberry. Frequent in open woods. See Rhodora XIV-138.

Amelanchier laevis Wiegand. Early Juneberry. In open or slightly shaded ground throughout.

Crataegus punctata Jacq. Large-fruited Thorn. Frequent throughout the Island in open or slightly shaded ground. A number of unidentified thorns were noticed.

Fragaria virginiana Duchesne. Common strawberry. Common throughout the Island.

Fragaria vesca americana Porter. American Wood Strawberry. Common in open or shaded ground.

Waldsteinia fragarioides (Michx.) Trattinick. Barren Strawberry. In beech-maple woods.

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Potentilla monspeliensis L. Rough Cinquefoil. Occasional as a weed about the village and in cultivated grounds.

Potentilla fruticosa L. Shrubby Cinquefoil. In damp meadow-like ground on the east side.

Potentilla anserina L. Silver Weed. Common near the beach.

Geum canadense Jacq. White Avens. Frequent in open woods.

Geum virginianum L. Rough Avens. On border of woods.

Geum strictum Ait. Yellow Avens. In damp meadow-like ground on east side.

Geum rivale L. Water Avens. In wet open or slightly shaded places.

Rubus idaeus canadensis Richardson. Wild Red Raspberry. Common in dry open places. See Rhodora XI-236.

Rubus parviflorus Nutt. Salmon Berry. Frequent throughout the Island; usually in shaded ground.

Rubus triflorus Richards. Dwarf Raspberry. In damp rich shaded ground.

Rubus allegheniensis Porter. High-bush Blackberry. Frequent in dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Agrimonia gryposepala Wallr. Tall Hairy Agrimony. Frequent in open woods.

Rosa acicularis Lindl. Prickly Rose. Common in dry open or shaded ground, and growing with R. blanda.

Rosa blanda Ait. Meadow Rose. In dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Rosa canina L. Dog Rose. O. A. Farwell in Michigan Flora.

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Rosa rubiginosa L. Sweetbrier. In open ground especially near the village.

Rosa carolina L. Swamp Rose. Reported by W. D. Whitney.

Prunus virginiana L. Choke Cherry. Common throughout the Island.

Prunus pennsylvanica L. f. Wild Red Cherry. Common throughout the Island.

Prunus pumila L. Sand Cherry. Frequent on and near the beach.

LEGUMINOSAE—PULSE FAMILY

Trifolium pratense L. Red Clover. Occasional about the village and in open or shaded ground throughout the Island.

Trifolium repens L. White Clover. Frequent in the village and open ground.

Trifolium hybridum L. Alsike Clover. In and near the village.

Medicago lupulina L. Black Medick. Frequent and often abundant in spots.

Vicia cracca L. Tufted Vetch. Occasional in dry ground on borders of woods.

Lathyrus maritimus (L.) Bigel. Beach Pea. Along the sandy beach.

Lathyrus palustris L. Marsh Vetchling. In damp meadow-like ground throughout the Island.

Lathyrus palustris pilosus (Cham.) Ledeb. Marsh Vetchling. Noticed by F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

GERANIACEAE—GERANIUM FAMILY

Geranium maculatum L. Wild Cranesbill. Common in open woods.

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Geranium robertianum L. Herb Robert. Fringing the beach in the village, and on the rocky bluff, east side.

POLYGALACEAE—MILKWORT FAMILY

Polygala paucifolia Willd. Fringed Polygala. In dry shaded ground.

EUPHORBIACEAE—SPURGE FAMILY

Euphorbia hirsuta (Torr.) Wiegand. Hairy Spurge. O. A. Farwell in Michigan Flora.

Euphorbia helioscopia L. Wartweed. Plentiful in one spot on the bluff above the village.

ANACARDIACEAE—CASHEW FAMILY

Rhus typhina L. Staghorn Sumach. Common throughout the Island.

Rhus toxicodendron L. Poison Ivy. Abundant throughout the Island.

CELASTRACEAE—STAFF TREE FAMILY

Celastrus scandens L. Bittersweet. Common in woods and thickets.

ACERACEAE—MAPLE FAMILY

Acer pennsylvanicum L. Striped Maple. In rich ground with other trees, especially on the west side.

Acer spicatum Lam. Mountain Maple. Abundant in rich ground with other trees.

Acer saccharum Marsh. Sugar Maple. Abundant on the highest part of the Island with red oak, beech and yellow birch.

BALSAMINACEAE—TOUCH-ME-NOT FAMILY

Impatiens biflora Walt. Spotted Touch-me-not. Abundant in shaded moist places and often in open damp ground.

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VITACEAE—VINE FAMILY

Psedera vitacea (Knerr) Greene. American Woodbine. Common in woods and thickets.

TILIACEAE—LINDEN FAMILY

Tilia americana L. Basswood. Occasional in rich ground with other trees.

MALVACEAE—MALLOW FAMILY

Malva rotundifolia L. Common Mallow. As a weed about the village.

HYPERICACEAE—ST. JOHN'S-WORT FAMILY

Hypericum perforatum L. Common St. John's-wort. About the village and in open ground.

Hypericum kalmianum L. Kalm's St. John's-wort. In meadow-like ground on the east side.

VIOLACEAE—VIOLET FAMILY

Viola nephrophylla Greene. Small Mottled Blue Violet. In a wet marshy place at the north end.

Viola renifolia brainerdii Fernald. Brainerd's Violet. Plentiful in rich shaded ground on the west side.

Viola pubescens Ait. Hairy Yellow Violet. In dry shaded ground on the high parts of the Island.

Viola scabriuscula Schwein. Smooth Yellow Violet. In rich shaded ground.

Viola canadensis L. Canada Violet. Plentiful in rich shaded ground.

Viola conspersa Reichenb. American Dog Violet. Common in rich shaded ground.

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ELAEAGNACEAE—OLEASTER FAMILY

Shepherdia canadensis (L.) Nutt. Canadian Buffalo Berry. Frequent in dry open or shaded ground.

ONAGRACEAE—EVENING PRIMROSE FAMILY

Epilobium angustifolium L. Great Willow-herb. Common in open or slightly shaded ground.

Epilobium adenocaulon Haussk. Northern Willow-herb. Frequent in damp open ground.

Oenothera biennis L. Common Evening Primrose. Common on and near the sandy beach.

Circaea alpina L. Smaller Enchanter's Nightshade. Frequent in rich shaded ground.

ARALIACEAE—GINSENG FAMILY

Aralia racemosa L. Spikenard. Frequent in rich woods.

Aralia nudicaulis L. Wild Sarsaparilla. Common in rich shaded ground.

UMBELLIFERAE—PARSLEY FAMILY

Sanicula marilandica L. Black Snakeroot. Common in rich shaded ground.

Osmorrhiza claytoni (Michx.) Clarke. Woolly Sweet Cicely. Common in rich shaded ground.

Osmorrhiza divaricata Nutt. Western Sweet Cicely. Rich woods. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Conium maculatum L. Poison Hemlock. About the village in waste places.

Carum carvi L. Caraway. As a weed about the village.

Taenidia integerrima (L.) Drude. Yellow Pimpernel. In dry open or shaded ground.

Pastinaca sativa L. Parsnip. Frequent in and near the village.

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Heracleum lanatum Michx. Cow Parsnip. Frequent in rich shaded ground, especially on the east side.

CORNACEAE—DOGWOOD FAMILY

Cornus canadensis L. Dwarf Cornel. In damp rich woods.

Cornus circinata L'Her. Round-leaved Cornel. Common in dry ground and on rocky bluffs.

Cornus baileyi Coult. & Evans. Bailey's Cornel. Occasional in dry open ground and on or near the beach.

Cornus stolonifera Michx. Red-osier Dogwood. In damp open or shaded ground and often in damp sand.

Cornus paniculata L'Her. Panicled Cornel. Border of woods and in thickets.

Cornus alternifolia L. f. Alternate-leaved Cornel. Frequent in open woods.

ERICACEAE—HEATH FAMILY

Chimaphila umbellata (L.) Nutt. Prince's Pine. Frequent in dry woods.

Pyrola secunda L. One-sided Wintergreen. Common in rich woods.

Pyrola chlorantha Sw. Greenish-flowered Wintergreen. In dry open woods. Apparently rare.

Pyrola elliptica Nutt. Shin Leaf. In dry woods. Apparently rare.

Pyrola asarifolia Michx. Liver-leaf Wintergreen. In damp shaded ground. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Pyrola asarifolia incarnata (Fisch.) Fernald. Bog Wintergreen. Frequent in wet shaded places.

Monotropa uniflora L. Indian Pipe. Frequent in rich woods.

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Ledum groenlandicum Cedar. Labrador Tea. In wet, boggy places on the east side.

Epigaea repens L. Trailing Arbutus. Under pines; apparently not common.

Arctostaphylos uva-ursi (L.) Spreng. Bearberry. Occasional on rocky bluffs.

Chiogenes hispidula (L.) T. & G. Moxie Plum. In boggy shaded ground on the west side.

PRIMULACEAE—PRIMROSE FAMILY

Primula mistassinica Michx. Dwarf Canadian Primrose. Abundant in spots in wet open places on the east side.

Lysimachia thyrsiflora L. Tufted Loosestrife. In swampy open places.

Trientalis americana (Pers.) Pursh. Star Flower. Frequent in rich shaded ground.

GENTIANACEAE—GENTIAN FAMILY

Gentiana procera Holm. Smaller Fringed Gentian. Abundant in marshy open ground on the east side.

Halenia deflexa (Sm.) Griseb. Spurred Gentian. Common in rich shaded ground.

APOCYNACEAE—DOGBANE FAMILY

Vinca minor L. Common Periwinkle. In and about the cemetery north of the fort.

Apocynum androsaemifolium L. Spreading Dogbane. In dry open woods and open ground on the west side.

ASCLEPIADACEAE—MILKWEED FAMILY

Asclepias syriaca L. Common Milkweed. In dry open ground but apparently rare.

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BORAGINACEAE—BORAGE FAMILY

Cynoglossum officinale L. Common Hound's Tongue. Frequent in waste places in the village and throughout the Island.

Cynoglossum boreale Fernald. Northern. Northern Comfrey. Frequent in dryish open woods. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Lappula virginiana (L.) Greene. Beggar's Lice. In rich woods and thickets.

Lappula echinata Gilibert. European Stickseed. Occasional in the village and cultivated grounds.

Myosotis virginica (L.) BSP. Spring Scorpion Grass. Occasional in dry open woods. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Lithospermum officinale. L. Common Gromwell. Common about the village and occasional throughout the Island.

Echium vulgare L. Blue Weed. Occasional about the village.

LABIATAE—MINT FAMILY

Prunella vulgaris L. Heal-all. Frequent in open or slightly shaded ground.

Galeopsis tetrahit L. Common Hemp Nettle. Winchell's Catalogue as reported by Michigan Flora. Not noticed in 1912.

Hedeoma hispida Pursh. Rough Pennyroyal. In prairie-like ground on the east side.

Satureja vulgaris (L.) Fritsch. Wild Basil. In dry open or slightly shaded places throughout the Island.

Lycopus virginicus L. Bugle Weed. Occasional in rich moist open ground.

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SOLANACEAE—NIGHTSHADE FAMILY

Hyoscyamus niger L. Black Henbane. About the village.

SCROPHULARIACEAE—FIGWORT FAMILY

Linaria vulgaris Hill. Butter and Eggs. About the village as a weed.

Pentstemon hirsutus (L.) Willd. Hairy Beard-tongue. In dry open woods.

Mimulus glabratus jamesii (T. & G.) Gray. James' Mimulus. In springy places and along small brooks, growing in water.

Veronica americana Schwein. American Brooklime. In ditches and along small brooks.

Veronica serpyllifolia L. Thyme-leaved Speedwell. In dryish open or shaded grassy ground.

Gerardia paupercula (Gray) Britton. Small-flowered Gerardia. Reported by W. D. Whitney.

Castilleja coccinea (L.) Spreng. Scarlet Painted Cup. In low open ground, especially on the east side.

Pedicularis canadensis L. Wood Betony. In dryish shaded ground.

LENTIBULARIACEAE—BLADDERWORT FAMILY

Utricularia intermedia Hayne. Flat-leaved Bladderwort. In a wet mossy place on the east side.

OROBANCHACEAE—BROOM-RAPE FAMILY

Epifagus virginiana (L.) Bart. Beech-drops. Common under beech trees.

Conopholis americana (L. f.) Wallr. Squaw-root. In dry woods. Apparently rare.

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Orobanche uniflora L. One-flowered Cancer-root. In damp open or slightly shaded ground. Abundant in spots.

PLANTAGINACEAE—PLANTAIN FAMILY

Plantago major L. Common Plantain. Occasional about the village.

Plantago lanceolata L. English Plantain. About the village and in cultivated grounds.

RUBIACEAE—MADDER FAMILY

Galium aparine L. Cleavers. Occasional in rich shaded ground.

Galium lanceolatum Torr. Wild Liquorice. In dry woods. Apparently not common.

Galium trifidum L. Small Bedstraw. In wet open places on the east side.

Galium triflorum Michx. Sweet-scented Bedstraw. In rich woods.

Mitchella repens L. Partridge Berry. Common in dry woods.

CAPRIFOLIACEAE—HONEYSUCKLE FAMILY

Diervilla lonicera Mill. Bush Honeysuckle. Plentiful in dry open or shaded ground.

Lonicera canadensis Marsh. American Fly-honeysuckle. Frequent in open woods.

Lonicera hirsuta Eat. Hairy Honeysuckle. Frequent in damp open or shaded ground.

Lonicera glaucescens Rydb. Douglas' Honeysuckle. Occasional in dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Lonicera dioica L. Glaucous Honeysuckle. Common on rocky bluffs.

Symphoricarpos racemosus Michx. Snowberry. In dry open or shaded ground.

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Linnaea borealis americana (Forbes) Rehder. Twin-flower. Very abundant on and at the foot of rocky bluffs.

Viburnum opulus americanum (Mill.) Ait. Cranberry-tree. Occasional in and on borders of woods.

Sambucus racemosa L. Red-berried Elder. Common in rich woods.

CAMPANULACEAE—BLUEBELL FAMILY

Campanula rotundifolia L. Harebell. Frequent on and near the beach, and on rocky bluffs.

LOBELIACEAE—LOBELIA FAMILY

Lobelia kalmii L. Brook Lobelia. In wet open spots on the east side.

COMPOSITAE—COMPOSIT FAMILY

Solidago latifolia L. Broad-leaved Goldenrod. Common on shaded rocky bluffs and in damp open woods.

Solidago hispida Muhl. Hairy Goldenrod. Common in dry or slightly shaded ground.

Solidago juncea Ait. Early Goldenrod. Frequent in dry open ground.

Solidago altissima L. Tall Goldenrod. In rich open or slightly shaded ground.

Solidago graminifolia (L.) Salisb. In damp open ground, especially in damp sand on and near the beach.

Aster macrophyllus L. Large-leaved Aster. Very abundant in shaded ground.

Aster cordifolius L. Common Blue-wood Aster. Occasional in rich open or slightly shaded ground and on rocky bluffs.

Aster sagittifolius Wedemeyer. Arrow-leaved Aster.

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In dryish open or slightly shaded places and on rocky bluffs.

Aster lindleyanus T. & G. Lindley's Aster. Common in open or slightly shaded places.

Aster tradescanti L. Tradescant's Aster. In damp open places, especially in damp sand on and near the beach.

Aster paniculatus Lam. Tall White Aster. Common in damp sand on and near the beach.

Erigeron philadelphicus L. Philadelphia Fleabane. Occasional throughout the Island in open or slightly shaded places.

Erigeron annuus (L.) Pers. Sweet Scabious. In dryish open or shaded ground.

Erigeron ramosus (Walt.) BSP. Daisy Fleabane. Occasional about the village and in cultivated ground.

Erigeron canadensis L. Horse-weed. As a weed in the village and waste places.

Antennaria canadensis Greene. Canadian Cat's-foot. Frequent in dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Antennaria fallax Greene. Tall Cat's-foot. In rich open or slightly shaded ground.

Antennaria neodioica Greene. Smaller Cat's-foot. Occasional in dryish open woods.

Anaphalis margaritacea (L.) B. & H. Pearly Everlasting. Common in dry open places.

Ambrosia artemisiifolia L. Common Ragweed. As a weed in the village and cultivated grounds.

Rudbeckia hirta L. Yellow Daisy. Occasional in dry open woods.

Coreopsis lanceolata L. Lance-leaved Tickseed. In dry open ground on the west side of the Island. Apparently rare.

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Achillea millefolium L. Common Yarrow. Occasional about the village and in cultivated grounds.

Anthemis cotula L. Mayweed. Only as a weed about the village.

Chrysanthemum leucanthemum pinnatifidum Lecoq. & Lamotte. Ox-eye Daisy. Common throughout the Island even in open woods like a native plant.

Artemisia caudata Michx. Tall Wormwood. On and near the sandy beach.

Petasites palmatus (Ait.) Gray. Palmate-leaf Sweet Coltsfoot. In damp woods, especially on the west side.

Senecio vulgaris L. Common Groundsel. About the village. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Senecio aureus L. Golden Ragwort. In wet shaded places, especially on the west side.

Senecio aureus gracilis (Pursh) Britton. Slender Ragwort. Occasional in damp ground. F. W. Hunnewell 2nd.

Senecio balsamitae Muhl. Balsam Groundsel. In dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Arctium minus Bernh. Common Burdock. Frequent and often abundant in open or shaded ground.

Cirsium lanceolatum (L.) Hill. Common Thistle. Occasional in open and cultivated ground.

Cirsium pitcheri (Torr.) T. & G. Pitcher's Thistle. Occasional along the sandy beach on the east side.

Cirsium discolor (Muhl.) Spreng. Field Thistle. In dryish open or slightly shaded ground.

Cirsium arvense (L.) Scop. Canada Thistle. Noticed throughout the Island in open or slightly shaded ground. In spots abundant.

Lapsana communis L. Nipple-wort Plentiful on the

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bluff west of the fort and near the waterworks building on the east side.

Tragopogon porrifolius L. Oyster-plant. An escape about the village.

Tragopogon pratensis L. Goat's Beard. Occasional as a weed about the village.

Taraxacum officinale Weber. Common Dandelion. About the village and in cultivated grounds.

Sonchus oleraceus L. Common Sow Thistle. As an occasional weed about the village.

Lactuca canadensis L. Wild Lettuce. In rich open or slightly shaded ground.

Lactuca spicata (Lam.) Hitchc. Tall Blue Lettuce. In open woods throughout the Island.

Prenanthes alba L. White Lettuce. Occasional in rich open woods.

Hieracium aurantiacum L. Orange Hawkweed. Occasional in open woods like a native plant.

ADDENDA

The following observations, corrections, and additions should be made.

Equisetum pratense Ehrh. Thicket horsetail. Abundant at foot of rocky cliffs.

Lycopodium annotinum L. Occasional in woods.

Carex crawfordii Fernald, should be omitted and the following inserted.

Carex bebbii Olney. Bebb's sedge. Occasional in damp open ground.

Allium tricoccum Ait. Wild leek. In rich woods. Apparently infrequent.

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Ulmus americana L. Three large native trees and a number of small ones noticed at the foot of the bluff near the Marquette monument.

Rumex mexicanus Meisn. Willow-leaved dock. In damp sand on and near the lake shore. Apparently infrequent.

Salsola kali tenuifolia G. F. W. Mey. Russian thistle. As a weed in the village.

Amaranthus graecizans L. Tumble weed. As a weed in gardens and about the streets of the village.

Amaranthus blitoides Wats. Prostrate amaranth. streets of the village.

Stellaria longipes Goldie. (?). Long-stalked stitchwort. Thickly matted in one place on the east side of the Island.

Claytonia virginica L. Noticed as frequent in 1913.

Thalictrum dasycarpum Fisch. & Lall. Purplish meadow rue. Occasional on borders of woods.

Aquilegia vulgaris L. Garden columbine. Double-flowered form growing wild on and near the lake shore.

Sanguinaria canadensis L. Noticed as occasional in 1913.

Lepidium apetalum Willd. Apetalous peppergrass. About the village.

Brassica oleracea L. Cabbage. Apparently growing wild near the water works.

Sisymbrium altissimum L. Tumble mustard. As a weed about the village.

Radicula armoracia (L.) Robinson. Horseradish. Noticed as an escape in several places.

Tiarella cordifolia. False miterwort. Occasional in rich woods on the west side.

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Ribes oxyacanthoides L. is probably not on the Island.

Pyrus americana (Marsh.) DC. is apparently not growing wild on the Island, but there are perhaps 25 or more trees of P. sitchensis (Roem.) Piper. and this was noticed as far south as Alpena.

Melilotus officinalis (L.) Lam. Yellow melilot. Occasional as a weed.

Melilotus alba Desr. Sweet clover. Noticed along the streets of the village.

Medicago sativa L. Alfalfa. Occasional as an escape. It is being successfully cultivated on the Island.

Robinia pseudo-acacia L. Common locust. Occasional as an escape.

Lathyrus palustris linearifolius Ser. Marsh vetchling. Bordering edge of bluffs. Plentiful.

Vicia angustifolia (L.) Reichard. Common vetch. Occasional in the village.

Linum usitatis simum L. Common flax. Occasional about the village.

Oxalis corniculata L. Lady's sorrel. In streets and gardens as a weed.

Malva moschata L. Musk mallow. Occasional as an escape.

Osmorrhiza longistylis (Torr.) DC. Smoother sweet Cicely. Frequent in rich woods.

Gaultheria procumbens L. Wintergreen. Often abundant in dry shaded ground.

Vaccinium pennsylvanicum Lam. Low sweet blueberry. In dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Verbena hastata L. Blue vervain. Occasional along the roads.

Nepeta cataria L. Catnip. About the village.

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Nepeta hederacea (L.) Trevisan. Ground ivy. In patches throughout the Island.

Galeopsis tetrahit L. Abundant in spots on rocky bluffs.

Leonurus cardiaca L. Common motherwort. Occasional in and about gardens.

Hedeoma hispida Pursh, probably does not exist on the Island.

Satureja glabra (Nutt.) Fernald, low calamint is plentiful in damp ground on the east side.

Mentha spicata L. Spearmint. Occasional in the village.

Mentha piperita L. Peppermint. Frequent in damp ground bordering the bluffs.

Verbascum thapsus L. Common mullein. Throughout the Island.

Veronica officinalis L. Common speedwell. Near the Indian settlement.

Plantago rugelii Dcne. Rugel's plantain. Frequent throughout the Island.

Campanula rapunculoides L. Creeping bellflower. Escaping to the streets of the village.

Aster cordifolius is probably not on the Island.

Ambrosia psilostachya DC. Western ragweed. Established in the village as a weed.

Sonchus asper (L.) Hill. Spiny leaved sow thistle. A weed in gardens.

Prenanthes altissima L. Tall white lettuce. Occasional in woods at the north end.

Hieracium scabrum Michx. Rough hawkweed. Occasional in dry open or slightly shaded ground.

Hieracium gronovii L. Gronovius' hawkweed. In dry open ground.

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Hieracium umbellatum L. Narrow-leaved hawkweed. Frequent in open or slightly shaded ground.

Editor's Note: Blue Gentian is found on the Island, also Indian Pipe; the finest specimens in the world are gathered at Mackinac.

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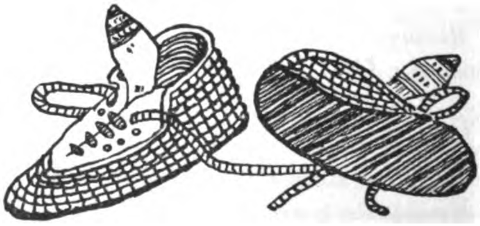

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